

SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER

The Quiver

August
1920

1¹/₂ net



By H. L. H. H. H.

Dallas, Texas

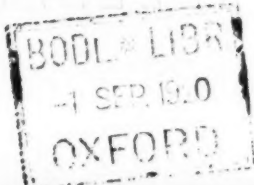


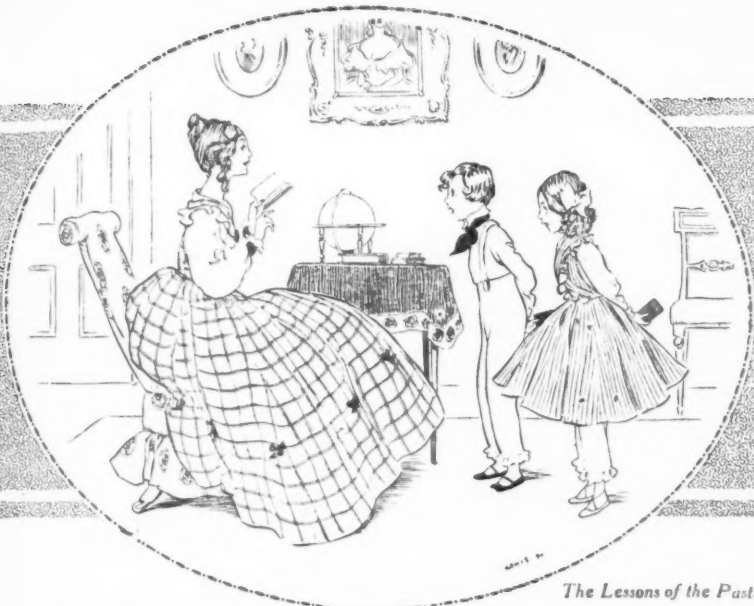
BY APPOINTMENT

The Rich need only
study their taste,-
the less fortunate
must study their
purse and their taste.
Both, therefore, purchase

Fry's

COCOA





The Lessons of the Past.

DURO

Fadeless Fabrics

YOU need never again run the risk of fading washing dress or other garment. The DURO Fabrics, in designs, colourings and cloths for all purposes are absolutely fadeless and are sold with the guarantee:—

"Garment replaced if colour fades."

The pattern book, together with the name of local retailer, will be sent on application to The DURO Advertising Department, Room 33, Waterloo Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Dyers and Manufacturers:

**BURGESS, LEDWARD & CO. LTD.
MANCHESTER.**

DURO CAMBRIC ... 40 ins. ... 3/11
for frocks, shirts and children's wear.

DURO ZEPHYR ... 40 ins. ... 3/11
checks for children's and ladies' frocks.

DURO GINGHAM ... 40 ins. ... 3/11
for overalls, nurses, children's suits.

DURO PIQUE ... 40 ins. ... 5/6
for tailored suits in white, selfs, stripes.

DURO BURWARD ... 40 ins. ... 6/6
for sports coats, costumes, and skirts.

DURO SUITING ... 40 ins. ... 6/11
for smart coat-frocks and costumes.

DURO RATINE ... 40 ins. ... 7/11
for sports coats, jumpers, skirts, etc.

DURO SHIRTINGS for Men, in all
weights and styles.



A New Fish!

Guaranteed by "The Skipper."

YOU want a change, something different, something you have not had before, but you don't know what to try. Here is a new food, guaranteed by the proprietors of "Skippers." In Jack Tar King Fish you will find a complete change, and an economical and appetising food.



King Fish is the latest addition to the guaranteed Canned Foods offered by Angus Watson & Co., Limited.

King Fish is a steak of choice California Tuna, without bone or skin, ready to eat, and delicious served as it is, or made into sandwiches, or salads. It resembles the meat of Chicken in appearance and flavour.



Ask your Grocer to-day for Jack Tar King Fish. If he does not stock it send 1/2d, with his name and address, and we will send you a can, post free.

ANGUS WATSON & CO., Limited,
54, Ellison Place, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

INDIGESTION

ACIDITY—FLATULENCE—BILIOUSNESS—CONSTIPATION

Why go on suffering from Indigestion? Why put up with attacks of biliousness, flatulence, pains after eating, acidity, constipation, and the like? Probably all that you need is the help of a really efficient stomach and liver tonic, such as Mother Seigel's Syrup. This famous remedy, made from the medicinal extracts of more than ten varieties of roots, barks and leaves, has been used by tens of thousands of people with wonderful success. It is a ready and convenient means of banishing and preventing the distressing symptoms which arise from a disordered state of the stomach, liver and bowels. That is the secret of its long-standing, world-wide reputation. Put it to the test in your own case to-day and prove its worth for yourself.



BANISHED BY—MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Sold everywhere—price 3/-



Its absolute purity and its delightfully delicious flavour make "Laitova" the popular favourite with the children. Mothers welcome it too: it's so economical—much cheaper than butter. And it is most wholesome and nutritious, containing just those food elements that growing children require. Don't be put off with substitutes; see that you get

Laitova
Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for the children's bread.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
MANCHESTER

Perry **TESTED**
THE IRRESISTIBLE Pens

No. 1405
A most delightful pen, for smooth, easy writing, made of yellow metal. NON-CORROSIVE.



Assorted Sample Box, containing 24 Perry Tested Pens, etc., from all Stationers

or Post Free Ltd. from Perry & Co., Ltd., 49 Old Bailey, E.C.4.



PHILLIPS
RUBBER HEELS & TIPS

Wonderful Value
AND
Most Durable

The Secret is in the Quality.

Mind-Training in Summer-Time

Half-Hours of Pleasure and Profit
with "The Little Grey Books."

THOUSANDS of men and women are spending many an hour and half-hour of pleasure and profit this summer with "The Little Grey Books" issued by the Pelman Institute.

"Pelmanism," writes the celebrated actress, Miss Lillah McCarthy, "is now my Sunday recreation—twelve Pelman books and a garden chair. As the sun goes down and the wind gets a little cold, I put on a warm, woolly jacket, take a dose of this new mental tonic, and at once experience a sense of rest and content. After this pleasant exercise I feel braced up, ready for my week's work, and sure that I shall be able to do my best. That is the secret I have learnt from Pelmanism—it makes you do your best; and, moreover, it makes your best better than you thought it possible to be. I am now a Pelman enthusiast, and am prescribing my remedy wherever and whenever I encounter a friend who would be better for it—there are many who would."

"A Most Absorbing Game."

And she adds: "Pelmanism is a most absorbing game, and one which each player can learn for himself or herself. At any convenient moment one may take up 'The Little Grey Books' and enjoy real mental recreation—to employ that much-abused word in its proper sense. Surely, when pleasure and instruction can be combined—when, in addition to acquiring knowledge which will stand us in good stead throughout our lives, we can also find the most intense interest and enjoyment in its study—a double purpose is served. But in my experience, Pelmanism does more than educate in the ordinary sense of the term. It recreates the mind, fills one with a new energy for work, stimulates one to a greater determination of will-power, and increases the capacity for concentration."

Trebled or Quadrupled Incomes.

And as a result of developing these and other valuable qualities the efficiency of the student's mind is immensely increased, so much so that reports are continually reaching the Pelman Institute from men and women who have actually doubled, trebled, and even quadrupled their incomes as a direct consequence of taking the Course. The following is a typical letter of this kind:—

"Since I commenced your Course of Instruction my efficiency has vastly increased. My income has gone up 300 per cent. . . . I attribute all this to the Pelman Course."—From an Architect.

The Pelman Course takes up very little time. You can obtain the full benefit of the system by devoting half-an-hour daily to this most pleasant mental exercise. The results are rapid. You experience a mental change for the better almost immediately. Confusion of thought, depression, forgetfulness, and other mental faults vanish, and in their place you find yourself the possessor of trained and efficient mental faculties, a stronger will, and a clear, direct and consistently capable mind.

Call or write to-day for a free copy of "Mind and Memory" (which fully describes the Pelman Course, and shows you how you can enrol on reduced terms) to The Pelman Institute, 155 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas A. dresses:—505 Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.; Temple Building, Toronto, Canada; 300 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, Australia; Natal Bank Chambers, Durban, South Africa; Chowatty Sea Face, Grant Road P.O., Bombay, India.

THE QUIVER

STANWORTH'S
"Defiance"
 REGD
UMBRELLAS.

THIS UMBRELLA
 photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Union.

Send us your old Umbrella
 to-day, together with P.O. for 7/6, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 6/- upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
 Northern Umbrella Works,
 BLACKBURN.

THIS WRECK
 LEAVES YOU LIKE THIS
 AND IS RETURNED LIKE NEW

The **KANDAHAR**
PENCIL

4^d
 each

MADE IN ALL DEGREES
 FOR ALL PURPOSES.
 A Pencil of Uniform Excellence.

"KANDAHAR" Pencils are smooth, durable, and a pleasure to use. One "Kandahar" Pencil will outlast a dozen ordinary pencils.

"KANDAHAR" PENCILS
 are British Made by
GEORGE ROWNEY & CO.
 ESTABLISHED 1783.

4d. each, 3/9 per doz. From all Stationers.

HAPPY FACE

A clear, soft, and velvety complexion secured by the regular use of **M.F.T. SOCIETY SKIN FOOD**. It refines away wrinkles and gives the bloom of youth. It prevents hair on face. Jars, 2/- and 4/6. Post 3d.

HAPPY FEET

THOMPSON'S FOOT JOY CORN PLASTER
 quickly cures Corns, Bunions and Swollen Joints. Large Sheet, post free, 1/4.

M. F. THOMPSON,
 11 Gordon Street, Glasgow.
 Homoeopathic Chemist and
 Perfumery and Toilet Expert.



Eases Life's Journey

Take the hard bumps with a light and airy tread. Fit Wood-Milne Heels and Soles and see how seldom you get tired—no more jaded nerves with these magnificent buffers between you and the hard cold world.

WOOD-MILNE Rubber Heels & Soles

Save leather and money—also wet and tired feet. Any bootman will fit them—but see the name Wood-Milne.

Standard Cushion Heel	
	Per pair
Ladies' ...	6d
Men's ...	1/3

Adjustable Soles	
	Per pair
Children's ...	1/-
Ladies' ...	1/3
Men's (sizes 5 & 6) 2-	
" (sizes 7 & 8) 2/6	



*When Three's
Company*



CHIVERS' JELLIES are the Children's favourite. The clear sparkling appearance makes them irresistible. They are guaranteed absolutely pure and are the finest delicacies obtainable. They always turn out well.

**Chivers'
Jellies**



Pearlone

The dainty white Mint-flavoured Toothpaste is packed in collapsible tubes with ribbon opening. An efficient cleanser of the gums and teeth from all tooth-destroying bacteria. 1/3 per tube.

Makers:

**JEWSBURY & BROWN,
MANCHESTER**



PARTICULAR PEOPLE USE KOKO



The Ideal Toilet Preparation for the Hair with over 30 years' reputation.

"KOKO" is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly and prevents hair from falling.

Clear as crystal; contains no dye, oil or grease; delightfully refreshing and invigorating to the scalp, and is perfectly harmless.

**KOKO FOR THE
HAIR**

1/6, 3/- & 5/6 per bottle at all Chemists.

HERCULES

*Inexpensive Frocks
for the Children*

Look Well—Wear Well—Wash Well

HERCULES Frocks for Children are made of Joshua Hoyle & Sons' "Hercules," the tested cloth, and may be obtained in a large variety of pretty designs and styles.

They can be washed again and again—the colours are absolutely fast and the material simply defies wear. Children are always happy when wearing HERCULES Frocks, for they know they can romp and play to their hearts' content without fear of spoiling them.

GUARANTEE.

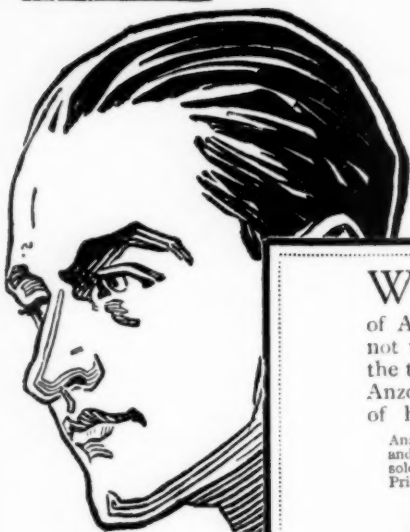
Every "Hercules" garment bears the "Mother and Child" ticket; it is our guarantee of quality. If any "Hercules" garment proves unsatisfactory in wash or wear, your draper will replace it with a new one **FREE OF CHARGE.**



Drapers everywhere stock "Hercules" Garments. If yours does not, please send to us for patterns, etc.

**JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS, LTD.,
Spinners and Manufacturers, MANCHESTER.**
(Wholesale and Shipping only supplied.)

THE QUIVER



Don't Forget
to take your
Anzora—

WHEN going away for your usual summer holidays pack a bottle of Anzora in your case, and you need not worry about untidy hair. It is just the thing for your hair after the bathe. Anzora keeps the most refractory head of hair in perfect position all day

Anzora Cream (for those with slightly greasy scalps) and Anzora Viola (for those with dry scalps) are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc. Price 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) per bottle.

ANZORA

Masters the Hair

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.

1/-

per tin



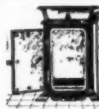
"Kleenoff"

Cooker Cleaning Jelly

FOR REMOVING GREASE FROM GAS OVENS, ETC.

Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.
If they do not stock send 2/- for 2 tins post free—

The Manager, The Kleenoff Co., 33 St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.



1/-

per tin

Real Harris, Lewis, and Shetland Homespuns

Direct from the Makers.
Light weights for Ladies—Medium for Gents.

Pattens and Prices on Application.
S. A. HEWALL & SON (Dep't. L.V.), Stornoway, Scotland.
State shade desired and if for Gents, or Ladies' Wear.

Bundles of Bleached Imperfect DAMASK TABLECLOTHS

suitable for Hotels, Restaurants, Boarding
Houses, Cafés, 35/- per bundle.

HUTTON'S, 185 Larnie, Ireland.

BAILEY'S ELASTIC STOCKINGS

EXTRA FINE FOR SUMMER WEAR.

"VARI-X," all about Elastic Stockings, how
to wear, clean, and repair them, post free.

Bailey's Hygienic
Washable Imperceptible
Flesh-Coloured Trusses.

ABDOMINAL BELTS.

EVERY ARTICLE FOR SICK
NURSING.

CATALOGUE FREE.

38 Oxford Street, London.



'Rimlets' SHOE GRIP

SOFT Rubber Cushions, encased
in Velvet, easily fixed. Invisible.
Protect Stocking heels from wear.

A PERFECT
CURE FOR
SHOES LOOSE
IN THE HEEL.

From all Bootmakers.

6d. per
pair
Black, Brown,
White or Grey.



INDIGESTION

COMPLETELY CURED AFTER
SIX MONTHS' INTENSE AGONY

20, Richmond Road,
Fallowfield, Manchester.

"I had great relief from Bisurated Magnesia when all other remedies failed, and am glad to say I am completely cured after suffering intense agony for over six months. I have Bisurated Magnesia to thank for my present good health, and I shall never fail to recommend it to others. . . ."

(Signed) W. SAYNOR.

If YOU suffer from any form of digestive trouble, here is your chance. You have above the definite statement of a person who suffered, and who testifies to a complete cure, but, better than that, you can test Bisurated Magnesia in your own

individual case, without risking the loss of a penny piece. Go to the nearest chemist and get some Bisurated Magnesia; it is sold in tablet-form at 1/3 and 2/6 a flask, and in powder-form at 3/- a bottle. Take as directed—note the quick relief; see how much better you feel. Bisurated Magnesia is so quick, so sure—it succeeds because it neutralises the harmful acid which is the cause of the disorder. If, however, you are not completely satisfied, if you are not delighted, your money will be returned in full, and a guarantee to this effect is enclosed with every package. Bisurated Magnesia costs you nothing unless it completely frees you from indigestion. Isn't it worth a trial on these terms?

BISURATED MAGNESIA IS THE TIME-TESTED
REMEDY FOR - -
INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, HEARTBURN, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, WIND, ETC.

TWILIGHT SLEEP NURSING HOMES LD.

Twilight Sleep painless maternity is a boon which should be accorded to every mother and child. Prospective parents are invited to call or write for illustrated booklet of the leading Twilight Sleep Home in Great Britain. Resident Physician. Best equipped. Most comfortable.

Recommended by the medical profession.

LADY SECRETARY (Box 43), Bushey Lodge,
TEDDINGTON, MIDDLESEX.

ALL MOTHERS

SHOULD send for interesting Booklet describing many useful Home Remedies, Post paid from King's Pharmacy, 94 Church Road, Hove, Sussex. Don't suffer. This book teaches you the remedies. Effective, harmless, inexpensive. Save money, and restore health. Mention "The Quiver."



"I DON'T CARE."

"I don't care if Maud won't believe it! There's my hair to show what it has done and there are the empty bottles of Dr. Wilson's Restorer—and you know what my hair was like before I used it. IT'S JEALOUSY—that's all it is! Just because the stuff she's been using isn't as good as Dr. Wilson's, and won't work the oracle—as Wilson's does. She pays three times as much for what isn't half as good. Let her do it—I don't care!"

THE STUFF THAT DID IT



Price 1/3 1/6 & 5/-
Postage 3/- extra

DR. WILSON'S HAIR RESTORER

or write to PARTON, SON & CO., LTD., BULL RING, BIRMINGHAM.

THE QUIVER

Try my Cake Royal

MAKES PERFECT CAKES.

Easily! Quickly! Cheaply!

Contains all the necessary sweetening, flavouring and raising properties.

You can make many different kinds of cake by following the Recipes and full directions given in each packet.

The purity and high quality of the ingredients makes every "Cake Royal" cake not only a delightful dainty but a valuable food.

Ask your grocer for this perfect Cake Maker.



J. & J. BEAULAH LTD., BOSTON, ENGLAND.

Good News from Ireland

Among the many letters of appreciation recently received testifying to the great value of **Cephos**, the far-famed Cure for Headache, Neuralgia, etc., we give the following extract from a letter written by an Irish gentleman and which speaks for itself:

"Since my accident on the hunting field I have suffered, at intervals, from very severe attacks of neuralgia, and also muscular pains. I tried a good many remedies which are 'much puffed and advertised,' with but small and temporary relief. My cousin, Major E——, sent me a supply of 'Cephos,' which he had himself found incomparable for the relief of muscular pains and rheumatism, contracted in France, and I can say, with truth, that it is everything that is claimed for it—and more! I found almost immediate relief from its use, and, best of all, a lasting and permanent effect. It is, indeed, a real Conqueror of Pain, and 'almost magic' in its curative properties—soothing as it cures!"

To be obtained of Messrs. Boots Cash Chemists, Taylors' Drug Stores, and of all chemists, 1/3 and 3/- per Box.

If your chemist does not happen to have it in stock, send 1/3 or 3/- in stamps, or P.O., addressed **CEPHOS, LTD., BLACKBURN**, and they will send it to you **POST FREE**.

Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

"Direct from Scotland"

Designed in a great variety of styles, which are illustrated in the catalogue sent free on request. Every model is built for strenuous outdoor wear, and has the combined distinctiveness and durability characteristic of all Norwell models.

Lady's "Cameron" (No. 96)

Uppers of heavy black or brown calfskin.

Flexible soles ... 36/6

Second grade, black only 30/-

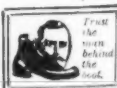
When ordering give name or number required.



Orders sent post free in Britain; post and abroad extra.

Guarantee of entire satisfaction or money refunded.

NORWELL'S 'PERTH' FOOTWEAR, LTD.
Perth Scotland



THE QUIVER

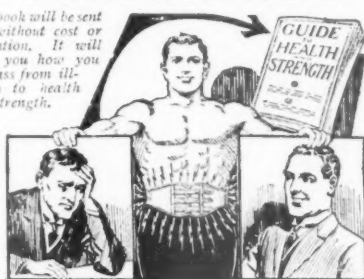
WEAK NERVES

ELECTRICITY THE NATURAL REMEDY.

Weak Nerves lead to all sorts of functional disorders. Without a plentiful supply of Nerve Force the power of every organ to perform its function is diminished or impaired. Lacking Nerve Force:

- The blood travels slowly in its channels.
- It is imperfectly oxygenated.
- Food is undigested and not assimilated.
- Elimination of waste matter is insufficient.
- The blood becomes tainted with poisonous matter.
- There is in-nutrition or mal-nutrition.
- The brain is incapable of great or sustained effort.
- The whole tide of life in the body is low.

This book will be sent free without cost or obligation. It will show you how you can pass from ill-health to health and strength.



All the functions being imperfectly performed, there begins a state of anarchy in the body. The stomach rebels and there is indigestion. The liver "strikes" and there is Sluggish Liver or Biliousness. The kidneys fail, and there are Uric Acid Disorders, including Rheumatism and Gout. Even the brain becomes affected, resulting in Insomnia, Brain Fag, and other Mental and Nervous Troubles.

ELECTRICITY RESTORES NERVE FORCE

It is not drugs nor medicine that can replace this deficiency of Nerve Force. These can only coerce or coax overworked and enfeebled organs into temporary functional activity. Electricity is the natural co-equivalent to human Nerve Force, and the success of the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment is wholly due to the fact that it restores lost Nerve Force by the most scientific and successful method.

CURATIVE ELECTRICITY IN YOUR HOME

You can wear the Pulvermacher Appliance to your business daily or even while asleep. Although powerfully electrical, they give no shock to the system, but gently and steadily pour a continuous and curative flow of electricity into all the nerve centres. The whole nervous system responds quickly and sympathetically, and immediately all the functions of the body begin to be performed healthfully, easily, and with their natural vigour.

Write for this "Guide to Health and Strength" to-day.

- If your nerves are weak,
- If your digestion is poor,
- If your liver is sluggish,
- If you are constipated,
- If you have Rheumatism or Gout,
- If you are easily tired and depressed,
- If you lack confidence or will-power,

or if you are in any way "below par," "run down," or ailing, you will find the secret of health in its pages.

Post to the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd., 17 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Those who can do so are cordially invited to call for a personal and free consultation upon their Health Trouble.



SATISFIED WITH FLUXITE

Satisfied? Of course I am. I could not be happy without a FLUXITE Soldering Set in the house. This wonderful FLUXITE really works; it does all that which it claims to do, and more.

Buy a FLUXITE Set to-day, and there is not a single one of these little jobs that cost so much and take so long to do when sent out that you cannot do yourself. With FLUXITE you can mend anything made of metal, except aluminium.

All Mechanics will have FLUXITE because it

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little FLUXITE Soldering Set. It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use.

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell FLUXITE in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/5

BUY A TIN TO-DAY



The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small space" Soldering Iron, with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 10/6. Sample Set post paid United Kingdom.

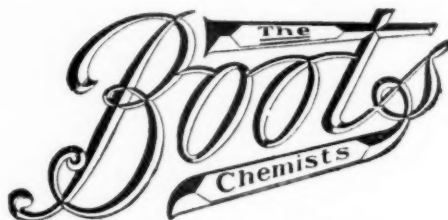
FLUXITE LTD., 220 Bevington St., Bermondsey, England.

A Perfect Chemist Shop

EACH branch of Boots The Chemists is "a perfect chemist shop"—planned on modern, progressive lines—thoroughly equipped to efficiently meet every need of the medical profession and the general public.

The prescription department at each branch is under the direct supervision of a fully qualified and experienced chemist, and is fitted with everything necessary for accurate and reliable dispensing. Each branch carries a fully representative stock of the best known proprietary medicines, and an excellent range of high-quality toilet preparations, sick-room necessities, and surgical supplies is also maintained.

Further, the principal branches of Boots The Chemists contain other departments that experience has PROVED to be essential to the comfort and convenience of customers.



CHIEF LONDON BRANCHES:

182 REGENT STREET, W.1.

112-118 EDGWARE ROAD, W.2.

Over 100 Branches in London area.

**555 BRANCHES
THROUGHOUT
THE COUNTRY.**

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd.

THE VITAL POWER

OF THE HUMAN BODY. IT CAN BE REGAINED.

The force that runs the human machine is stored in the nerves. This nervous energy, as it is called, is only another name for electricity.

If any organ of your body is weak and inactive, it means that the nerves which control it lack power. This must be restored before the affected part can perform its proper functions. It does no good to take drugs for such a condition as this. You can only effect a cure by replacing the energy that has been lost. Drugs are poisons—electricity is life.

Saturate your nerves with a glowing current from the "Ajax" Body Battery for an hour each day. The weak organs will respond to its influence in the same way that an electric motor starts whirling as soon as the power is turned on.

The "Ajax" is a self-charged body battery which generates a steady unbroken stream of galvanic electricity, and infuses it into the nerves in just the right volume. It builds up vitality and strength, and cures all ailments resulting from a debilitated state of the nerves and vital organs. Men who suffer from failing vitality, debility, or any of the usual weaknesses, will find that the "Ajax" Body Battery, together with electric suspensory attachment, will quickly put them into good condition.

It is a natural remedy, and those who have used it will tell you that it does all we claim for it.

THIS IS FREE.

We'll send you our Free Book, closely sealed, which tells all about the Battery, how it cures, and what it does, together with full information concerning the treatment. This book is illustrated, and explains many things you should know about the cause and cure of disease. If you want to be the man Nature intended you to be, send for the book at once, if you cannot call at the Institute for a free test of this wonderful Battery.

AJAX LD

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE

(Dept. 52), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.



KITCHEN PESTS

Quoted the Sheffield Union Workhouse after all other preparations had failed. The pests had so menaced the place that the Government Inspector ordered the buildings should be pulled down. The Inspector and Guardians surveyed at mutual despair. Post free, 2s. 6d. 6s., with interesting particulars.

J. P. HEWETT, 66 Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

Black Beetles scientifically exterminated by the UNION LOCK-ROACH PASTE



ARE YOU DEAF

TEST THE N.W. 12 TONE DANHILL EARPHONE.

It gives perfect hearing. If you are deaf or partially deaf, you may now enjoy the delights of perfect hearing. Every instrument guaranteed, and each case tested by a specialist. Long trial allowed without obligation to purchase. Write for full particulars NOW, before you mislay this magazine. Sent free by return of post.

D. & J. WILK, 102 Danhill House, 267 Gray's Inn Rd., King's Cross, W.C.

GOOD! IT'S MASON'S

SUGAR IS SCARCE

but you can still make at home the cheapest and best SUMMER DRINK in the world from

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

and it only costs 8d. PER GALLON

Vary the directions by using 4 oz. Sugar and 4 oz. Treacle (the old-fashioned kind) to each gallon of beer, or if sugar cannot be spared 8 oz. Treacle alone will be quite satisfactory.

SEND TO-DAY 2/- to

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

and they will send you post free TWO BOTTLES, sufficient to make 12 to 16 gallons prime, refreshing Beer.

'Way up in the mountains

Long deep breaths of the air clear the throat and nasal passages. It is different in the toiling cities, but the delicate throat-lining irritated by the smoke and dust-laden air is soothed, healed, and fortified against the attack of disease germs by occasionally dissolving in the mouth

EVANS' Pastilles

An effective precautionary measure against the microbes of influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.

1/3 per tin from Chemists, or post free from the makers, Evans Sons & Co. Ltd., 56 Hanover Street, Liverpool, and 60 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

S.2

THE QUIVER

Don't Wear a Truss.

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THE story of turning helpless cripples into useful citizens, of giving the joy of movement to children suffering from deformities of birth; of helping the afflicted and maimed in all parts of the country, is the story of the great team work and aim of the Royal Surgical Aid Society, carried on quietly and unostentatiously, giving help to those who cannot help themselves.

Just think—you who are enjoying the benefits of perfect limbs and freedom of movement—of what it must mean to be crippled; of the joys denied those unfortunate children whose deformities deprive them of the birthright of romp and game; of the hardships of the victims of accident and their families. Think, and you must realise that a work which has for its aim the amelioration of suffering, the re-making of useful citizens, the means of giving joy and happiness to children, deserves your warmest sympathy and support.

Founded as far back as 1862, the Royal Surgical Aid Society has supplied over 1,000,000 surgical appliances, and the number of patients treated weekly has grown from 59 to 500, amounting during the year to 18,979.

This great humane work is seriously handicapped from two causes: the enormous rise in the price of materials and a disastrous fire at its headquarters, which destroyed not only the surgeon's rooms,

patients' fitting-rooms, and stock rooms, but the whole of No. 3 Dorset Buildings. Yet it has been bravely carried on despite all these difficulties and serious set-backs.

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Please address all remittances and communications to the Appeal Director of the Royal Surgical Aid Society, 26 Great Ormond Street, London, W.1. If you would like to have a copy of the Society's latest printed Report it will gladly be sent to you upon request.

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The Editor's Announcement Page

Do College Girls Make Good Mothers?

Is an educated mind a handicap to marriage and motherhood? Some people think it is. A Woman Graduate gives a vigorous affirmative to the question, "Do College Girls Make Good Mothers?" in an article in my September issue.

Other notable features will be "Scotland Leads the Way," an informing account of Local Option in Scotland, by A. B. Cooper; "The Romance of the Stage Coach," showing the part it has played in fiction, by Rowland Grey; and "The Adventure of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims," by Basil Mathews, M.A.

The Editor

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Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT.

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Explaining "Feminine Charm"

By MILLICENT BROWN

Illustrated by PENRHYN STANLAWS

I NOTICED a curious thing recently in a railway train. A nicely dressed woman entered, and took a seat beside me. I saw that everyone was looking at her—staring, in fact. But not offensively, you understand. I caught myself doing the same thing. It was impossible to help it. Certainly

what?" I exclaimed, horrified. Again she laughed, and replied: "Sounds shocking, doesn't it? But I will explain. Instead of using face creams, I use only pure mercolized wax, procurable at any chemist's. The wax has a gentle absorbent action which takes up and removes the soiled and weather-



it was not her beauty of feature that held the eyes of all, nor was it her costume. But there was something about her face and expression—I risked it, and spoke. "Would you mind telling me," I said, "how you keep your complexion so dazzlingly pure? You won't think me impertinent, but you seem to be over thirty, aren't you? And yet you haven't a line in your face, and your cheeks are quite peach-like. Do tell me how you do it." She laughed, quite good-naturedly. "Oh, that's very easy," she said, "I remove my skin." "You

beaten out film-skin without pain, irritation, or discomfort, thus revealing the real complexion fresh and clear

underneath. Every woman has a beautiful complexion underneath, you know. Then, to keep my face firm

and free from wrinkles, I merely indulge in a sparkling face-bath two or three times a week, which I prepare by dissolving a little stymol (obtained at the chemist's) in a bowl of warm water. This also keeps away those unpleasant little blackheads, and prevents 'shine.'"



The Quiver

Holidays

"Holidays" were originally "holy days," and without for a moment suggesting that we should spend our holidays in fasting it is right to urge that they should be set apart from the humdrum things of life. Forget all about money-making for a few brief days. Forget to worry. Forget other people's remissness. Forget the troubles you cannot cure. Watch the smoke curling up to the heavens. Throw pebbles into the sea. Build castles on the sand. Play. But, above all, in as far as in you lies, forget the stern ego "self," and realise the wealth of God's great universe. Take a holiday.



" 'You are right,' he said at last, 'It's good,
It's much better than I thought' "—p. 888

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

Peter More's Odyssey

A Story of Lovers and Painters

By

Michael Kent

It is a commonplace of description that such and such a town or village has gone to sleep a decade or a century ago. A moderate computation would set down that remark as being fastened on Rye about five thousand times yearly—and it is not true.

Rye, by the placid Rother bank, has never gone to sleep, it has remained very wide awake, but by some precious alchemy it discovered the Philosopher's Stone long ago and became something between a Tithonus town and a Peter Pan town—a town that never grew up.

Its lovers may dispute the particular moment which the old town chose to immortalise, but it was beyond doubt an age of silk stockings and silver buckled shoon. The Dutchman has left his mark upon the cobbled streets as surely as the later Stuart, but Time has brushed away all trace of Georgian grimace. The Regency, which stuccoed mile upon hideous mile of the South Coast, has but left the thin ghosts of Tarry-breeks who walked upon the Battery and fought the French, who smuggled his brandy and danced or dined at The George and went down to greet the King's Ships when the "seventy-fours" came in.

It was in truth Neptune who wrought the wonder with a magic made of mud. He stopped the gates of Rye to steam and left her dreaming—no, not dreaming, but ever careless and young and gay, joying in the swallows on her red roofs. The brotherhood of the Brush comes down to kiss her finger tips.

In these days of enlightenment the brotherhood embraces the sisterhood. It shares studios. It swaps colours, and Peter Pan Rye laughs and loves them.

At any rate Peter Pan loved Arnold Blair and Jean Armitage until the sad day when "The essential kindness of candour—that was Arnold—shadowed Rye roofs with purple thunder. Jean was tall and dark and lithe and very good to see. Arnold was strong and honest and an artist. That was the trouble, both were artists.

After the way of painters, whose reach must ever exceed their grasp, they were neither content with what they could do but must go a-groping for the elusive. Jean, whose landscapes had quite a vogue, must aim at incident. Arnold, with editors panting for his penwork—they really do pant when it is good enough—must himself sigh for colour. The result was Tragedy—but for the grace of Peter Pan Rye.

"Blarney," called Jean across the studio. That was a portmanteau word on the approved model of the middle-aged wizard who used to do sums at Oxford long ago. "Blarney, what do you think of it?"

Arnold put his pipe hurriedly upon the easel board and placed his brush in his mouth. A flavour of gamboge is no substitute for nicotine. He stalked across the bare worm-eaten boards and examined Jean's canvas.

"Well," he admitted after deliberate survey, "Meissonier couldn't have done anything like it." That was true anyhow.

"You are pulling my leg, Blarney," she said. "I know it's wrong, but I've wiped out and brushed in a dozen times and it does no good. It's a beast. It won't go right."

"It's better than mine," said he grimly.

She crossed to his canvas and stood contemplative.

"I like the sunlight effect," she said.

"It's the moon," he returned savagely.

"Oh," she hurried on with, "Oh, I'm so sorry. Isn't the colour just a teeny bit out?"

He was harassed with failure.

"I know it's out. I don't want to be told that!"

"Poor old Blarney!" she cried, "let me set your palette. You've lost your colour values."

"It's very sweet of you," he answered, "but I'll worry through with it myself." He took up a brush.

"I wish it were as easy to see what's wrong with mine," sighed she, and stood back to get a fresh impression.

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"Oh, dash," he muttered, reaching for a palette knife. "I suppose I'm colour blind." Failure made him morose. "Do you really want to know?"

"Of course, Blarney."

"As an honest artist, or as the very best pal of that promising illustrator, Blair?"

She gazed on him with reproach.

"Why," said she, "you wouldn't be so mean as to hide the truth for fear of hurting my feelings?"

"I thought you might be a bit fed up, old girl."

"I am fed up," she said. "I know it's beastly."

"And you really want to know where you fail?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, that's easy," he said. "Composition and drawing."

He did not notice the rueful droop of her lip.

"Look at it," he went on. "There's nothing that hits you. The eye first picks up the old Johnny with the furred robe over there before it finds the king. Look at the line of his collar; it coincides with the line of beading on the wall and makes his face look a bit of mural decoration. Converge your interest. Don't muddle the eye with your lines. Then—O heavens! look at that herald's legs and his flat feet. How did he get there, Jean? I defy anyone to walk up steps with feet and legs like that!"

"Thanks, much," returned Jean, a little sombrelly. "I'm glad it is amusing."

Now when one has been for three weeks steeped in glorious episode with a flaming vision before the inner eye, and then strives to blazon that scene on glowing canvas, it is a dour thing to find folk laugh. It was a very sporting admission of Jean's.

"Could that hand ever hold a sword?" asked Arnold, the critic.

"It is a study from Leonardo," countered Jean, tartly.

"Because a chap lived four centuries ago it doesn't prove he never made a mistake," said Arnold.

"Criticism is easy," snapped Jean. "Go back to your funny moon."

"I think I'd better."

There was a quarter of an hour's silence while Jean ate chocolates, Arnold smoked furiously, and Peter Pan Rye tried to lure them back to kindness with a flash of his

cherry blossom through the windows and his martins whispering kisses at the eaves.

"I'm all at sea," groaned Arnold at last.

"I've got it in my mind but I can't put it on the canvas."

Surely that was down tops'ls and unconditional surrender to the lady!

"Oh, Blarney," cried she, "can't I help? It is rather muzzy, isn't it? Looks like a section of cod gone bad."

What imp violated the fairy rings at Rye to reach your ear with that bright bitterness, Jean? When a man and an artist and a lover goes out to seek and paint the glamour of the moon on marsh and misty river bank, and for all his sweat and tears only achieves a dirty smudge, he does not love to hear it called a slice of decaying fish. He is downcast, for that having caught the fairies at their play they laughed and ran away from him.

Arnold turned the canvas grimly to the wall and threw a handful of tubes into his case.

"I'm going out to paint Winchelsea, Miss Armitage," he said. "I shan't use the studio for a week or so."

Miss Armitage!

At the door he paused.

"Anyone who does not understand the essential kindness of candour," cried he, "is——" The rest was a clatter of steps down the long passage into Mermaid Lane.

II

NOW as you come down past the Mermaid over grey cobbles set in emerald plush, you reach the Hastings road beside an ancient toll-gate or mint-house or jail, something venerable. A little flight of steps goes up to it and that is convenient for anyone who wants to lounge and look out across the wharf, across the flats to the distant whale-backs of the Downs. Peter More found it very convenient, for Time that stays at Rye had done seventy years disservice to his thews and arteries. Peter knew it.

"I'm not the boy I was," he said, and leaned his back against the old warm wall. "But I won't go back to Gladys!"

You would have stopped to look at Peter anywhere. He had a talent for the picturesque. The fine white hair that rippled and fell and broke into a silver spray

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of curly beard, the pink and white skin, as delicate as a child's, and the wide bright eyes that seemed to look on life with the frank kindness of seventeen years, made up a picture. Place over all a French bonnet of black velvet with lopping over one brow, provide him with a decayed easel and much scarred colour box in brown mahogany and you see Peter More resting in the sun on the mint-house steps and vowing that he wouldn't go back to Gladys.

That at any rate is what Arnold found when, bitter at heart, he reached the Mermaid corner. A wagon team that passed, gleam with bells and hoods, held him up a moment and the old man, a note of colour in the grey of the sunlit wall, caught his eye.

"A brother brush," he said. "You're new to Rye?"

"No," said Peter, musingly. "Old, too old. The town's the same but folk move on." He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across the flats at the gold, incorruptible, of new sprung celandine.

"Ay," he said, "it's forty year since I was here, and Mrs. Tutt, she's gone, where I used to stay. She'd have known me." He went on a little pathetically. "And the new ones, they don't." His voice faltered and died and slipped into falsetto and sunk again as an old man's will.

Arnold smiled.

"The world will change in forty years. Where are you putting up?"

Peter opened his eyes, innocent as a child's.

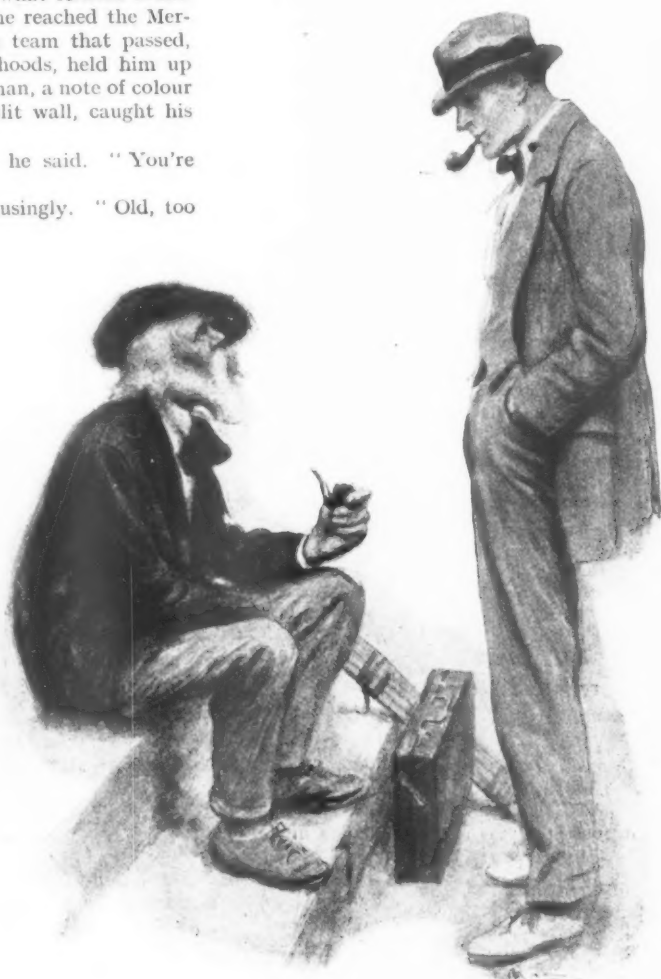
"That's what I can't make out," he said, puzzled. "You see I've run away from home!"

Arnold could not repress a short laugh.

"But it is impossible. Run away from home? It—it isn't done at your age!"

Peter's mouth beneath the drooped moustache closed mutinously.

"I'm not going back to Gladys," he said, firmly.



"I'm not going back to Gladys," he said, firmly

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

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Arnold sat down on the step beside him and took out a pouch.

"Fill up," said he. "Would you care to talk about it?"

"Thank'ee, thank'ee," said Peter; he looked up with frank delight as he teased the pleasant weed into the bowl. "I say," he crowed, "two pipes in an afternoon! That's good, that is. What would Gladys say to that?"

"I suppose," said Arnold, "if you've only just come you will want to find digs?"

"Ah," remarked Peter wisely, "that's the difficulty. I reckoned on going to Mrs. Tutt, you see. I haven't got any money to speak of till I sell a picture."

"Hard luck," said Arnold. "I don't know Mrs. Tutt."

"They tell me she has been dead twenty-five year," explained the old man, meditatively. "And it don't seem more than five since I was here."

"That's a long time," mused the young man.

"They've forgotten me, that's what it is," Peter went on. "And me coming down here to make pictures."

"Look here," said Arnold; "you come along with me, I'll put you up. I share a studio and you shall have a corner. Come along."

"Thank'ee, young man," said Peter, simply. "It's very welcome."

And Arnold, who had set off over the cobbles to Winchelsea at five miles an hour, returned at the rate of two. He bore a couple of easels on one arm and on the other rested the velvet sleeve of Peter More.

III

"JUST the very place, my child."

Peter had slipped into the life of the studio with the ease of ancient use. Of course, nothing on earth less than mere courtesy to a fellow artist could have brought back Mr. Blair to the company of Miss Armitage. But there was Peter More, no more fit to fend for himself than Peter Pan, and what was one to do?

Arnold had taken him in, fed him and put him up in a spare room of his landlady's. He had brought him round to the studio and introduced him to Jean.

"Mr. More, a friend of mine, who has not

yet found digs, you won't mind him using my corner of the studio?"

"Not at all, Mr. Blair." Correct, but icy!

"Ah," cried Peter, tramping up and down the bare boards; "it's good to be in a studio again—a studio that is a studio and not a washhouse." He picked up a soft crayon from a table and with wide sweeping arm slashed out a cunning portrait of Jean upon the smooth plaster. "Something to draw on. That's all I want," he went on, delicately softening the reds and whites with his thumb. "That mouth and chin will be somebody's delight."

"You'll be all right now, Grandpa," called out Arnold in no end of a hurry.

"Good morning, Miss Armitage."

The old man, immersed in his work, turned a few seconds later to get another glimpse of his model. He put down the chalks and walked up to her as she stood at the edge of the window casement eager to see and ready to hide.

"Dear Heaven," said he, with wonder, "ye're not happy, my daughter."

Jean bit her lip.

"Let me fix up your easel, Mr. More." She busied herself deftly with the canvas.

"Will you like the light?"

"Just the very thing, my child," said he.

"What a pity you're not Gladys."

"I'm Jean," said she, smiling. "Won't that do as well?" And mid the click of bursting bloom Peter Pan began to croon a song.

"Do you know," said the old man, half an hour later, "I haven't started a canvas, not really to start I mean, for years." He stood diffidently by his "twenty by thirty" which was covered with faint grey blocks of light and shade. "My eyes aren't as young as they used to be, Miss Armitage."

"But why did you drop out for so long?" asked Jean.

"Well, you see, my child." He was scrutinising the canvas with a detached and worried air. "When my son Bob died I went to live with Gladys, that's his wife; no use keeping two houses going."

"I thought you didn't care for Gladys?" asked she.

"Oh, she's a good housekeeper," he responded. "A regular nailer she is; but she don't understand artists you know, north lights and tobacco and not being

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interrupted for meals." He peered at the canvas. "Would you mind telling me, my daughter, if that figure in the foreground is right?"

"What's it to be?" asked she.

"It's the 'Departure of Ulysses,'" he replied. "I've wanted to do it for years. First there was only the washhouse and then my eyes got sore. He's starting out an old man, because he can't stay still and rust. Like Tennyson says:

"For my purpose holds

To sail beyond the skyline and the baths
Of all the Western stars until I die."

Oh, be sure she wanted to take him up in her arms, like a kid of four, and cosset him; and outside in the garden young Rye smiled.

"I think it will be a beautiful 'pic,'" she cried, and her eyes were very bright.

"I've had it in my head for years," he said, vaguely.

As she went back to her work she imagined the dreary shed of his banishment and the hard woman who had no use for dreamers or for dreams. But at times her vision blurred Blarney, with the steady light in his eyes, rose up to mock her ambitious canvas. She was out of love with grandeur.

IV

THEY were famous friends when Blarney tramped in at the end of the day.

"Hallo!" he said; "you never finished your sketch, Peter."

The cartoon on the wall, begun in such a spate of thoughtless craft, stood just where he had seen it last.

"No," said Peter, "I want to draw happiness."

"Have you had a good day?" broke in Jean, swiftly.

"Good enough, Miss Armitage," he said, and walked across to Peter's easel. "May I see?"

He gazed at the canvas in abject amazement. It was a blurred and furry mass of lights and shadows, deep browns and purples in the background against rosy flesh tints and the white loom of a sail. But every outline shook. There was not on the canvas one defined object. It was a mere mad patchwork for an artist to laugh at or weep over.

"That's the real thing." It was Jean's voice, eager with enthusiasm that broke upon his bewilderment. He looked round more puzzled still and caught her nodding vigorously, imperatively, behind the old man's head. "There's the real thing!" she cried again. "Father Peter will make a stir with that when it is finished. Look at it, Mr. Blair, line, colour, composition."

Arnold was apt enough to fill the allotted rôle.

"By George!" he cried; "that's going to be a big thing, Peter. You've the right stuff there. What are you going to call it?"

"'Departure of Ulysses,'" explained Peter. "Do you like it?"

"Turner, with a difference," said Blair. Indeed they were to some extent Turner's colours; but what the patches meant it was beyond Arnold's power to tell. They fell to talk of Art and artists, while Jean cleaned her brushes in a far dark corner of the room. And Rye's stars twinkled impishly upon them.

Jean went home alone in the dusk.

Peter and Arnold followed ten minutes later.

But Blair went for a stroll when Peter was in bed, and there was a light in the studio till midnight.

V

JEAN was early at work next morning, but it was not her own work. It was Peter's. She had heard a lot about Gladys the day before, and her young heart flamed for the old man, fleeing from the barren years to make, with dim eyes and shaking hand, his picture of that other old man who had set out long ago, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

In the white light of the dawn it did not look so bad. Her sorrow at Peter's failure must have led her to imagine the canvas more futile than it was. Here and there was a touch of the same old cunning that showed in the unfinished cartoon. Here and there a firmness of treatment which she had not found the day before. Undoubtedly Peter had been an artist. "Pity," thought she, "that hand and eye could not stay young as his heart."

Then a disconcerting thought struck her. The picture had looked so scrappy yesterday. So had her own work. So had Blarney's.

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It must have been her own eyes that were at fault. Why, yesterday Ulysses was grotesque! It was quite passable to-day. The line and composition were right enough though the colour left something to be desired. It was the delicate half shades, purples and blues and browns. The tired old eyes had refused to tell the difference between them. The intention was plain enough. She could easily put that right, and who would be the wiser?

Somehow as she worked she began to feel an unusual lightness of heart for which she could not account. Then all at once it flashed upon her. If her eyes had played her false it was easy to tell old Blarney so. That did not involve her pride or her judgment, only her eyes. They had told her lies, and, of course, she could not judge properly. No wonder Blarney was wild. Most likely he had done quite a nice picture. She stopped her work on Ulysses to look for it, but he had taken it away. Poor old Arnold!

She worked on happily, quite heedless of the time. She would explain as soon as Blarney came round. There would be still plenty of time to smarten Ulysses up. As a matter of fact she was so deep in her work that she did not hear the patter of tennis shoes in the passage or the scroop of the door handle. Arnold found her busy at her palette at the window.

"Good morning, Miss Armitage. You are at work early," said he, standing uncertainly in the doorway.

"Oh, Blarney," she called, "my eyes were all wrong yesterday. I didn't know. That's why everything seemed so horrid. I'm so sorry."

"Jean, Jean," he cried, advancing, "I knew something must have gone wrong."

"It was my eyes," she repeated, earnestly. "Everything looked wrong yesterday. It wasn't altogether my fault, was it Blarney, dear? Why, even Peter's picture seemed just a hopeless muddle when I looked at it last night."

He kissed her.

"That's all right at last then, Sweetheart," he said. "But I must confess that I did not find the old chap's canvas very inspiring."

"It's quite good," she said, seriously; and wheeled him down the studio to the old man's easel.

He scanned it long and critically.

"You are right," he said at last. "It's good. It's much better than I thought." He paused wondering. "Do you know," he continued, "I think my eyes must have been wrong too."

"That settles it," she said. "We've been suffering from Black Magic. But it doesn't matter now, does it, Blarney dear?"

Arnold's answer was not conversational, but Peter Pan, glancing through the window, gave orders to the thrushes below for the "All clear" signal.

So they both forgot breakfast.

Now in the course of a glorious reconciliation, Blarney chanced to approach Peter's canvas again.

"Why," he said, "the colour hasn't dried."

"No," Jean hung her head. "He—he was such a dear, and he tried so hard, I—I thought I'd help him out a little."

"Oh," cried Arnold, grimly. "Then that's why it looked better to me."

"Only just the tiniest bit," she pleaded, "just the colours where they were not what he meant. When I came to see it this morning it was truly much better than I thought, dear," she went on coaxingly. "If your eyes were not affected yesterday, my own must have been. The picture was ever so much improved."

Then he laughed.

"No, Sweetheart," said he; "you must not take all the blame. I spent a couple of hours last night on that canvas bringing up the drawing."

"Hush!" she said; "there's someone coming."

It was Peter.

"You've got early to work," he said.

"Oh, we've only been talking," they laughed back happily. "We've neither of us touched our canvases."

"Eh?" he cried, looking up sharply.

"Eh?" then in the jargon that the studio uses to bid a model keep a pose. "Hold it, my children." He groped upon the table for a crayon with his eyes still fixed upon them. "Hold it, dear hearts, just a minute more. I'm going to finish that cartoon."

"Just a minute," smiled Peter Pan Rye, with curling lip. "They'll hold it for a lifetime."

The Modern Goths

Can Civilization be Swept Away Again?

By Arthur Brooke

IS it conceivably possible that our present-day civilization, with all its social structure, religious ideals and beliefs, economic principles and educational advantages, may be wiped out as completely as though the whole world were set back at zero to begin afresh its progression of advancement?

The bare idea is appalling. It would mean the tossing of the efforts of a thousand years on to the scrap-heap. All that for which men and women have lived and died would be lost in the cataclysm.

Yet other civilizations, with ambitions just as high and noble as our own, were swept out of existence. On many previous occasions the universe, after attaining to a social and economic status that seemed on the straight path to Utopia, lost all for which it had striven, and the clock of progress was set back practically to its original, primeval starting-point.

Back to Barbarity

There were many people, by no means dullards in the thinking community, who interpreted the coming of the Great War as the turning of the tide of civilization, so that, as it ebbed, it might carry us back to semi-barbarity. Whether they were right or wrong only the passing of time can tell.

"The progress of the world," wrote one eminent philosopher, "is made up of stages. Directly the zenith of one stage is reached, a holocaust of some sort appears, the advancement is lost, and civilization slips back, seemingly undiscouraged and undismayed in a world sense, to begin afresh its patient reconstruction."

As a matter of history, the manner in which these holocausts have come into being has varied considerably. It may, strictly speaking, be said that the Flood itself was an example of such a universal tragedy. If it be regarded literally or as an allegory, it points plainly to the death of an old phase in civilization and the birth of a new one.

Subsequent holocausts made their appearance in varying forms. At times, when world-refinement and culture were centred in

vast kingdoms, there came the invasion and overthrow of these countries, not always at the hands of nations more cultured and sometimes with a savage, sweeping rush of barbarians. The Ancient Greek civilization went to the wall. Probably the oldest form of social enlightenment was that of the Egyptians. It, too, vanished like a shadow. The Incas were conquered and practically all that they knew was lost. China possessed a most advanced social system a thousand years ago and more.

When the Goths Swept Away the Empire

So far as Ancient Rome was concerned Alaric the Goth released barbaric hordes that swept in successive waves across Europe and sacked the city that was then the capital of the globe. True, the nation attacked was at the time decadent through super-civilization, yet the fall of the Roman Empire certainly marks one of those phases that are recurrent throughout history when the recording hand of progress slips back.

The whole point is this: Is it possible in these times for a latter-day holocaust to break out and to go rushing madly across the face of the world till civilization itself ends and the peoples of the earth revert to their primeval type and become transformed into barbarians, to commence once more the building-up of social existence?

It has happened before many times. In a measure it marks but a swing of some gargantuan pendulum. In the normal course of events one country, rich in refinement, has conquered another more barbarous. Savage manhood could only on rare occasions withstand an assault in which the arts and crafts of a higher mental development were brought into play. But why should not there come a time when the power of civilization has overrun its strength, and savagery in its turn predominates?

Thinking of the remote days when Attila and his Huns swept across Gaul and were defeated in the very first of the many battles of the Marne that are recorded; thinking of

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Alaric the Goth; thinking of Mongol hordes that swept like a swarm of locusts across the land, rendering it pitilessly bare, is it not possible that in the Bolsheviks of Russia today we have the nucleus of the twentieth-century thunder-cloud? If the word of those who have come from Russia may be relied upon, these extraordinary revolutionaries may indeed before long develop into modern Goths.

The Coming of Bolshevism

In the first place it will be well to consider how Bolshevism came into being. Let us imagine, then, a vast country—prior to the Great War one-seventh of the world's land surface—ruled with a rod of iron that fell alike on the just and unjust by successive Tsars, some good, some indifferent, some frankly bad. The people are poor, illiterate, superstitious, living, in some of the provinces, lives of virtual serfdom.

The war breaks out and for three long, weary years Russian peasant soldiers defend their frontiers with varying fortune (losing in the meanwhile a western bulwark in Poland), until they are thoroughly sick with the prospect of fighting further for a cause in which they have no interest and in campaigns that are palpably mismanaged. The Tsar is overthrown. A revolution sets in. The entire Empire, from the Polish frontier to Vladivostok and from the Murman Coast to the Black Sea, is seething with chaos and disorder. The Republican Parliament is dissolved by force. The populace, under innumerable leaders, is out of hand and ripe for anything.

Then there appear (strangely enough from Germany!) forceful personalities who propound a tempting theory of self-government. The idea spreads like fire in a harvest field. The soldiers, both those in the trenches and others in reserve, are affected. They form themselves into *soviets* or committees. In a short while they are followed by the peasants. The workmen are not far behind. Together they represent a triumvirate of the very poor, of people without possessions who have in consequence nothing to lose—the *bolsheviks*, the majority.

The first purpose is to make an end to Russia's part in the Great War, and this is accomplished at Brest-Litovsk, when a shameful peace is signed by men who only represent but a portion of the country. As a direct consequence Russia becomes a world riddle. In effect, she is like a colossal ball

of twine that has been jumbled with devilish ingenuity and from which innumerable short ends protrude, with no indication of a single main thread. Dismembered, torn and bleeding from a thousand wounds, she stands helpless, her greatest foe the forces within her own gates, the serfs who snatched successfully at power directly it fell from the hand of the greatest of all the autocrats.

The Modern Goths

It will thus not be difficult to imagine the type of man who may at any time in a collective sense become a modern Goth. As though to fan into flame the first dull glow of the new movement paper money was circulated just as swiftly as the presses could produce it. The civil police vanished from their beats. For people who had always been under-dogs, ground down in spirit and kept desperately poor in pocket for centuries, it must have seemed like the dawn of a new era.

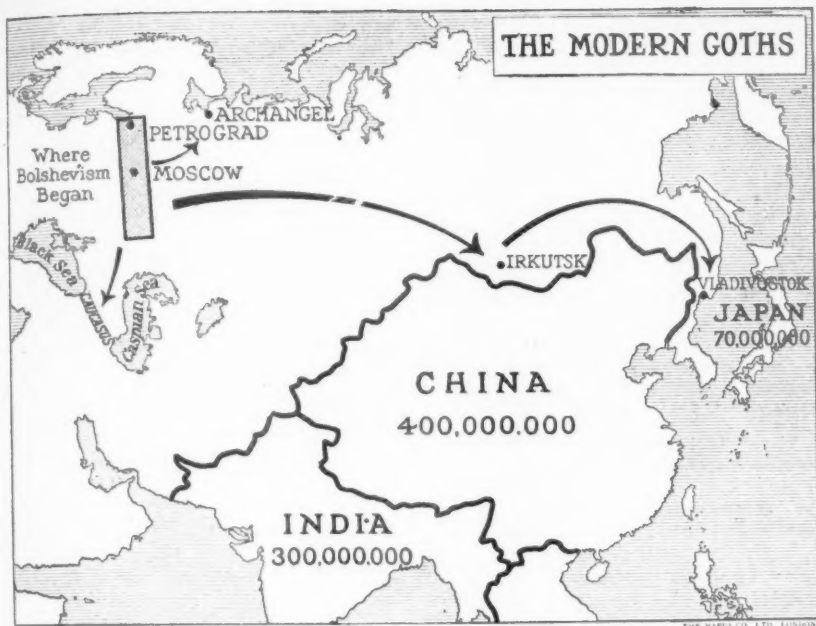
It is neither necessary nor desirable here to recapitulate in detail the events that immediately followed. Primarily, there came the rapid disintegration of the Empire, states claiming their own autonomy and independence, province warring against province, the rise and welding of a great nation in the Czecho-Slovaks—these are the major events that stand clearly impressed on history.

From the point of view of humanity we find the crushing of both the upper and the middle classes, so that men who had been officers and civil servants, for example, begged at the street side for food in company with erstwhile ladies of high degree. People who owned property of any kind had it filched from them that it might be divided piecemeal among the proletariat. Foreign loans were officially annulled. Human life became so cheap that murder was of hourly occurrence. Homes were broken up and family ties severed. Starvation stalked abroad and was followed by its arch-ally disease.

These points, too, are historical. Mention of them here is justified because these very occurrences have a bearing upon the possibility of an imminent overthrow of civilization, and upon a time of the bitterest trial the world may yet be called upon to face. As a matter of fact, the features enumerated above constitute but a tithe of the enormities brought about by Bolshevism.

Strictly speaking, the cord that firmly

THE MODERN GOTHs



Bolshevism has already spread east across the continent of Asia and south to the Caucasus. Supposing it spreads south-east, to China and India?

binds any social system and that has the most civilizing influence upon human passion is true religion. It is the love of God and the reverence of the sacrifices made for us that solidly anneals communities and makes the social amenities and moral progress possible. In Bolshevik Russia the leaders of the people in the first few minutes of their new-found power ordered the confiscation of all church property in a degree that virtually swept away religion. The Patriarch of All the Russias responded by excommunicating the Bolsheviks and thus we have a nation that in the main is utterly Godless.

Destroying National Religion

Nor was this all. The stealing away of national religion and organized public worship brought trailing just behind it a host of other evils. The sanctity of the marriage tie vanished into thin air like a dream. Women of child-bearing age were card-indexed on the Labour Exchange principle, according to many authorities, and issued like goods and chattels to serve as wives to men they had never seen. Thus, both re-

ligion and that love that should mark first human intuitive selection and then marriage, were thrown overboard ruthlessly.

Even this does not represent the sum total of the robbery with violence from the best-conceived ideals of civilization. Children were collected together in camps or compounds and brought up on a communal basis into which religion did not enter. Those boys and girls sufficiently old before the transition to have learned at a mother's knee of the existence of God, were, it is said, taught deliberately to be anti-religious, presumably to scoff and to scorn. Thus, with the abandonment of any social system there walked hand-in-hand the complete snuffing-out of the religion for which martyrs have gone in frenzied eagerness to death itself, and the callous nationalization of women-folk and their offspring.

What Bolshevism is

A short while ago in our newspapers there appeared a letter heralding the formation of "The Liberty League" to resist the insidious processes by which Bolshevik doctrines are being spread among British

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Typical Group of
Russian Peasants

Photo:
Topical

people. The letter bore, among others, the signatures of such well-known public men as Sir H. Rider Haggard, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, General Sir John Hanbury-Williams, Colonel G. Maitland-Edwards, and Lord Sydenham, and it summed up the dogmas of the majority in the following trenchant terms:

"Bolshevism," read the letter, "is the reverse of all that mankind has built up of good by nearly two thousand years of effort. It is the Sermon on the Mount writ backward. It has led to bloodshed and torture, rapine and destruction. It repudiates God and would build its own throne on the basest passions of mankind."

The Destruction of Individual Rights

In commenting on the formation of The Liberty League, the *Times*, in a leading article, said: "If Bolshevism is allowed to conquer it will mean, in the end, the destruction of individual rights, the family, the nation, and the whole British Commonwealth. . . . Against the principles upon which British civilization is based Bolshevism has declared war. It is the foe alike of democracy and of the Christian spirit. It aims at the destruction of all present governments and religion and at the promotion of revolution everywhere."

It is therefore perfectly conceivable that the coming of the modern Goths may not

be in the guise of savage, armed forces at all. Twentieth century civilization may be overthrown and the clock of progress be set back by the insinuation of poisonous propaganda. With a populace in the right responsive mood it does not require many leaders to instil ideas of destruction into the minds of countless thousands.

In the writer's opinion, the social conditions in Great Britain and our innate affection for religion and all for which it counts offer

little but barren soil upon which the seeds of Bolshevism may fall. The five millions of people who belong to our trade unions are law-abiding, and only a few of them are in favour of government by Syndicalism, i.e. by delegates appointed by syndicates of trade unions. That real Bolshevism should appeal to any but a handful of fanatics and extremists would appear to be unthinkable.

No, the world-peril is spread much farther afield than the geographical units on the map that constitute the British Isles. Imagine, for a moment, the tenets of Bolshevism in its worst form spreading like a plague in such a way that they were greedily assimilated by the four hundred and odd millions of people of the Chinese Republic who make their homes in China, Manchuria, Mongolia, and Tibet. What feeble chance would western civilization have against an onrush of Bolshevik-inflamed madmen determined on the overthrow of civilized white races? It would constitute a Yellow Peril far greater than anything that has ever been dreamed of by the most imaginative writers.

It is considered generally that Japan is far more westernized than China; yet, for the sake of this theory, if she could be lured to throw in her seventy millions of people it would render the wiping away of all that western progress stands for the more complete.

THE MODERN GOTHs

If Bolshevism Attracted India

Think, again, what might occur if Bolshevism could be let loose in India, with its three hundred millions of population? Happy under British rule for nearly a hundred years it is hard to conjure up in mind what would occur if this teeming populace were once stricken with the fever of Bolshevism.

It would be only to flog a dead horse to discuss again the question of Bolshevism purely as it pertains to Russia. In a country where even the sacred graves of the departed have been nationalized and where burial queues are not unknown it seems within the bounds of possibility that we may be sending missionaries there before long as we have done to other heathen parts. In any case, Russia is big enough to work out her own redemption, and the present is hardly the time for foreign interference.

The point raised by the Bolshevik menace is to link it with the destruction of modern civilization. Nor is the idea nearly so far-fetched as it may sound. The Red Army in Russia is stated to consist of one and a half million of trained fighting men; two-thirds of the old staff officers of the Imperial Army are said to be controlling it and planning its education as a mobile, formidable force.

At the present time the Red Army is fighting against Poland, and the Poles have won a success of some magnitude. Maybe Poland may be able to give such a blow to Bolshevism that the party of the Reds may meet with their downfall. But Russian fighting is particularly variable, and there is the chance once again of a sudden

change altering the whole situation. Most of the marches of overwhelming hordes, such as Goths and Huns, have been in a westerly direction, following paths that are impressed clearly upon history throughout the centuries.

It is therefore conceivable that the Reds, driving a way through Poland and perhaps gathering fresh adherents on the way, may attack Germany from the east. Such an event would bring the forces of Western Europe into conflict with the Bolsheviks, putting match to powder in such a way that no one would possibly prognosticate the consequences, either upon Europe or upon civilization itself.

What the Future has in Store

Whether the Bolsheviks, with further races, white, yellow, brown or black, will become the modern Goths and sweep forward in serried waves to the complete destruction by physical force of all that civilization counts for may be just a myth, an imaginative mirage seen in the mists of the future. Again, it may achieve its purpose by the subtle sowing of its dogma and doctrines upon fertile ground, thus achieving its purpose without the dramatic onrush of a twentieth century Alaric the Goth.

That civilization may be destroyed is quite within the bounds of reason. Other civilizations may be taken as prototypes of our own and they have gone to dust into the limbo of the past. Our social system, slow but sure in its development, has lasted longer than any of which we possess knowledge. Can it be that with the menace of Bolshevism the sands of its time are really running out?



Destroying the elements of civilization: the railway station at Baikol after a Bolshevik visit

Photo:
Central News

The Holiday Cure

The Story of an Experiment
By
Ven Denning

IT was Father's idea, and of course Mother agreed. Now, had you known Father and Mother I shouldn't have needed to make these two statements. It would have been enough to say: Once upon a time there was An Idea—and you'd have known at once it was Father's and that Mother agreed. The one fact was complementary to the other: Mother always "agreed."

Lest you think that Mother was a poor tame worm of a woman let me hasten to assure you she was nothing of the kind. But long ago she had learned the secret of how to be happy though married, and she knew that every nice man is only a dear big irresponsible schoolboy, and that the part of the woman who's married to him is to mother him, but—to do it so discreetly, so tactfully, so skilfully and so understandingly that he never realizes that he is being mothered or managed at all! Mother always "agreed"—but ninety-nine times out of a hundred she did not put Father's idea into practice and had no earthly intention of so doing even when she "agreed."

You see, Father had an Idea on an average of once a week. Some were absolutely original; these were easily disposed of, being too absurd usually to be any real problem. Others he got and adapted from magazine articles, or from the men in his office, or from some such general source. These were more formidable, having usually some basis of practicability and often backed by the proof of tried experience, followed by success or failure. Their failure never yet daunted Father from a desire to try his hand: he never saw a failure yet but he was sure he could have made it a success.

Now, there are fifty-two weeks in a year, and Mother had lived with Father for just over twenty years. So you see she was sort of acclimatized to his Ideas. She had three methods of dealing with one—always, of course, after the preliminary measure of agreeing with its suggestion: she ignored it—dropped it secretly into the w.p.b. of

possibilities and left it to rot into oblivion; or, if Father evinced an inconvenient hankering after it, she would put a change-lining of her own creation in its place and present this to Father as his own brain-child. Often Father had been more than doubtful over the parenthood of this offspring: but ultimately its sound common-sense and use had always persuaded him it must be his very own Idea after all. The last method Mother only resorted to in desperate cases—when, say, Father insisted on holding on to his own Idea and would have no other. Then would Mother, smiling a little sad, knowing smile, help Father up on to the bare back of his Idea and say to herself as it were, "Let her go, Gallagher!" And Father, after having been landed in a harmless but humiliating little ditch by reason of having o'erleapt himself and fallen on t'other side, would return to practical common sense, a sadder and a wiser man.

But to return to this particular idea of Father's. He found it in the pages of the " Fireside Weekly." A wonderful pennyworth the " Fireside Weekly." You got in it everything necessary to the conducting of a useful citizen's life; it catered for the material and for the spiritual needs. It had a gardening page that told you how, from an allotment on the nearest railway embankment and with no former experience, to produce enough cabbages and potatoes to win the war; it had a fashions article by a little dressmaker who showed you how to dress to keep your husband's love and yet have enough of your allowance over to buy War Bonds every week; it had a religious article by a real Reverend who raised your mind above such materialistic pin-pricks as high prices and increasing taxation, and proved to you how a Christian and silent acceptance of these was a voucher for a seat in heaven; it had a serial where the beautiful typist with the aged mother at home was loved by the mill-owner's son, and persecuted through a series of thrilling weekly instalments by the mill-owner's

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wicked but handsome nephew in the pay of the German Secret Intelligence; and it had an article by one signing herself "Justitia." Father and Mother had taken the "Fireside Weekly" since they were married. It had been their one literary treat in those early days of struggle and doing without. They took it yet in their days of affluence and comfort, not only because of its old association, but more because, to be truthful, their simple taste in literature had never risen above its homely standard.

Lately, however, Mother had had doubts. For some time a weekly article by this "Justitia" had appeared, and Mother did not care much for their tone. Had Mother been very modern she'd have got the wind up and hissed "Bolshevism," as describing something new and that she personally did not like. She suspected "Justitia" was a young person taking the place of a man, temporarily, on the staff of the "Fireside Weekly," perhaps the young wife of one of the staff away on service. And she was a bit too modern, too daring, for the respectable family pages of the "Weekly," Mother thought. For instance, she heartily approved communal kitchens! When Mother held the belief that every woman's kitchen should be a sort of altar in her home. Another week this "Justitia" had actually backed the suggestion of payment of mothers! And as for her culminating sin—listen to it:

"A good idea!

Very sensible suggestion!" said Father.

He was ensconced in his comfortable arm-chair in the cosy sitting-room of "The Laurels," puffing luxuriously at an old briar and reading tit-bits from the "Fireside Weekly"; on the other side of the shaded lamp Mother knitted and counted stitches; near her sat Girlic, aged fifteen, the daughter of the house, swotting French verbs; and on the hearthrug Son, aged twelve, lay at full length finding the value of x and y , before a fire too divinely big and cheerful to be patriotic (though I should tell you Father had done his bit

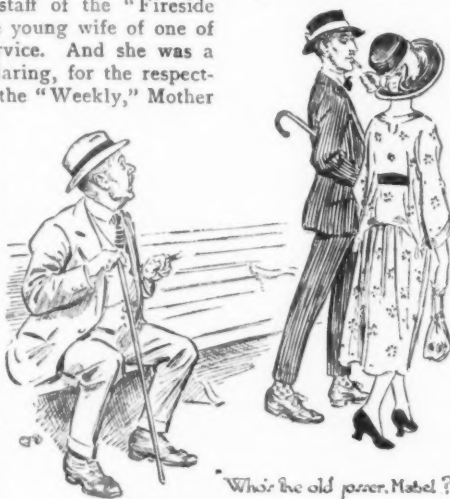
for his country by being a special constable and "putting up," as he said, with girl substitutes at the office. And if you think these are small "bits," try doing them, that's all).

"Jolly good idea!" repeated Father. "Listen to what 'Justitia' says this week, Mother. Article on 'Holidays and How to Spend Them.' Says that most people don't know how to spend a holiday properly—so's to get the best out of it. Says it should be a thing of complete physical, mental and spiritual refreshment and revitalizing, and you can only get that by getting right away from the scenes and associations of everyday life. Says, too, most family people make the mistake of going away on holiday all together and never get away from each other, and that lots of married couples are realizing it's better every way to go separate holidays. Says it's good for family unity, too, because after all being away from each other for a while they're more glad to be together again. Good mind to try it, eh, Mother?"

Mother was counting a long row of stitches, so could not answer immediately. Secretly she was wondering what that young hussy "Justitia" would be after next. Separate holidays for married folks, Mother thought, came pretty near living in separate houses or eating at separate tables.

Those divorce cases you read about in the evening papers always began with either the husband or the wife gallivanting away on their own. At the end of her counting Mother asked suddenly, oh, how was that poor typist girl getting on this week? Remember it stopped last week just where she'd gone in and found the mill-owner's nephew bending over the open safe with the plans in his hand.

That switched Father off for that night. But during the week Mother saw gradually that Father had got hold of an idea belong-



"What the old power, Mabel?"

THE QUIVER

ing to the class that needed desperate measures. And, to make a long story short, she found herself the week before holiday time packing three separate lots of luggage. One was for the children—they were going, as hitherto Father and Mother too had gone—to Granny and Grandpa at Sunnyside Farm, three miles from the little market town of Dalethorpe, up North. Mother herself had packed the two new frocks Father and Girlie insisted she should get, and was going her fortnight to an old friend, Emma Park, "who's wanted you for years to visit her, you know, my dear," as Father said. And last of all Father was booked for Brighton. Brighton! For a fortnight alone!! And with two new light suits and an array of delicately tinted shirts!!!

If, as Mother carefully packed these, she paused several times and sat on the floor deep in thought, and if the afore-mentioned "knowing little smile" had more of doubt and less of confidence than on former occasions when she'd given Father his head and let him go, it was because of two new factors that loomed about this latest Idea. First was Father's determined enthusiasm and keenness. Now, Mother had never read Galsworthy nor Cosmo Hamilton, so she had never heard of the dangerous age for men being forty-five. But, bless you, she knew what every married woman knows—that a man's dangerous age is *not* a fixed quantity, and may be any old age between fifteen and seventy-five. And further, she knew what many married women don't know—that *every* man can have a dangerous age, be he gay young dog or staid, elderly pater-familias. She knew, too, that the war, by removing the young men, had brought into the sphere of eligibility the unripe young cub under eighteen and the time-expired eligible over fifty. Lots of other things that Mother knew and guessed and feared I would rather not state here, it doesn't seem fair.

The second thing that worried her was the fact that, to her surprise and secret hurt, Father had been strenuously seconded in this absurd idea by Girlie and Son. Was it that the children were growing up, and was this the beginning of the time she knew must come when they would want to get away from parental control and try their own wings?

Mother ashamedly wiped the blur of a tear from her eyes, snapped the lock of Father's suitcase, and though, being neither

a golfer nor a modern flapper, she never swore aloud, in her heart a small deep voice reiterated: "D—n 'Justitia'!"



Seated by the fire in the gorgeous bedroom Mrs. Park had assigned to her, Mother took herself seriously to task that first night. She had "got her first day put in," as she expressed it, and frankly, so far as she herself was concerned, her worst fears were being realized. She called herself a silly old woman. Here she was, in this lovely house, with an old friend who had heaped kindness on her, and yet she was wretchedly, abominably, childishly unhappy! And the reason? Partly she was lonely. She had never been away from her dear ones before at night, and she missed the little intimate duties. There was no Girlie's hair to brush and braid, for example. And, partly—well, had Mother known Charlotte Perkins Stetson's poem she'd have quoted it to describe her own position:

"Oh, Lord, take me out of this,

I do not fit!

This house is not the house I like,

Not one bit!"

Emma Park and Mother were old friends. They had been neighbours once long ago, and there was between them the freemasonry of women who have exchanged recipes and hints on how to manage teething babies. But this was a new Emma who in smart clothes and dashing manner had met Mother at the station and whisked her in a new, softly-purring car to this imposingly gorgeous house. Mother had known Mr. Park was reported to have "got on" since war came, being a contractor; but this—the house, the style kept up, the class of people who came about the house, nay, all the Parks themselves, were all far wide of, far above what Mother had anticipated. Mother's heart sank again as she recalled her dismay on entering the house with its new, heavy, splendid and costly furnishings, and blushed to remember her awkward and even shy behaviour in the roomful of strange people that evening. The young Parks themselves—that she, Mother, had helped to poultice in the old days—were now grown beyond all recognition. Ethel, the oldest, was an imposingly finished specimen of the young Society lady, and engaged to a naval officer with a dazzling

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amount of gold braid. Bert was what was called a "sub-left," with a monocle, a Charlie Chaplin and the correct weary shoulder-droop and general air of blasé boredom that is the hall-mark of the "best people" as Bert understood it. And Florence, who was just Girlie's age, was the oldest, most finished and most blasé of all, with already a whole train of uniformed swains in attendance. They had all talked of things Mother knew nothing about, in a language she could not follow, except that it was very loud and very fast. It had seemed to her that through it all there was a want of real feeling, of depth, of kindness and friendliness as she knew it, among these people. There was a shallowness, an artificiality, even a hardness about them and their attitude to each other.



mention just one other night—when she had been there nearly a week. Again she sat before the fire in her bedroom brushing her hair—Girlie's work, usually, on the principle of one good turn deserving another. She had come to the limit of her endurance. Every day, every hour, had been a trial, and she had borne it, bravely writing to Father every day telling him what a good time she was having.

But the jazz party to-night had been the limit. Downstairs from a seat in the corner she had watched a roomful of people "slopping about," as she called it to herself, in amazingly scanty costumes. She had heard the words "jazz," "tickle-toes," "slinking slouch" called out, but to Mother they had all seemed alike—a pandemonium of incredibly daring and suggestive



But this was a new Emma.

She was relieved and glad when Emma had offered to show her to her room. Then swift repentance came to Mother. How ungrateful she was—after Emma had been so kind to her! Undoubtedly the fault of the misfit lay with Mother's self. She had stood still, even got "groovy" and old-fashioned, while Emma, sensible woman, had grown up with her children and moved with the rise in her fortunes. Perhaps Father had been right after all and she, Mother, had needed this new kind of holiday to shake her up a bit. Only, just at this time down Sunnyside way, Girlie would be going to sleep in the little white bedroom with the frilly muslin curtains wafting to and fro at the open casement, and hearing, maybe, the soft tweet-tweet from the swallows that reared a family every summer in the corner under the eaves, and the subdued lowing of cows in the paddock.

Silly and ungrateful? I should say Mother was. For when she fell asleep that night, in a room with a real Persian carpet, a solid brass bedstead and genuine Wedgwood ware scattered copiously about, the corner of her hand-embroidered, heavily lace-trimmed pillow was wet with tears!

Of Mother's stay with the Parks let me

movements and above all, noise. Pleading a headache she had retired to her room. It was no use—she must give in. What would Father say? Oh, but it was different for him. Father liked new ways and he was used to strangers. He wasn't "groovy" like her. He was happy in Brighton—his letters said so.

Voices sounded from the next room—Ethel's voice, high-pitched, metallic, petulant.

"I can't think, Ma, what made you ask the old fright down just now, when you knew I was having Percy and we'd be having people about."

"I didn't ask her just now," protested Mrs. Park's voice. "She asked to come——"

"Well, why in heaven's name couldn't you put her off?"

"Ethel, I won't have you speak so of Mrs. Brown. You know when we lived next door in Putney——"

"Oh, don't let's hear again about Putney. We're a long way from then, Ma, though you can't seem to get away from it."

THE QUIVER

A door slammed—silence.

And Mother, looking as if a great burden had been lifted from her, finished braiding her hair and went to bed. All the week she had felt somehow bound by Emma's kindness and hospitality to finish her stay here. Now!—Mother could scarce sleep for excitement that night.

And Father? My word, you should have seen Father that first day as he stood on the steps of his boarding-house. He cast one approving glance downward over his smart grey outfit, tilted his grey velour ever so slightly to the merest suggestion of the rakish Beatty angle, and, cane in hand, set out along the front. Before him the sea flashed and dazzled and coquetted in the glaring sun; around him moved crowds of well-dressed, leisurely people; and somewhere near and unseen a band was playing pieces from "The Happy Day"; everywhere an atmosphere of gaiety and pleasure and the suggestion of unlimited possibilities for a good time. This was Life! And it was good indeed to be—well, if not young, at least not too old, and fit. Father threw back his shoulders and swung his cane jauntily; for a time at least he was "foot-loose and heart-free."

But as he sat smoking at his open window late that night his predominant feeling was—he was "glad he'd got the first day over!" Not that he was already repenting, not that he was lonesome or homesick for Sunnyside, you understand. But he had wandered round the gardens, in and out of the concert hall, had watched the band crowd break up as if by a mysterious prearrangement into couples—and he was all alone. "O, for a night in Bohemia" had lilted the band (by special request). Night in Bohemia! and nobody to Boheme with, thought Father! Yes, he was glad he'd got the first day in—trying business always, the first day. To-morrow—

But to-morrow came and went, so did a few more to-morrows, and Father began to feel he'd had enough of it. Of what? Brighton, of course, and its so-called gaiety. Brighton was a hollow mockery. Father *knew*. He'd conscientiously weighed it in the balance and found it no good at all. Certainly there was music and noise and glitter. Pooh! What were these when there was no spirit of hospitality, of fellowship, of friendliness. During an entire six days nobody had shown any of the "Hallo!" spirit that should belong to

holiday times and holiday places. Nobody had shown any desire to know him at all beyond a widow of C3 charms at the boarding house, who had dropped him when he had mentioned Mother and the children, and a major of doubtful authenticity who accepted Father's cigars in the mornings and cut him on the front in the afternoons. Lucky Mother! *She* was among friends—old friends who were glad to have her, and who wouldn't make her feel out of it and unwanted.

In pensive mood Father sank into a seat one afternoon to listen to the band, and, hearing a few words, turned, and oh, joy! Sitting next him was Miss Jackson, from Father's own office. Now for some time Miss Jackson had been particularly nice to Father. True, he had once heard one of the flapper cats in the office say that "Miss Jackson was the sort that would be nice to Beelzebub's self if he came dressed like a man"—and Father had been the only man (bar the Chief) in the office for some time now. But he had rather liked the position—made a man realize he wasn't a negligible old stick yet with women after all. So now at finding Miss Jackson next him after six days of starving for companionship, he nearly fell on her neck in sheer joy.

But Miss Jackson's neck was not to let for Father's display of joy. The lady assumed what is known elegantly as "the frozen face," turned a defensive shoulder to Father, and spoke a few words to someone on her other side. And together they rose and moved off! Father heard the words: "Who's the old josser, Mabel?" and saw Miss Jackson's shrug of the shoulders.

"Old josser!" *Old!* And then came common sense and held the mirror up to Father. Of course he was old to the boy who was with Miss Jackson—a boy in his early twenties, in the aggressively immaculate "knotty" rig-out of the newly—"demobbed" young thing who has had four years of soul-sickening khaki monotony. And this young man was only one of the crowds of these same newly-demobbed men who teemed in Brighton. Surely, Father had thought at first, every blessed man who had been returned to civil life had come to Brighton. And Father seemed the only "old" man among them! That was it—it wasn't Brighton that was wrong but Father himself! He was the misfit. Brighton was all right for the young and giddy—and with someone of your own.

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Then, like a whizzbang came an Idea! If you were a misfit in one place, don't repine, but try another! Father knew of one place where he was never a misfit. By jove, a good idea! Why shouldn't he? Only, Mother——?



The elderly little woman sitting by the roadside was tired, dusty, depressed. She had walked all the two and a half miles of sun-baked scorching road from the town to here; but the weary droop of her shoulders was not entirely due to fatigue: she was exceedingly doubtful as to the welcome awaiting her at her destination. And, if you think this is little to worry about, wait till a time when *you* come up against the notice "Not Wanted" outside a friend's door—and see how it feels.

Round a bend in the road came another pedestrian—slogging along with the tramp of one very tired, but determined to get there, and mopping his face with a huge handkerchief.

"Father!"

"Mother!"

Amazement, consternation, then joy undisguised showed on each sun-reddened face.

"What are you doing here, Father? I thought——"

"And you, Mother? I thought——"

"Oh, Father, just—I couldn't bear it any longer. I kept thinking what they'd be doing down Sunnyside way, and—and something seemed calling, calling to me——"

Father sat down close to Mother.

"Weren't they kind to you, Jenny?"

"Oh—so kind. But—it was *me*, John. I didn't fit. I'm not young and smart and up-to-date, and——"

"That's it," said Father. "Same with me. Everything was nice and right at Brighton, but I—I was out of it."

"Yes," agreed Mother, delighted that Father's wild idea had brought him safely back to the stable again. "Truth is, we're too late in beginning new ways, John. We're too 'settled' now to go gallivanting off by ourselves—it'll have to be Sunnyside for us to the end, eh?"

Then fell silence, and Mother ventured: "But—the children, John? They seemed so pleased to be away on their own this time."

"Yes," admitted Father thoughtfully.

"And Granny and Grandpa? What will they say? They were hurt at us not going down—Granny's letter, you know——"

Mother rose.

"Come, Father," she said, "let's go."

They came at last to the little wooden gate with the lilac bushes over it that opened on to the garden before the house. Here they stood. Father looked to Mother and Mother looked to Father.

"Do you think——" said Mother timidly.

"I wonder now——" said Father doubtfully.

Suddenly the air was filled with shouts and cries. The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold—Father and Mother were the fold and there were two Assyrians really who fell on them and devoured them, in a frenzy of young animal joy and emitting incoherent sounds of wild delight.

"Oh, Dad! Oh, Mums!" gurgled Son, trying to get his arms round both at once in a hungry hug.

"Oh, you two! Both of you! Really—*really* come!" crooned Girlie, rumpling Mother's scarf with strawberry-stained fingers.



Smiling an I-told-you-so smile

Father and Mother spake no word. Mother was too busy fumbling for her handkerchief. Father cleared his throat:

"So you're glad to see your old josses of a Dad, Son?"

And—

"You—you missed us, Girlie?" from Mother. Son grinned, and again came a fight to be heard.

THE QUIVER

"Oh, Dad—you've no idea how stale it's been. Sunnyside was quite different without you two. Nobody to go fishin' with, Dad——"

"And nobody to make up picnics, Mother—nor nobody to braid my hair, and see, it's been squint, my pigtail, every day——"

"Let's feel you again. You two, to make sure you're really, truly here with us——"

"Oh, Dad—an' now you've only a week with us! Can't you write and get more?"

Father straightway made up his mind he would; if it cost him his place he would.

Then came a whirlwind—a whirlwind of shaggy fur and dusty paws and furiously joyous tail.

"Rover, oh, Rover!" said Son. "And he pretended he was too tired to crawl out of his kennel when I wanted him to come with me to the Lyn!"

But Rover, his paws planted firmly on Father's chest, was trying eagerly to get his tongue to reach Father's face.

And as if poor Father and Mother hadn't had enough, when they reached the porch with the rambler roses strewing pink petals on the stone-flagged floor, wasn't Granny there in her spotless print gown and billowy skirts, smiling an I-told-you-so smile all over her rosy wrinkled face.

"Granfeyther!" she called behind her, "what hev I said to you, Granfeyther, every day? I kep' on sayin'—now didn't I, Granfeyther? 'You'll see John an' Jenny come slippin' up that road one o' these days.' An' here you be, an' tea jest settin'. Marthy," she called, and to the little handmaid who appeared, "other two cups an' saucers, Marthy—an' you hurry up. They strawberries all gathered, Girlie?"

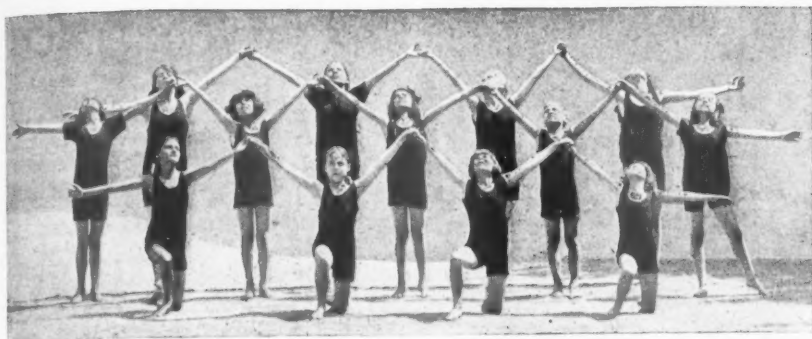
Mother stood and looked up over the ivy-covered old house. From an open casement window frilly white muslin curtains blew out on the breeze and from up in the corner of the eaves came the subdued tweet-tweet of the swallows



The Cathedral
at Omsk

Photo:
Central News

Omsk was for a time the seat of Kolchak's Government, but was captured by the Reds on November 15, 1919. (See page 889.)



Students of the Institut Jaques Dalcroze, Geneva, at Work

Photo: Fred Boissonnes, Geneva

(Supplied by the London School of Dalcroze-Eurhythmics, Store Street, London, W.C.1)

New Ways of Educating

Are they "Freaks" or "Fads"?

By

E. H. Allen

SOME time ago a parent wrote to one of the daily papers to complain of what he called the freak methods of education in use at the school his children attended. Recalling the fearsome "grind" of his own schooldays, he thought his children were not being really educated at all. They did not even learn to write properly, but affected a kind of print which they called script writing; and worst of all, they had some system of governing themselves—a system which seemed to leave the teacher with nothing to do but look on.

Paying for a Freak?

Without a proper understanding of what is going on in the schools of to-day it is natural for the parent to be concerned in this way. He may be paying for an expensive education, and if not, is nevertheless anxious that his children should be as well equipped mentally as possible.

"Self-Determination"

Is his alarm justified?

Well, it all depends—it depends on the school and the teacher. All methods of education are wrong in the hands of a bad teacher; there are few without merit when supervised by a capable teacher.

One of the most discussed of these new methods of education is that which allows a school or class to govern itself. The old adage, "A child should be seen and not heard," has long been out of date. Our grandparents, even our fathers, would have viewed with abhorrence and disgust any proposal to let boys and girls rule their own lives at school. "Self-determination" (a much-used phrase to-day) invaded some schools long ago. In London there is a secondary school whose fourth form boys some time ago elected a committee who were to be responsible for the discipline of the class. The master announced that in future he would devote all his energies to teaching—order must be maintained by the committee, and all other duties (such as setting homework and examining it) that could not be defined as teaching carried on by them. So the committee, says Mr. E. A. Craddock, the master in question, set the French homework one day and examined it next morning, testing it by means of a written examination.

A Crisis

A crisis soon arose, as the master and perhaps the boys expected. Two members of the class had not completed their task

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"Card Indexing" at
Tiptree School

Photo:
Alfred

This is a novel method of getting the children to educate themselves. The pupils have an illustrated Encyclopaedia in the form of a card index, which they consult to "find out about things."

satisfactorily, failing to get 40 per cent. of the possible marks. What was to be done, since the master disclaimed all responsibility?

The committee, however, had thought it all out. The culprits were sentenced to write out twice the French verbs they had neglected to learn, and to show their work next morning. When the next morning came the crisis was still in being. The two boys had refused to carry out the committee's decree. The committee doubled the imposition, and the offenders still proving obdurate, it was resolved to give them a trial by jury. The following announcement was placed on the notice board. Its genuinely boyish form and spirit will be instantly recognized.

"NOTICE

"Two boys, Richards and Wilcox, are inclined to treat this enterprise as a huge joke, and have refused to do imposts that have been justly handed out to them by members of the committee that they helped to vote for. A jury of twelve boys will be chosen from the class, and consider the claims of these conscientious objectors.

"Of course, if they refuse to be justly tried by their own classmates, it is obvious

that they have no cause to grumble. The jury has been chosen as follows:

"1, Roberts (foreman); 2, Milton; 3, Bradley; 4, Jarwood; 5, Parker; 6, Wright; 7, Watkins; 8, Brown; 9, Tyrrel; 10, Sopwith; 11, Stevenson; 12, Chalmers.

"S. Hargreaves, as chairman of the committee, will take the opposition.

"We hope to gain the services of Mr. —, as chairman or judge. The remainder of the class may turn up if interested in the proceedings. The matter has got to be dealt with seriously, and not as a joke, to make this new enterprise a success, and for goodness' sake back us up and help to make I.V.A. the best form in the school. Of course it is now, but we can always go one better. We don't want to give punishments, but when they are given, be a sportsman and take them like a man, and not quibble over them because you think that somebody else hasn't got any."

Success of the New Method

The upshot was that one boy gave in forthwith, and that the other after condemnation by a jury of his equals ultimately bowed to the inevitable. From that day, says the master, he has had no trouble with discipline. If there should, for instance, be an inattentive boy during lesson-time, all that is necessary is for the master to pause long enough for a member of the committee to note the offender's name. He knows that the misdemeanour will be adequately dealt with.

Without Masters

In some schools—including girls' schools—this idea of self-government has been even further exploited. One of our pictures shows us a glimpse of the procedure at Tiptree Hall, where Mr. Norman MacMunn

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has organized a small school absolutely without masters and mistresses, as these words are ordinarily understood. The children fix their own hours of play, and, indeed, run the school as a kind of republic, with Mr. MacMunn as a chief adviser, who can be appealed to on points of difficulty. Not only do these youngsters govern themselves, but they teach themselves, too. They have access to an encyclopædia comprising thousands of entries and 11,000 pictures—not an encyclopædia of volumes, but one arranged on a card-index system. The children learn to find their way about this novel encyclopædia, and, records Mr. MacMunn, nearly every child who comes to the school entirely ignorant of the alphabet picks it up *without help* and, indeed, almost unconsciously. His curiosity about certain pictures that he wants to see impels him somehow to learn the order of the alphabet. Mr. MacMunn has gone so far as to make the following statement, which has aroused keen resentment among teachers who do not agree with his methods: "In one place or another I have seen such wonders of spontaneous child art—in poetry, in painting, in drama, in the dance—that I stand aghast at the impudence of those who would prescribe and impose a rigid course of instruction on a group of children."

Freeing the Child from Adultism

All tendencies of modern education are in the direction of freeing the child from the too rigid influence of the adult. The child must be left free to develop its own individuality, not cabined and confined by adult-made rules. At the Perse School, Cambridge, boys of tender age governed on these lines have found self-expression in poetry, and have composed verses which have astonished good judges by their merit. They are not prodigies, these boy poets, but ordinary healthy children, whose minds are allowed free expression.

Free Rhythm

Some time ago I stood in the hall of a school for little ones in a very poor quarter of London. A teacher sat at the piano, and near her was a group of small boys and girls of about seven or eight years of age. They had taken off their boots, and when the pianist began to play jumped to their feet one by one and ran about the hall, interpreting the sounds they heard in terms of rhythm and action. Sometimes the music seemed to suggest to them the flight of a bird, at other times a storm, and so on. Whatever the idea was it found life in the moving feet and arms, in the graceful gestures and pose of these poor children from the slums.

Eurhythmics

This brings us to the educational methods of M. Jaques Dalcroze, whose name is now famous throughout the world in connexion with his system of Eurhythmics. The little children performing in the hall of a London County Council School had, though perhaps at second or third hand, derived their inspiration from him. The delightful illustration which accompanies this article will give the reader who is not acquainted with



Young Pupils acting as
"Board of Managers"

Photo:
Alfari

Eurhythmics an idea of the charm and inner meaning of that system of musical education. According to Monsieur Dalcroze, music is something more than merely learn-

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ing to sing or to play the piano. There is another avenue of approach to the study of music—that of physical movement. Monsieur Dalcroze utilizes the instinct which impels a child (and grown-ups, too) to dance to the music of the barrel organ. Here is an actual description of a lesson in Eurhythmics by an eye-witness. It explains our picture better than a mere wordy summary of the theories underlying the Dalcroze system of Eurhythmics.

"The teacher, perhaps, sits down at the piano to improvise, and the class of girls listens intently while waiting for the signal to begin. The teacher does not give that signal immediately. He waits until the class has had time, not only to grasp the rhythm (which is done almost immediately), but also the mood of the music. Then the signal is given, and the class starts off round the room, their arms beating time to the music, their feet stepping to the rhythm. Yet each girl moves in a different style.

Watching the class, it is plain that the music means something different to each one. To one girl it may represent defiance, to another excitement, to a third anger; and so each pupil interprets the music differently according to her own temperament. She interprets it, not only through her limbs, but through her whole body and the expression of her face. She is living the music."

Clothing, of course, hampers this free expression, and so is reduced to the minimum.

Demonstrations by M. Dalcroze himself have recently been given in the Queen's Hall and at other London centres. The performances by graduates of his Geneva School have been immensely popular with London audiences. Dalcroze Eurhythmics have come to stay.

The Montessori Method

One other famous system of education has been left almost to the last. A month or two ago a famous Italian doctor returned to the Continent after a prolonged stay in this country. Her name is Maria Montessori—among teachers and to some degree among the general public a name of world renown. The Montessori system of education catches a little child soon after his entry into a world which Dr. Montessori hopes by her methods to transform. But the Montessori child is not taught. It teaches itself. No teacher is employed in a Montessori school, the presiding genius of which is called a directress. The child is allowed to move about freely and to handle or "play with" certain pieces of apparatus, through the use of which his senses—touch, sight, etc.—are gradually trained. The illustration shows one such piece of apparatus being used. The child knows when he has achieved his self-appointed task—he with a child's persistency tries until he succeeds. Similarly he is surrounded by furniture of a child's size; he washes at a washstand which he can reach himself; he sits on a child's chair; and in every way is made to feel that he lives in a world of his own, not a world expressly made for grown-ups.

Though Dr. Montessori's system



A Schoolboys' Election

A forceful speaker at election time at St. Paul's School, Stratford. The boys elect their Captain and Sub-Captain.

Photo:
Alford

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Little Children at a Montessori School

of education has not been adopted in all our schools, it has influenced the teaching in the majority of infants' schools and kindergartens, and is looked upon with favour by those in authority at Whitehall.

Humanizing the Schools

There is much more that is new in present-day methods of education, but it is impossible to touch on all in a short article like this. Briefly the schools have been humanized; the personality of the child is recognized, and pains are taken to allow it the fullest possible expression. Every school is now a real kindergarten—a garden of children where little minds are encouraged to grow into mature intelligences—not crushed into one common mould.

At Dotheboys Hall the procedure was first a spelling lesson—WINDER—then its practical application—"Now go and clean it!" Things have moved onwards since then, and if children even now clean boots or mend furniture as a part of their education their teachers have no moral or mental relation-

ship with Mr. Squeers. They are simply educating in one of the new ways.

From the Child's Point of View

So that my last word is one of advice—presumptuous perhaps, but well meant. If any of my readers are inclined to criticize the new methods of education of which their children talk, let them first look at them from the children's point of view. Give them a fair trial. There is much to be done before the education of children is what it ought to be. From time to time men and women of genius lead us a little farther towards the promised land. Occasionally they make mistakes, and educators have to retrace their footsteps. But in the main they are right, though in detail they may often be wrong.

For the sake of the child, then, let us encourage all enlightened methods of education. Let us expose the charlatan and the faddist, but to those who make the school the birthplace of a wiser, better humanity let us accord respectful homage.



The Sleeping Beauty

No. 5 in "Traveller's Joy"
Series

By Violet M. Methley

IT seemed to Joy Trewarne as though she must have embarked upon a volume rather than a mere chapter of accidents.

When Mr. and Mrs. Overton agreed to leave her in Sydney and make their voyage home together a second honeymoon, it was only after having arranged for the girl a travelling companionship which promised to be luxurious.

A certain Mrs. Colmore, a rich Australian friend of theirs, had planned a voyage in the tracks of Robert Louis Stevenson, through the South Seas, across to San Francisco, homeward through the States to Edinburgh. She was unaccustomed to travel, and had most warmly welcomed Joy's companionship.

The Overtons had sailed, and on the very next day Mrs. Colmore caught a chill, which developed rapidly into pneumonia. She died two days later, and that evening Joy felt very near to despair, most entirely a stranger in a strange land.

The rich widow's relations did not consider that the girl had the slightest claim upon them; they had indeed resented her selection as a companion by Mrs. Colmore. Joy was far too proud to beg from them, and they certainly did not realize that all her savings now amounted to less than five pounds. And five pounds would not last long. . . .

Tired and utterly disheartened, Joy wandered about the streets of Sydney, round Circular Quay, where the huge ocean-going steamers lying alongside made her heart-sick, homesick, for England.

She turned away and walked slowly through the busy streets, led by chance—or something else—towards the beautiful Botanical Gardens on Macquarie Point.

There would be quiet corners here, she thought, where she could cry undisturbed, and a storm of tears was what she really needed to clear her brain.

But Joy was not to be left in peace.

She had scarcely established herself on a secluded seat behind a clump of tall bamboos when voices from the other side of the

thicket disturbed her, voices which were young and clear, although marked by an unmistakably Colonial intonation. Joy decided at once that she liked that of the first speaker, but was not so certain about the second.

The opening words arrested her attention. "Oh, Poppy, I wish we knew someone from England, someone who would tell us just what to take, just what clothes we shall want! It must make such a difference, and I *hate* to seem silly and ignorant about the right things, especially when dear old Dad has given us such a lot of money to spend on them! I know it's foolish, but it worries me awfully—sometimes I almost wish we weren't going."

"You're a little idiot, Clarrie!" the second voice said. "I mean to enjoy myself whether you do or not!"

"But you—you don't mind silly little things as much as I do, Poppy," the other girl said wistfully, and the words ended in such a weary sigh that Joy forgot her own troubles in those of the stranger.

For, after all, this was something which could so easily be put right, and by her better than most people.

She sprang up impulsively and walked round the clump of bamboos to the other seat which faced the harbour and its countless vessels.

As she had guessed, the strangers were two girls of about her own age, both rather dowdily dressed, both good-looking—one, indeed, most strikingly handsome, as Joy saw at a glance.

But it was to the other she spoke, the girl with shy, brown eyes under enormously long and thick lashes, whom she felt certain was "Clarrie."

"I beg your pardon, I happened to hear what you were saying. I thought that I might be able to help you, as I only came out from England last month."

"Oh, how lovely! If you only *would* help us—" the girl began, and then glanced rather anxiously at her companion. Joy also turned and met the stare of a

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pair of curious greenish eyes under heavy black brows, strikingly contrasting with a mass of pale gold hair.

There was something sullen about the extremely handsome face and full red mouth, something which sounded, also, in her voice when she spoke.

"I don't see that there is any need to bother you."

"Oh, but, Poppy, it would be such a help, if she didn't mind——"

"Of course I don't." Joy sat down beside them. "It's easy for me, you see, because I'm a professional traveller."

"Are you? How wonderful!" Clarrie's voice was awestruck, and even her sulky companion seemed interested.

Joy told them something of her self-chosen profession, then turned to the details of the clothing required for a six weeks' voyage, the mysteries of trunks "wanted" and "not wanted on the voyage," and so on.

"Oh, dear, we shall never remember it all!" Clarrie sighed. "I wonder . . . would it be an awful trouble . . . we were going shopping to-morrow, Poppy and I . . . We've got such a heap of things to buy and so little time . . . but I hardly like to ask . . ."

"Do you mean that you would like me to come with you?" Joy asked. "Of course I will. I've nothing to do at present."

"You're not going back to England, then?" Clarrie asked shyly.

"I'm afraid not . . . yet," Joy answered gravely.

"Oh, I was hoping . . . if *only* you'd been coming on the same steamer, how lovely that would have been!"

"Do you want to go?" Poppy asked bluntly.

"Yes, as soon as I can," Joy answered quietly. "And now, when and where shall I meet you to-morrow morning?"

The companionship of the two Australian girls was very pleasant to Joy after her lonely days. She felt quite excited next morning when she met them outside the post office and set off towards Hordern's and the other big shops of the Sydney "blocks."

The girls were evidently not stinted where money was concerned. Joy soon learnt from Clarrie that her father was a very wealthy man, a sheep-farmer, who was sending his daughter home on a visit to an aunt in England.

"And Dad's paying for Poppy to go too,

because she's very poor, and her father was a great friend of his." Clarrie glanced towards the other girl, busy at a distant counter. "She and I aren't relations, you know."

"I guessed that," said Joy. "You are not in the least alike."

"No, we're very different—in *every* way . . ." Clarrie hesitated. "I don't always understand Poppy, and I know she thinks *me* dull and stupid. . . . Oh, Miss Trewarne, I do wish you were coming home on the steamer. I told Dad about you, and he wished it too!"

The old man put his wish into words a few hours later, when the three girls joined him at tea in the hotel. He went straight to the point, in the honest, frank way which Joy liked in him at once.

"I just want to speak to you, Miss Trewarne, now that those kids are out of the way for a minute," he said. "They tell me you call yourself a professional traveller, so I take it you won't be offended. . . ."

"I don't suppose so for a moment," Joy said quietly.

"Well, it's just this. They tell me you want to go to England, and I'm prepared to pay your passage and whatever fee is fair and right, if you'll go there as companion to my little girl. I'd feel more comfortable than if she's alone with that Poppy girl—she's a queer creature and always has been—the temper of a fiend when she's roused—and jealous! Clarrie's such a gentle little soul I'd be right glad to think that you were looking after her. Is it a bargain?"

Joy sat in silence for a moment, then looked up and met the old man's blue eyes frankly.

"Yes, I'll accept, and be glad of it, if the girls are willing," she said.

Clarrie was overjoyed; Poppy, too, was pleased to approve thoroughly.

"I didn't want to be bothered all the time with Clarrie, and that's a fact," she told Joy. "She's a silly little idiot when it comes to having a good time. . . . Look here, Miss Trewarne, I'll be honest with you. Clarrie's just having this trip for pleasure, but I—well, it's different. She'll always have heaps of money, anyway, but I've got to *marry* it, and this is the first and last chance I'll get! I mean to enjoy myself, not sit in a deck-chair and wait for someone to speak. What's the good of that at all?"

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Joy laughed, rather admiring the handsome creature's honesty.

"I see," she said. "You want me to take Clarrie off your hands?"

"Yes, that's it. To leave me free to enjoy myself my own way."

"All right, I agree—so long as I am not responsible for your behaviour," Joy laughed. "So now we understand each other!"

Joy often wondered whether there had been truth in those words during the days which followed.

It was with real thankfulness that she said good-bye to Circular Quay and Sydney a week later and stood on the deck of the *Paruba* as the big steamer traversed the wonderful harbour and passed out between the Heads into the open sea.

The contrasted demeanour of the two girls was a constant amusement to Joy. Clarrie was so openly delighted with everything, Poppy so determined to show herself blasé and indifferent. The little party attracted plenty of pleasant attention, as three decidedly pretty girls always will, and even shy Clarrie was soon quite at home with their fellow-passengers.

As for Poppy, she was more than ready to take part in dances, games, bridge, or flirtation, and Joy soon realized that it was useless to attempt to interfere with the quick-tempered, headstrong creature.

Now, the passenger list of R.M.S. *Paruba* contained a name of more than common interest, that of one of the richest baronets in the United Kingdom. And Sir Basil Grierson was young and good-looking and extremely attractive, as well as wealthy—a rather unusual combination of qualities.

From the very first, as Joy saw, Poppy laid herself out to attract the young man; from the very first, as Joy also saw, he was far more drawn to shy, gentle Clarrie.

Poppy saw it too. Sometimes Joy would catch her watching the man and girl with a look in her greenish eyes which was like that of a cat waiting to pounce upon a mouse, a look both fierce and sullen.

Half-way through the voyage the games committee, tired of fancy dress dances and head-dress dinners, suddenly planned some "moving pictures" for the evening, the scenes to be taken from well-known fairy stories.

The usual discussion ensued as to parts and costumes. Joy, from her corner of the smoking-room, listened amusedly.

"There's the Sleeping Beauty scene to settle," Mrs. Hall, the moving spirit of the entertainment, said thoughtfully. "As for the Prince, that settles itself. You look the part exactly, Sir Basil, in that Philip Sidney dress you wore at the fancy ball. But what about the Princess—the Princess whom you must wake with a long, lingering kiss?"

Joy saw Poppy lean forward, saw Mrs. Hall glance at the girl's handsome face and eager, shining eyes.

"I don't think we need go farther than Miss Conyers here," she said. "What do you say, Sir Basil?"

"I was hoping that Miss Conyers would take the part of the Fair One with the Golden Locks," the young man said deliberately. "Miss Clarrie is too dark for that, and she is the only other girl not fitted with a part."

"Oh, I see!" Mrs. Hall laughed significantly. "Well, Sir Basil, you shall have your own way, since you bring such strong arguments. Then you'll be the Fair One, Miss Poppy—that's settled."

For a moment Joy thought that Poppy meant to make a terrible scene. Her green eyes blazed, her red lips worked. Then she suddenly turned and rushed out of the smoking-room, slamming the door behind her.

Later, in the cabin which the three girls shared, her anger broke loose. She stormed at Clarrie, trying to wrench away from her the part of the Princess by sheer force of will. But quiet, gentle Clarrie was unusually firm.

"I'm sorry, Poppy," she said, "but . . . I want to keep that part."

"I dare say! But how do you know that Sir Basil wouldn't rather have me—if he wasn't trying to be polite?"

"I do know."

"How?"

"Because—because he told me so himself."

"Told you?" Poppy looked more cat-like than ever.

"Yes. He—we—I didn't mean to tell till Father knew, but he—we—I'm engaged to him—to Basil since this morning. And so—well—he—he rather likes the idea of—of kissing me."

Very adorable Clarrie looked at that moment with the shy colour in her cheeks. But the look in Poppy's eyes as she stared at her made Joy shiver.



"Clarrie was sitting with her back to the looking-glass, and suddenly in it Joy saw a face reflected"—p. 910

Drawn by
Sidney S. Lucas

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She sprang up, feeling that she must get Clarrie away at once.

"Come up on deck and tell me all about it, darling," she said. "Poppy will need the looking-glass if she's to be ready for dinner."

But Poppy did not appear at dinner, and afterwards sent a message to say that she felt too ill to appear in the moving pictures.

Joy felt a stab of genuine pity for the girl. She hurried to the cabin and found Poppy already in her upper berth with the curtains drawn.

"I don't want anything," she muttered sullenly, "except to be left alone."

Joy glanced at Clarrie's fancy dress lying ready, at the make-up materials spread upon the tiny table.

She determined that the girl's toilet must be completed as quickly as possible, and set about it directly Clarrie appeared.

"Your eyelashes and eyebrows don't need darkening," she laughed. "But you do want colour in your cheeks, even to-night, my child, and your lips are always inclined to be pale. And they are so important in this scene, where the whole point and plot is just one long, magical kiss!"

"Oh, put a lot of red on them!" Clarrie begged. "Make them look beautifully rosy. Only I'm afraid it won't be very nice for poor Basil—the taste of the paint, I mean."

Joy laughed, the stick of lip-salve poised judicially. Clarrie was sitting with her back to the looking-glass, and suddenly in it Joy saw a face reflected. . . .

It was peering at them from between the parted curtains of the upper berth—Poppy's face, no longer sullen, but alight with a look of fierce and evil triumph.

Joy's brain always acted quickly, but she had never thought or acted so rapidly as now.

She put the finishing touches to Clarrie's make-up, sent the girl away to the saloon, and followed her out of the cabin.

But she did not go to the entertainment.

Half an hour later Joy returned to her cabin, and her face was very stern and pale. Sounds of applause came from the saloon, but the girl did not turn aside.

As she entered the cabin, closing the door behind her, the first thing she saw was Poppy, huddled up on the sofa, trembling from head to foot. She raised a white, distorted face and burst out, without waiting for Joy to speak:

"What has happened? Tell me quickly . . . why are you here—why do you look like that? I didn't mean it—I was mad—oh, save her—save him!"

"They are both safe, but no thanks to you," Joy said sternly. "I suspected something just in time, and I used *another* stick of lip-salve. I took the one which you had prepared to the doctor. Your face told me something, the smell told me more, and he told me the rest . . . that it was covered with some deadly vegetable poison which he did not recognize. If I had put it upon Clarrie's lips, if Sir Basil had kissed her, as you expected, as you planned, they would both be dead by now."

Poppy had slipped down upon the floor and was sobbing piteously.

"It's true—it's true!" she moaned. "I'm a murderess—I meant to kill them—I was mad for a little while—till after you went away. Then, all of a sudden, I knew what I had done, but I thought it was too late to save them. An old black Gin gave me the poison—she lived on our run. . . . But oh, thank God, you saved them!"

"I've no right, really, to keep it to myself," Joy said gravely. "But . . . I'm going to. The doctor doesn't know who put the poison on the lip-salve—I told him it came from Sydney. Nobody knows, except myself and you; nobody need know if you always, always remember this lesson! But you must get off at Colombo to-morrow and go back to Sydney by the next boat. You can easily make some excuse, and it will be best for you—best for everyone."

Poppy acquiesced meekly; Clarrie was too radiant in her new happiness to make difficulties or to ask many questions after Joy had whispered to her that it would be kinder to let Poppy go.

But Joy, as she watched Poppy's departure from the ship, under the care of a kindly old couple who had undertaken to see her safely aboard an Australian-bound steamer, considered her own proceedings dispassionately.

"I'd no right, really, to let her go unpunished, and yet . . . she had her punishment. I don't think she'll ever forget those few minutes when she realized what she had done; I think it will teach her what nothing else could do. And, after all, Shakespeare was right about justice and mercy—I'm glad I took it upon myself to be judge and counsel and jury and all!"



Fishing for Prawns—
and Happiness

Photo :
A. W. Cutler

The Art of Real Holiday Making

By
Mona Maxwell

THOUSANDS of people will go away this month, intent on having a good time. They will bathe, go boating, play games, dance, and patronize every entertainment—omitting nothing that will give them a thrill of pleasure.

This is quite natural if kept within limits, but they often overdo it, and at the end of their holiday, they will acknowledge in their heart of hearts—though they will not breathe it to a soul—that they have not enjoyed themselves at all. They have missed the art of real holiday making. It has eluded them, as it does everyone who is too eager to grasp it.

On the other hand, a tired worker may go to the seaside with just one object in view—to get a much needed change and rest. He may laze on the beach all day, listening to the music of the waves, or he may wander on the heather-covered hills, or saunter a-dreaming through the cool, silent forest glades—making no attempt to enjoy himself—just drinking in the wonderful beauties of nature; and yet he may return to his

home feeling that never before has he had such an enjoyable holiday.

Not that the solitary holidayite has acquired the art of real holiday making, for sociability is surely the very essence of a happy holiday. But he is much nearer the genuine thing than the restless pleasure hunter.

The "Cutting-a-Dash" Holiday

There are many folk who extract great joy out of "cutting a dash," as they call it. They will deck themselves in the most fashionable attire and put up at the most expensive hotels—thrilling with a secret glow of delight at the thought that they are impressing everyone with their style and magnificence! While all the time in their subconscious mind there is the uncomfortable knowledge that they are living beyond their means, and that they will have to pay dearly for this flare-up on their return home—in months of skimpy carefulness.

Their holiday has consisted of what youngsters aptly term "showing off."

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Possibly they may consider it well worth the self-denial which they afterwards have to practise, for they appear to derive infinite pleasure in alluding to the smart hotel where they stayed, and their conversations with Sir Pompous Pomposity of Pompous Hall, and Lady Simple Simpleton of Simpleton-Dee Manor.

The Pipes of Pan

But they have wandered far from the joyous path of the real holiday makers. They have not the remotest idea of the intoxicating delight of a happy-go-lucky jolly holiday.

They have never listened to the lilting strains of the Pipes of Pan, calling them to throw off all care—to forget the burdens of life, and revel in Arcadia.

Her One Good Time

No doubt the "cutting-a-dash" holiday makes a strong appeal to those who have lived a toneless existence in a quiet backwater of life. With them it is a very natural desire to enjoy a spell of gaiety and riches.

The fairy tales of our childhood foster this idea. The poor, ill-treated damsel always

ends as a lovely princess in a gorgeous palace. And so we grow up with the cherished thought that our life story will one day have the same romantic setting.

The one great advantage of this experiment would be that it would clearly demonstrate the fact that the capacity for enjoyment is limited, and certainly not to be measured by one's wealth and possessions.

Miss Cicely Hamilton in her play *Diana of Dobsons* cleverly works out this idea. Diana, a shop assistant, spends her little legacy of £300 in having her one good time.

Exquisitely dressed in the latest Parisian fashions, she puts up at the most exclusive hotel abroad, and there impresses everyone as a rich heiress. She speaks quite openly about her diminishing £300, but the impoverished aristocratic lady who has ambitions for her son imagines that Diana is referring to her £300 monthly dividend.

Diana has amusing experiences—amusing because she keeps her head, and sees through all the flattery, snobbery and insincerity which surround her.

Leave All Worries Behind

Packing is the inevitable preliminary to a holiday, and so one must be very careful



Bound for the
Great Adventure

Photo:
A. W. Cutler

THE ART OF REAL HOLIDAY MAKING

not to pack up worries as well, or like Pandora's box they may all fly out again when your trunk is opened.

Remember that worry is excess baggage, therefore leave it behind.

For this reason it is advisable to discard one's workaday clothing—to which little worries are sure to be attached—and wear one's gayest and best. Fresh and pretty frocks act as a tonic to mind and body. Even medical men are beginning to discover the marvellous effect certain colours have on the health and temperament.

Whilst packing all your bewitching raiment, leave out anything you treasure overmuch. To take it with you would be to carry a big worry alongside it.

Also, leave out all superfluous things—all the belongings you fancied you "might need" if it should snow, or IF there should be a fire or an earthquake. It is surprising how much one can do without, and never miss.

Some folks are like the snail, they **MUST** carry their houses on their backs wherever they go. Poor deluded burden-bearers! And poor to-be-pitied relations who accompany them!

Keep Calm

Don't get fussy, nervy, and upset when things go wrong, as they mostly do when one is full of feverish anxiety to get off and have a good time, with as little delay as possible.

Never mind if you miss the train—or any number of trains. Comfort yourself with the reflection that you will reach your destination eventually.

Check your rising terror when your luggage disappears. You will realize the futility of it if you watch the anguished expression on the faces of the other baggage-lovers, as they hopelessly flounder amongst

mountains of battered trunks, bags and baskets—distractedly calling "Porter! porter!" knowing their cry will be unheeded in the general din and confusion.

Say to yourself: "This is really NOT a fight for life!" This thought will calm you.

Your belongings are sure to turn up. If they don't you will get compensation from

the railway authorities, and just think of the joy of buying a new outfit!

But my experience has been that one is seldom lucky enough to lose one's baggage, just when it would be nice to get a fresh rig-out.



A Good Time

**Photo :
Typical**

The Ideal Attitude of Mind

The ideal attitude of mind during your holiday is to feel that nothing on earth matters. Take everything as it comes in a philosophical spirit.

Try not to be upset if your landlady does things a little differently from what you are used to, or if your hotel is packed "with SUCH common people!" After a bit you will find they are quite as nice as yourself, and wonder at your first adverse impression. And even your landlady has her trials.

Don't fret if the weather is overcast and other people want, too, their children to enjoy the sands. Try to ignore trifling discomforts and see the humour in little mishaps.

Think of all you are enjoying. You can call your soul your own. You are no longer on that irksome chain of dull routine. There is no cruel alarm clock shouting in your slumbering ears, ruthlessly forcing you from your cosy bed. There is no train, tram, or bus to catch—no wild scrimmage to get in, no gloomy office to swallow you up for the best hours of the day. You are in absolute possession of yourself.

You can roam the lovely countryside at will. You can enjoy the entrancing song of

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the birds—the fragrant, flower-scented breeze—the golden sunshine, and the ever changing sky and sea, blending in the most exquisite shades of blue, green and amber.

And yet you eagerly follow the crowd—to sit for hours in a stuffy building, listening to the inane song of an individual whose mental development seems to have stopped at the age of ten years!

Holiday Hustlers

The holiday hustlers seem to find it impossible to enjoy their first few days of freedom. They are full of a restless energy. They must be up and doing the moment they arrive at their destination. They must see what entertainments are on, what excursions are advertised—then straightway they make a programme of things to be done, and seen, and enjoyed each day.

They will get up in the morning at an unearthly hour in order to imbibe an extra amount of fresh air, as if the whole day out of doors were not long enough!

Every evening they will gloat triumphantly over all they have accomplished. All very well if they are by themselves, but generally it is their delight to drag amiable, though inwardly protesting, relations with them!

Rest Essential—Go Easy

Life has become such a strenuous business altogether that the first few days of a holiday ought to be placid, easy ones.

Nature needs time to calm and soothe our minds—to heal our frayed nerves—to restore our balance.

She is a kind and wise mother if we will only let her lay her cool healing hand on us and restore to us the poise we have lost in the city's stress and din. But we seldom give her even the ghost of a chance.

It is the spirit in which we take our holidays which makes all the difference.

To be too anxious to enjoy oneself is a mistake, and defeats its own ends; for it is really a half-confessed fear that we are not going to have a good time.

At the same time it would not do to regard our holidays in the bored attitude of Mrs. Poyser, who remarked to her husband when they set off in the cart:

"I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together, than one o' these pleasin' days. There's no work so tirin' as danglin' about an' starin' an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next; and keepin' your face i' smilin' order, like a grocer o' market day for fear people shouldna' think you civil enough."



A Boatload
of Pleasure

Photo :
Topical

More than Skin Deep

A Shop-girl's Love Story
By
Elizabeth Gertrude Stern

YOU know, you never know what the tune's like until you put the record on your phonograph, *I* always say. And it's the same with men and women too. You never know what they're really like until they've put the wedding-ring on. Marriage changes the tune of everything. There's my friend Fanny Smithers!

She's across the aisle, at the special beauty-table, just between the jewellery and the imported laces. You couldn't help noticing Fanny. The interior decorating department arranged her table so that the sunlight through the side windows falls right on her hair in the morning, and from the front windows in the afternoon. Behind her is all that glitter of the jewellery-cases, with bracelets and rings and brooches shining in them. To one side is the long counter of yellow old laces. And on the other side is the downstairs music-room, with the grand piano, and the period phonograph cases, and a little fenced place where I am, selling popular pieces and phonograph records. Fanny is sort of the centre of it all. And that yellow hair of hers, with the milk-white skin, has sold more jars of cream and more boxes-de-luxe of powder than the combined salesmanship classes of all the business teachers they got up in Graver's Store educational department.

Fanny makes you think of words in the popular songs; I've seen men go by and look at her just like the verses in some of the love-songs. Being in my business has made me awful emotional, and I feel this sort of thing. I used to know that any man who'd gone past Fanny's counter would be sure to buy "I'm Dying for Love of Thee," or "Some Day You and I, Darling, will Meet Again."

You'd think a girl like that would have beaux, but—she didn't. I have them like the falling leaves in autumn, as they say in the songs. But Fanny is the queerest girl you can imagine. She's had admirers, but no beaux. She's sort of haughty and reserved. That's the way Madame d'Oleon,

the head buyer of the cosmetics and beauty, wants her people to be. But Fanny didn't put it on. She just is. She looks as if she lived all her life in marble halls with servants at her command. Still, her father was in the same business that mine was; he had a grocer's shop in the country quite near my home town. When we found that out, we sort of chummed up and took a boarding-place together when her mother died. My ambition is to have my own Ford and have a maid to polish the silver. But Fanny made me wild when she told hers. She wanted a little house with a gas-stove and electric iron in it. She said the women she met every day— But you'd better see the kind of girl Fanny is by the story, and so I'll put on that record for you.

If Fanny didn't have beaux it was because she wouldn't notice any of the men who tried to make her. It can't be said that the men in the store didn't notice her. You'd always find some salesman near her, or some smart buyer asking her if she was happy in her department. I don't blame them; "The Magnet of Beauty that Draws Like a Star," you know the song says. Sometimes little Mr. Haversett, the floorman in our section, would come over to her, too. He'd look at her with a sort of hungry, patient look, like a child that knows it wants a Christmas present and can't have it. And when she had trouble with her sales-book or something like that, so she had to talk to him, he'd beam with joy. But it wasn't like Fanny to make use of his liking her. Those were the only times she did talk to him. Business first: that was Fanny.

Until Jimmy Marshall came into the jewellery about three or four years ago. He looked like a picture for men's wear in a magazine. He was one of those laughing fellows that can come up to the piano and learn the words and music just by looking at a girl once. There wasn't a girl that didn't try to remember to forget him—even me; and *I* have some one in the interior

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decorating that's trying hard to become assistant buyer for me. Jimmy was put in the brooches, just across the corner, like, from Fanny. The first morning he came in, he walked up to her and said: "So you sell things to make women pretty enough to fall in love with?" Fanny blushed all over. She isn't quick at repartee like me. He bent over her table and said: "You don't need anything to make anyone love you, little one." And like the artist he was, he went off and let her think that over.

There wasn't any doubt about it in my mind, from the beginning, although the ladies in the laces and the gentlemen in the jewellery sort of thought it would be the same with him as with all the other fellows. But she fell for him, head over heels, "To the End of a Perfect Life," as they say in the song. When he'd go by, her cheeks would grow pink as any application of rose-colour, and her eyes talked out love as loud as the highest-powered phonograph in the store. They arranged to have their lunches together, and we all got used to seeing the two trot out and come back at the same time. Little Mr. Haversett grew sort of peaked and white, but there wasn't anything he could have hoped for, anyhow. I used to tell Fanny not to go into it so deadly. "Give yourself a chance to look around. Put on another record. Try some other fellow first for a change," I begged her. "Heavens, what woman'd buy a dress without going around a little to see if there was another she might like better! And here you go fall in love right off the reel with the first man—"

She looked at me with those big eyes of hers and said: "Ma fell in love with Pa just the same way, she used to tell me the last weeks. And I'll never want to—I don't want anyone else."

"Put on another record," I begged.

The funny part of it was that though she never went out with another man, never saw them, even, Jim had a sweetheart in every department of Graver's eighty sections. Like the man in the marine song, you know: "I have a Love at Every Port, I'm that Jolly Sailor man." There was a girl in the white goods that looked out of the windows just to see him pass. I know another girl in the buttons that used to ask him to call every time she saw him, and bought dozens of popular pieces from me to play for him.

Even the old hag that helped the time-clerk punch the lunch-cards would snicker and sort of hunch up a smile when he went by smiling.

Jim needed no teaching. He was so handsome, so generous and so jolly and boyish, though, you couldn't be cross with him. And if he did make you say something mean, the next day you'd find a bunch of flowers or chocolates from him to win you over. "How can you afford all of it?" I asked! for he had a gift for Fanny almost every other day. He said seriously one time: "I'll be able some day." That meant one thing—debts, now, I knew! It scared Fanny. But he'd laugh. "Every fellow has to have debts," he said. "It steadies him, you know. And"—he'd laugh to me who was always lecturing him—"you know you're always saying I need steady-ing."

"You certainly need something to stop you being extravagant," I said.

"Oh, I'll have money some day," he said. "Won't I, pretty?" That's the name he called Fanny. It made me feel awful emotional to see them together!

"I don't know that one needs it," she said. "I like things—just plain."

"That's why they have you in the beauty section," he laughed.

They both looked so stunning and handsome when they went out that your breath would just catch. And after all, he didn't have any bad habits except being so irresistible to the other sex and wanting to give Fanny all the pretty things he saw. Besides, I sort of thought it might blow over, anyhow, on his side, and *she'd* forget then.

One evening she came in with her cheeks red as roses under that yellow hair of hers.

"Fanny," I said, "I know the symptoms."

"What do you mean, Ethelina?" she said, blushing harder.

"Don't tell me, you simple little thing," I said, although she's five inches taller than me. "There's nothing about love I don't know. I've been selling love-songs for ten years, classic and popular. You can't put on a record I haven't heard if it's been published. He's kissed you. Now, another girl—with her a kiss would be like one of the last roses of summer all faded and forgotten and gone. But you—"

There's nothing subtle about Fanny;

MORE THAN SKIN DEEP



"You don't need anything to make anyone love you, little one"

Drawn
by
Balliol Salmon

she's not emotional at all. And instead of laughing and saying, "Do you think so?" or something smart like any other girl would, she just kept still and smiled to herself like a child that remembers some jam it's had.

"Anyhow," I asked her, "has he ever asked you what goes with that kiss? Has Jim spoken to you about marrying?"

She got paler right away at that.

"Has he?" I insisted. We're the same age, and I weigh about twenty pounds less than her, but I feel I'm years older. I knew he hadn't.

"I'm not trying to scare you and talk about the dangers to poor shop-girls. Jim's as nice as he can be. The fellows in his department say he has an awfully nice mother,

too, and he shows it, although she must spoil him something terrible. He's good. But he has an awful crowd of sweethearts. Are you one of the crowd? Or if he means to choose you, why doesn't he ask you? Why doesn't he speak up?"

Fanny took off her hat and coat and hung them up. Then she hung up mine. It's she that attended to our room being neat as if it was her mother's parlour at home. She said then: "Jim did speak to me about it." Then she turned to take down her hair. "But we can't," she said when it was all down, and hiding her face and neck and shoulders like a thick veil. Her voice came sort of low. "His mother—she won't let him. You know his father died last winter with the 'flu.' He was a working

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man and made good money. But he didn't leave a cent. And now, of course, Jim's supporting his mother, for she wouldn't have a home if he didn't make her one. She's awfully nice, just like your mother or mine. She's just like the women at home, and not at all like those old-city women I sell to. *She* thinks I'm awful—paint and powder and—all. *She* thinks I'm leading Jimmy—goodness knows what *she* thinks. *She'd* think it was terrible if *she* knew he even went out with me. Oh, we did try to talk to her. But *she* saw me once in the street with him. And one of the girls in the linens lives near them, and *she's* told her what we sell, and how we work in the beauty-section up on the second floor. Now Jim's mother won't even let him bring me over. *She* thinks I must be—— You know how *she'd* think about women painting and dyeing hair and all." Here her voice got sort of lost under her hair. "Isn't it f-funny?"

"Give me another record," I gasped.

It certainly was funny. You know, Fanny never even used powder on her face, let alone hair-dye or rouge. Why, she has a complexion like a picture on an expensive calendar. That's why she got her job. That's why she has the "special" table downstairs in the very centre of the most expensive merchandise of the store! *She's* so naturally beautiful that no woman seeing her can help wanting right away to be the same, and that's how she can sell her stuff. Fanny, that never went out evenings and never had a friend but me—wasn't good enough for Jimmy Marshall!

It made me awful emotional to think of it, and I snapped out: "Why don't he marry you and let the old lady rave? You know they say in the song: 'My Love shall Lead Despite the——'"

"How can he?" asked Fanny. "We might—if we were all in one home. But he's only his salary. He can't keep up two homes on that."

"What does he have to say about it?" I asked her.

"Oh, he does have plans; you know how Jim talks," said Fanny. But her eyes were worried or something. "We'll have to wait—until—until we can marry."

There it was. I knew that plan, all right. How many women I knew who'd worked on it and found themselves grey and un-

loved and without youthful charm to attract when they could marry! That meant—when the mother of the man had passed away. There's something awful about it, isn't it? I've always despised any man who said: "I'd never marry while Mother lived." And here Fanny was doing it too!

But there wasn't anything to say to Fanny. She's the faithful, quiet kind, and you can't change her. I saw her fate. I used to wonder what the old lady was like.

One day I was sitting behind my table arranging the latest songs in piles when some one spoke to me, saying trembling-like: "Excuse me—can you tell me where the jewellery is—the brooches?" Say, I didn't need an electric shock to tell me something. I looked at the old lady talking, and I said: "You're just three aisles from it. Past the beauty-table there, and just across."

She looked out and at poor Fanny. Fanny was holding a jar of rouge in her hands and was trying to sell to a customer. That customer was one of those dolls that you see in the fashion magazines, and she had enough paint on her face already to supply a dozen girls for the day.

The old lady watched. "Do women do them things?" she said. Her face wasn't bad at all—not old, either. About fifty she was, stoutish, in a black suit with a turban and a little five-years-ago fur. She looked as if she'd live to be healthy and happy at seventy, I found myself thinking, and I hated myself for it too.

The woman Fanny was serving said, "How much is it?" in one of those octave-above voices.

Fanny took the cue right off, like any good saleswoman ought. She put down the jar of rouge and said, carelessly, but we heard her: "Sixteen shillings the jar."

"Isn't that expensive?" asked the customer. "Such a little jar!"

Fanny turned her eyes so the customer actually cringed. "You'll find the cheaper grades in the basement, madam," she said, and turned around as if the woman had been a mosquito and had died.

"What a brazen girl!" whispered the old lady.

"Oh, no, that's just the way she has to act to sell the stuff," I said. "Don't you

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see the customer is taking it, and a box of powder too?"

The mother of Jimmy looked at me, and without a word marched past Fanny and over to the jewellery. By craning my neck I could see what happened. Jimmy saw her right away. He came to her and smiled that smile of his that just wants to make you coo to him, and he took her hands in his over the counter—what other fellow could do that to his mother? And he introduced her to the other men and to Mr. Haversett, and she just stood there, and we all saw he was "The Light that Shines in All the World for Me," to her, like they say in the song. And he began to draw her out, I knew, to Fanny. It was the first time I thought of Fanny. I looked at her. She was standing with one hand holding her salesbook to her blouse and the other crushing a pile of those expensive powder-boxes on her table, and her eyes meeting Jimmy's. Some women were waiting for her, and they certainly did stare at her. I knew my own heart was pounding with emotion.

The old lady looked at her as Jimmy was drawing her along to the beauty-table, and all at once she picked up her bag from her arm and said: "I think I'd better not stay any longer, James. You'll be at Aunt Minnie's at six, then, I s'pose. No, I'd better not wait." And she took his hand from her arm and turned around. Fanny let a jar of cold cream fall to the floor and break to pieces. Of course, no one but me and Jimmy and she knew what the old lady had done by hurrying away, just then.

That evening she said: "You saw Jimmy's mother, Ethelina. You can see what she thinks of knowing me, let alone marrying me." Fanny isn't the sort of girl that cries, so I couldn't let her weep her sorrows on my bosom, though I felt awful emotional about it, as you can imagine!

She seemed to grow quieter and quieter every day. And he began to talk about only one thing, that if he had money, they could have a home. She'd never answer, but she looked frightened.

It interfereed with her sales. I warned her. She came to be absent-minded and made mistakes. That was bad. Mr. Haversett tried to help her often to cover little slips, getting names and address wrong, adding up wrong. I warned her she'd get into a tight place.

"What are you worrying for?" I asked. "Do drop the man, and end it!"

"I wouldn't," she said. "You don't understand. He's good as gold—only easy led. I wouldn't drop him. And I—couldn't. But——"

"He seems sort of queer and nervous himself," I said. "Why do you oppose him all the time? I can tell by the way you act you've not agreed."

"No, we don't," she said, low. "Not fight. We just talk. Jim has—plans."

"Why don't you get married, then?" I asked. "It's killing you."

"Oh, it's worse than ever now," said Fanny, "—his mother——"

No wonder she was making cats and dogs of her work. The worst began, though, one day when she was selling a woman some things, and after getting a really big sale, added up and wrapped the package and gave it to her customer, who went off. In fifteen minutes a little girl in a grey uniform, a store messenger, came up and said she was wanted in the sales office. She went, and came back red as fire. "I've added it up short," she said, showing me the duplicate sales-slip. "It's not a charge, you see. It's—paid and taken. I don't even know to whom I sold." That meant, of course, Fanny had to lose the difference.

Next day the climax came. She was selling, sort of not knowing what she did, and put a jar of cream on one order when it belonged to another. Mr. Haversett saw it first on the sales-slip and brought it over before it went to the accounting department. But he came a half-hour later, and he stood quite a while before he had the courage to say what he had to her. He showed her a ten pounds sales-slip made out correctly, all right. Everything written out with price opposite. Addition O.K. But—there was no name and address on top. You know what that means. Ten pounds in sales lost. And a customer waiting for things she'd spent a day shopping for. "It's only a big, important customer that'd spend ten pounds on these things," whispered Fanny. She could hardly stand. "It'll be the end of my job," she said. "I'm to go to the manager himself."

"Go on," I said. "The manager has enough to keep him busy without worrying over you."

"Mr. Haversett said I'm to see him at

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five-ten," she said. "If I lose my job— You don't know how much depends on my earning money now—"

I was sort of glad Jim came over and stopped to talk to her. His own eyes were bright and excited as if he'd been running.

"What's up, pretty?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing," she said. And he went back.

Well, things drifted on, and there came the day when the assistant supervisor's place fell vacant. Everybody thought Jim was sure to get it, and was ready to congratulate him.

Jim had a talk with the boss, and the thing was "as good as settled." The appointment was to come up at the next Board Meeting for final approval.

Jim, who had some leave due to him, took a day off, and persuaded Fanny to get leave too, so that they could have a day in the country to celebrate the event.

They had their day. I waited for her when she came back, sort of pale and excited, and very quiet.

The Board Meeting was on the Tuesday. And on the Monday another candidate came along—an outsider whom it was policy to take into the office. The outsider got the job—and Jim did not even get a rise.

I watched him from my place. The jewellery is so beautiful. It just shines like snow sparkles in the sun. And Jim is so good-looking there with it all.

I looked over toward the jewellery-counter too. There were two women looking at brooches, very pretty women, and stylish to the last minute. Jim was careful to watch, for his partner was at the other end of the case just then. When his partner didn't come over, Jim sort of covered the tray careless-like on each side with his hands. I thought he *wasn't* irresponsible when his work was concerned! Then something very strange happened. One of the women picked up two brooches, and held them against her blouse, and the other woman smiled, came over, and evidently helped to admire them. Jim was watching them both, and putting on his most winning smile. And while the first woman held the two pins, her elbow sort of edged over to the tray, and accidentally pushed off a brooch from the edge. Just at that minute the other's handkerchief fell, and she bent to pick it up but didn't.

From near the door a man in a blue serge

suit was already hurrying up quick—but not before the woman with the handkerchief saw him. She started off. Jim went after her in a second. But she was outside then, past the door guards, in a crush that was pushing through. Jim picked up the handkerchief. When the store detective came up, he gave it to him.

I felt my lower jaw resting on my chest, I was so interested and excited!

The woman who'd done the pushing off was sweet and nice. She didn't know a thing about it. No, she didn't know who the other was. Store detectives were already on the trail of the other woman.

I looked over to Fanny. She was standing with her hands on the table, holding two tubes of rouge. She had crushed one hand so hard that the stuff was oozing out just like a sort of blood.

It was three minutes to five then, and she left her table and went down to the locker-room. When she came up, she had on her hat and coat. "You're no going this way?" I tried to talk to her. "You'll be fired for certain if you do!"

But she didn't answer. She went to the door leading out from the jewellery, waiting for Jim. She waited while he punched the clock. They went out together. Somehow I was afraid to leave her to go alone. I hurried out and caught up with them. "If you don't mind, I'll go along with you home," I told them.

Fanny said something too low to hear.

"Did Fanny tell you what happened to her?" I asked.

Jimmy looked at me with the brightest eyes in the world. His colour was high, like a little boy's. But his lips were ash-white. "What's the matter with you two?" I asked. "You're like the third act in a drama. Put on another record! Try a comic one for a change!"

"We will," said Jimmy then. "Fanny and me are going to be *different*. She's too serious, I've been telling her these past two months. She's too conscientious!" he burst out all at once. "That's not the way to live!"

"Oh, take off that song," I said. "Fanny has trouble of her own." But we were running so fast I couldn't talk more, with Fanny a step or so ahead. She turned down a side-street. There she stopped, all at once. "Look here, Jimmy darling,"



200102 Salmon.

"'I saw you pick up that brooch from the floor
when you took the handkerchief,' she said"—p. 922

Drawn by
Basil Salmon

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she said. "I'm going to tell you this with Ethelina hearing—so I can't go back on it after. I saw you pick up that brooch from the floor when you took the handkerchief. Jimmy, take it back!"

Jimmy grew white as ashes.

"Take it back," she kept on saying. "Take it back."

"I won't," he said. And he went on, more steady then. "If you want Ethelina to know all about it, then I'll go right on! I told you all along I meant to take my chance. No one'll miss it. It means six hundred pounds—it isn't one of the diamond chips from my case. It's a sample put there by mistake. We can live in a home and have Mum live in her rooms with that for a year, with my salary! No one will ever know—no one would," he said, angry all at once, "if you hadn't said it before her!"

"I'll make you take it back," said Fanny.

And she turned and began to run. We ran after her. I knew where she was going. I wasn't surprised when she ran down a little street and Jim cried: "Stop! Where are you going, there?" But she didn't stop. She ran until she came to a little house, and knocked at the door, and out came Jim's mother.

"Listen," said Fanny, and her colour was so high and her eyes so bright she looked as if she'd splashed paint all over her face. "Listen! Make Jim take the brooch back. He's stolen it."

I'm awful emotional, but even I couldn't have gone paler than that old lady. She wouldn't believe it, of course. But one thing—Jim didn't deny it. He just said: "I had to do it."

"I needed money," he said at last.

The mother sort of stared at Fanny.

"You're the kind of girl makes a man need—money bad," she said, bitter. "Makes him do anything."

Say, I couldn't stand that.

"Stop it," I said. "Put on another record! Fanny's—she's too good for your son. She's a country girl, she is!" I was getting sort of silly with excitement, you see.

But Fanny wasn't listening.

"Make him take it back," she said.

"How can I?" he asked. He was sobered now, as if he'd been in a fever.

"I'll get Mr. Haversett to do it," she said. "He will, somehow."

"Come on, Fan," I said. "Come along. Marry Mr. Haversett, a real man!"

"I can't marry him," said Fanny.

I looked at her. It was getting on my nerves, the way she repeated everything said.

"Why not?" I snapped.

"Because Jim and I were married three months ago, the day we went off to the country, when—he didn't get his promotion."

You should have seen his mother's eyes.

"Will you take it back?" asked Fanny. "Yes," he said.

"And now," I said, to the old lady, "suppose I take Fanny to the kitchen and have her wash those tears off her face." I marched her in, and we got a basin of water and a towel. Fanny washed her face and dried it. "Do you see?" I asked. "Look at her." The old lady looked. "It's all there yet. It's all natural, isn't it?"

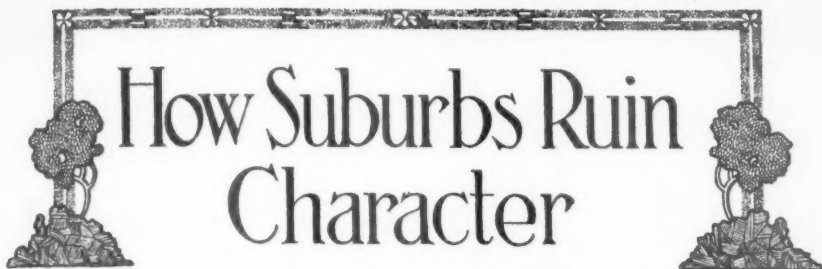
The next day Mr. Haversett grew sort of peaked when he heard the story about that wedding and all. He listened quietly, though. He's a game little man. Then he shook Jim's hand hard. "I know it was just desperation," he said, "I used to get that way too, the first years. And the disappointment and Fanny and all—I quite understand. We'll—we'll find that brooch under the case behind a leg where it hadn't been seen. You'll find it."

So Jim found it and was thanked by the management, who took the opportunity of telling him that they had not forgotten him, and that a better appointment awaited him in the near future.

All they needed was to have Jim's mother tell them of course they had enough to keep house, for hadn't she been a housekeeper for twenty-four years, and what housekeeper didn't have a nice little nest-egg laid away? So that brings us to the end of the record as far as Fanny will let me go with it.

But last I heard was—there's one of those little records expected.





How Suburbs Ruin Character

By Stanhope W. Sprigg

At the present day we slip into habits of life without dreaming of their far-reaching effect. This article should be read by all suburb-dwellers—and by those who have any say at all in their choice of a residence

I HOPE when the history of the present epoch in town life comes to be written considerable attention will be bestowed upon our curious but characteristic suburban development. Just now quite large classes of thinkers are disposed to dismiss the subject with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders simply because it is labelled "suburban." Nevertheless, there are both good and bad aspects of things suburban that will just now well repay consideration.

Superficial Reasoning

Take, for instance, the choice of a suburb. On the face of it there do not seem to be many reasons why you should not live in one equally with another, provided you get the right type of house and garden, you are near the friends or relatives whom you wish to associate with, and you are at a healthy distance from the scene of your employment. Strange as it may seem, however, this kind of reasoning—excellent as it looks in cold type—is largely superficial. In London, at all events, it would convey something like a sense of dismay to the newly married and the socially ambitious, for if there be one fact in the social hierarchy more fixed and unalterable than another, it is this—each suburb has its own scale of social prestige and values.

A Scale of Values

"Are you really serious," they would cry almost in unison, "when you suggest that West Kensington is just as desirable as Hampstead,—that Wimbledon presents as

many points of attraction as Pinner or Richmond,—that, on the whole, there is not a pin to choose between Clapham and Chelsea,—and that, given a reasonably free choice, you would live equally happily at Brixton, Finchley, Tooting, Bayswater, Balham, Golders Green and Bedford Park?" Why, I have only to shut my eyes to see the Man Who Knows rising in hot haste to rebuke me for any such blasphemy against Social Convention.

"Are you aware," he would demand in severe accents, "that the second name of West Kensington is Bohemia,—that Hampstead serves as the Last Ditch of the Victorian Intellectuals,—that Wimbledon is crammed with successful men of business,—that Pinner attracts dreamy men of letters,—Richmond is a joy-town,—Clapham the centre of earnest endeavour,—Chelsea the refuge of British Art and piebald British artists,—that all good actors when they prosper go to live at Brixton,—that Finchley is the last word in exclusiveness,—Tooting is keen, vital and practical,—Bayswater is a waste of flats and boarding-houses,—Balham one of our most busy centres,—and that Golders Green and Bedford Park are almost Continental in the shape of their houses and in the lack of shape of their inhabitants' clothes? Why the sun differs as much from the moon as does Kensington from Forest Gate!"

Scores of Different Characters

And, mark you well, I have in this survey only given you a small list of

THE QUIVER

London suburbs. There are scores and scores of others with characteristics equally well defined, equally fixed, and equally various.

Indeed, some years ago I commissioned a very charming poet and a very clever black-and-white artist on the *Graphic* to write a series of articles on "Unknown London," with special reference to suburban developments. And I shall never forget the interesting and little-known facts they tracked down when they reached Camberwell, Highgate, and other well-known centres which you fancy ordinary Londoners would know as well as they know the site of their own parish church, but about which they often remain in a state of almost pitiable ignorance.

Suburban Peculiarities in the Provinces

Furthermore, this should be carefully noted. I do not confine my criticism solely to London suburbs. I know, for example, such cities as Birmingham, Sheffield, Nottingham, Plymouth, and Nottingham fairly well; and I know also that if I suggested Edgbaston was not the hub of the universe, that I would just as soon live at Brightside as Walkley, that Hyson Green was superior to Carrington, and other quaint notions similar to those, I should quickly be voted an ignoramus of the first water. No. The dweller in the provinces has his suburban prejudices equally with the Londoner. And suburban differences in the small country towns are equally acute.

The Effect on the Individual

The object of this article, however, is not to emphasize suburban peculiarities, no matter how they came into existence, or where they can be found in the greatest luxuriance. My wish, on the contrary, is, granted these differences, to leave the suburb itself now for the moment, and to concentrate on the Effect of the Suburb on the Individual. And I cannot help thinking that if people would only study this point a little more closely many domestic shipwrecks would be avoided and a good deal of domestic unhappiness would never come into existence. For a suburb, as we have seen from the above, is a very real and definite personality, and it has many of the reactions associated with human personalities.

For example, let us take the effect of suburban influence on

1. THE HUSBAND,
2. THE WIFE,
3. THE CHILDREN

who wish to reside in any particular area. Is it too much to ask such pertinent and vital questions about the proposed change in residence as these:

THE HUSBAND

1. Will this suburb incite me to fresh and unjustifiable extravagance?
2. Will it place me amongst the wrong kind of men?
3. Will it give me no opportunity for proper exercise?
4. Will it yield the right kind of spiritual, intellectual and educational advantages?

Facing the Responsibility

Of course, these questions could be indefinitely multiplied. The above, at the best, are shadowy suggestions. I merely wish to start the right train of thought in a man when he is faced with one of the greatest and most responsible of man's adventures since the departure from the Garden of Eden—the choice of a home. Women, too, have a share of the responsibility for this selection, and so I pass on now to the problems that necessarily confront them when they think of adventuring into a new suburb. They may take this form:

THE WIFE

1. Will this suburb take us out of our proper social sphere?
2. Can I really make a home there?
3. Shall I be tempted to a social competition beyond the power of my purse?
4. Am I going amongst the right sort of uplifting influences?
5. Is this place calculated to make us all realize our best selves?

These may sound very wide and vague generalities, but I am certain, nevertheless, that if women approach the choice of a suburb on these lines of self-examination and freedom of vision, and if they will not permit themselves to be hypnotized with the more obvious and crude advantages of the *venue* that they are tempted to adopt, they will save themselves many a tear, many a bitter cry to God for aid, many an unnecessary heartache. And they must also ask the suburb similar questions for the sake of the children.

HOW SUBURBS RUIN CHARACTER

How Children are Affected

I won't frame these last-mentioned questions because they must, of necessity, be very similar to the two sets that I have given above. Nevertheless I do ask mothers to remember carefully how imitative all children are; how quickly they take up an atmosphere; how easy it is to find the wrong kind of school, pleasures, companions; the formative influences exercised by the bad types of neighbours, and o'her and even more glaring perils. **For**, after all, a child's better life is not bounded on the north by a theatre or a cinema, on the south by a tennis court or a football ground, or on the west by shops and other temptations to extravagance. There are, on the contrary, many calls to a child's soul in the woods, in the lanes, in the sounds of a loved minister's voice, in the shape of the church it worships in. In these days of restlessness and change we cannot afford to disregard one of them, or we may be tempted in years to come not to ponder on my question "How the Suburbs ruin Character," but on the more cruel and intimate problem: "How our Suburb Ruined Us!"

Is Letchworth "Cranktown"?

I shall never forget how, just before the war started, I was asked by a syndicate of American newspapers that I represented in London to visit the Garden City of Letchworth and to describe its activities.

"We hear that you have got a dandy town near your London," the manager wrote. "It is called Letchworth, but we have heard

of it as Cranktown or Crank Town; that it exhibits every shape of house and every form of religion; that it provides every visitor with a perfect scream; and, in short, as a show for freaks that it's a real peach!"

Well, I took a photographer with me and visited the place, only curious to find how its fame had spread to New York, the Middle States, and the Far West. In due course, I talked to most of the principal men in that delightful spot, and I soon discovered how sorry they were to hear of the ill-deserved reputation of their town, how grieved they were at the antics of a half a dozen cranks that had caused all that stupid gossip, and how sincerely anxious they were to disavow that cruel series of jests about the people and a place they loved so well.

A Shady Reputation

Nevertheless, the fact emerges—a suburb does possess a reputation. Sometimes it is justified. Sometimes it is not. Any way, you would do well to investigate the reputation of any district you propose to reside in.

Indeed, as a pious exercise you could recall the horror of a wealthy artist friend of mine when he went to reside in a particularly artistic suburb of London two or three years ago and was told by a prominent tradesman: "We give practically no credit here. This place is known as Slopers' Island from the readiness and slimness with which its population disappears!" What, he asked himself, was the good of a beautiful exterior if the people inside were scornful of good reputation and were commercially rotten?





"She put her arms
round his neck"—p. 931

Drawn by
W. Smithson Broadhead

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Pamela Proposes

A Modern Love Story

By

Catherine Mais

DOWN at the village post office old Mr. Reuben Pettigrew paused on one foot irresolute, spectacles pushed high on his massive forehead.

A telegram had come for Mr. Brian Paget, of Lane's End. "Coming to see you.—Pamela."

"And when was it as the last telegram came for Lane's End?" Mr. Pettigrew turned to the partner of his joys and sorrows, who was sunning herself in the doorway, confident that she would know more about the affairs of Mr. Paget than that irascible recluse knew himself.

Nor on this occasion did Mrs. Pettigrew's memory fail her. She did a lightning calculation in which facts and fiction got hopelessly entangled, but from which state of chaos she presently evolved the startling statement that "it must be more'n three years since the last wire came."

"And," Mrs. Pettigrew added triumphantly, having employed as a mnemonic an irrelevant domestic tragedy, "as I well remember that telegram said, 'Shall marry Edward—Pamela;' a very 'ard way of breaking news I call to mind I thought it at the time, being as 'ow 'e was a nice young man, and now, except for that 'orful old woman, who drinks and calls 'erself 'is 'ousekeeper, there's not a woman who dares put 'er foot——"

Mrs. Pettigrew looked up in time to see her husband vanish round the corner of the road on his way to deliver the fateful telegram, and had barely recovered from her annoyance at being so suddenly deprived of a listener when he was back again, somewhat out of breath, with instructions to wire in reply the words "Not at home.—Brian."

Mr. Paget's instructions had fairly teemed, as Mr. Pettigrew explained to his wife, with language which no self-respecting Christian would use. "And," he complained bitterly, "the old woman up there says it's nerves, not temper. Wot I want to know is, wot is nerves if not temper?"

For once Mrs. Pettigrew had no answer ready, and Reuben was able to return to his official duties.

He had almost recovered his usual equanimity when the receiver again demanded his attention. "Coming all the same.—Pamela."

Nervous and apprehensive, Mr. Pettigrew once more trudged up the road to Lane's End. This time the answer was to be "Unwell.—Brian."

A boy, just out from school, was prevailed upon to take Mr. Paget the reply, Mr. Pettigrew's heart not being what it was. "Coming.—Pamela." And it was Brian Paget himself who, accompanied by a depressed spaniel, wrote out the reply in the office: "Dead.—Brian."

Poor Mr. Reuben Pettigrew trembled in every limb as he crept in at the back gate of Lane's End to hand a toothless housekeeper another yellow envelope: "Shall be with you at four.—Pamela." Only too well Mr. Pettigrew knew the contents.

Apparently this message reduced Mr. Paget to such a state of nerves as made reply impossible, for the postmaster returned to his office praying fervently that he might never again be called upon to take a telegram up to Lane's End.

"A forcible woman, that there Pamela," he muttered.

Mrs. Pettigrew had much to say on the subject. Three years ago she now recollected having glimpsed Pamela, a delicate creature in high-heeled shoes and brilliant raiment. Rumour had it, moreover, she recalled, that Pamela was to marry Mr. Paget.

"Then why didn't she?" asked Mr. Pettigrew irritably.

"Why didn't she?" retorted his wife. "Like as not 'e never even asked 'er, being as 'ow——"

"Well," Mr. Pettigrew made as though he would dismiss the matter from his mind, "she married Edward, so 'twouldn't 'ave been no use, anyway!"

"I don't know, I'm not so sure." His wife refused to be silenced. "She said 'Shall marry Edward.' That sounds like the sort o' thing a woman says when she wants a man to see——"

THE QUIVER

"What sort o' a tomfool she is!" said Mr. Pettigrew gruffly.

Mrs. Pettigrew had the greatest objection to an argument being interrupted until she had gained her point, but on this occasion remonstrance was useless, since it was most obviously the subject of the argument who burst unceremoniously into the office dressed in a muslin Paris model whose flimsiness quite took away Mrs. Pettigrew's breath, and who asked for lodging for the night so prettily that Mr. Pettigrew in granting her request was only thankful that it wasn't his soul she wanted.

Whereupon the "forcible Pamela" dropped a leather suit-case behind the counter as a surety for her return, and said she should be back from Lane's End in time for supper, when she would like a fried cutlet with the usual accessories.

Mrs. Pettigrew fairly ran to the front garden to see the girl start up the lane.

"When you've made up your mind to do a thing it's best to do it quickly," was her enigmatic reply in answer to Mrs. Pettigrew's demand for an explanation.

"What does she mean?" Mrs. Pettigrew turned to her husband.

"Ask me another!"

Visibly upset, the respectable Reuben endeavoured, after the manner of his sex, to hide his feelings under a profession of great annoyance.

"They say as 'ow Mr. Paget was once crossed in love," murmured Mrs. Pettigrew, scenting romance.

"Crossed in fiddlesticks!"

There was a very pleasant perfume in the little office now, and Mr. Pettigrew wished his wife would leave him to enjoy it in peace.

In a few minutes the perfume became more pronounced. Pamela was back in the office again.

"That horrid old woman!" she began.

"Ah," sympathized Mrs. Pettigrew, "that she is!"

"Wouldn't admit me; said it was by his orders. I explained I'd come to the funeral. She said there wasn't going to be any funeral; at least, not hers or his. Never mind, I'll think of a plan—"

Pamela settled herself down in the best Pettigrew arm-chair in the Pettigrew kitchen with perfect familiarity, and Mrs. Pettigrew bustled about brewing an extra strong pot of tea.

It was during Mrs. Pettigrew's absence

on household matters that Pamela made of Mr. Pettigrew an easy victim. Gently she led him on to talk of Lane's End.

"Yes," he mused, and slowly filled his pipe, "and now there's no one as goes inside that there gate but me and the grocer's young man from the town."

"Dear me! You don't mean it!" cried Pamela.

"And every morning there 'e is waiting in the 'all for 'is precious *Times*, and 's far as I can make out that's about all 'e lives for."

"And do you take round the papers?" asked Pamela. "Why, it's far too much for you to do with your other work. Now I badly want to stay a few days with you, but you must let me deliver the newspapers while I'm here. It would save you a lot, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Pettigrew protested loudly, Pamela persuaded; Mr. Pettigrew's protests grew feeblor, Pamela begged; Mr. Pettigrew showed signs of relenting. Pamela tried the effect of a glance.

Mr. Pettigrew fell.

"If you could lend me a cap and a big coat," added Pamela plaintively. "Mine aren't very suitable."

Mr. Pettigrew was past resisting.

"Wotever will your 'usband say?" was Mrs. Pettigrew's sole comment when she heard about it.

"My what?" asked Pamela.

Mrs. Pettigrew enlightened her, quoting the wire Pamela had sent three years ago: "Shall marry Edward."

Pamela's mind travelled back to a pale-faced youth who had six times proposed to her in ardent verse, and who after the sixth rejection in downright prose had taken unto himself a less well-favoured but less exacting damsel.

His name and infatuation had been usefully employed by Pamela when she was trying to rouse Brian Paget from a nervous flirtation to a definite declaration, but the telegram which she had sent in desperation to bring about the happy climax had been taken too literally, and Brian Paget had cut himself completely adrift.

Since then she had played with fire for three years without ever scorching so much as one of her finely manicured finger-nails, and suddenly aware that though art and the rouge-pot were long, Time was undoubtedly fleeting, here she was back again at Lane's End once more to try her luck.

PAMELA PROPOSES

"Ah, yes," she told Mrs. Pettigrew, "but I didn't marry Edward."

"Didn't?" Mrs. Pettigrew positively heaved with amazement.

"No, of course not. I hate a man who proposes in verse."

There Mrs. Pettigrew couldn't agree. Poetry was so romantic. It wasn't in Mr. Pettigrew's line, but she always wished it had been.

Pamela had her way the next morning. Enveloped in Mr. Pettigrew's winter overcoat, his cap stuck rakishly on her head, she strode up to Lane's End and threw a *Times* deftly in at the open door.

"Piper!" she called.

Brian Paget was in the hall. Pamela thought he looked critically at her ankles. She whistled as she walked down the path and shut the gate with a slam.

She was helping Mr. Pettigrew in

the office later in the day when Brian Paget came in for a shilling's worth of three-halfpenny stamps. Pamela thought he did it to test her arithmetic. Unfortunately, in her endeavour to persuade him of her calm efficiency she handed him twelve stamps across the counter. Four of them he solemnly returned, and for a moment his eyes met hers, but he showed no sign of recognition. Pamela felt slightly mortified.

Over tea that afternoon she relieved her mind of a few aphorisms.

"Men never make up their minds until it's too late."



"And do you think this—er—
profession will suit you?"—p. 930

*Drawn by
W. Smithson B.oadhead*

"That's wot I allays says to Reuben," said Mrs. Pettigrew, "being as 'ow 'e's a slow-minded man."

"Oh, I've no patience with slow-minded men."

Mr. Pettigrew, fortunately, was out of hearing at the moment.

"I like them to know what they want and to ask for it."

"Same with me," agreed Mrs. Pettigrew. "They've tongues in their 'eads."

"It's all they have got! But a man never knows he wants a thing until some other man has got it."

THE QUIVER

"Never!"

"Then they're surprised that there are so many unhappy marriages. Now, if it depended on the women there'd be no procrastination, no recrimination, no——"

"Yes," mused Mrs. Pettigrew, who was trying her best to keep up with Pamela. "If the women had to do the asking——"

Mr. Pettigrew suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"They'd be asking all the time!"

Brian Paget was in the hall at Lane's End again next morning when Pamela threw in the *Times*.

"Piper!"

He came forward to pick it up.

"Since when have you taken to this job?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Pamela vaguely.

"Pleasant in the summer time." He glanced at the heavy winter coat.

"Very," agreed Pamela, and looked through her bundle for a copy of the *Daily Mail*.

It was while she was finding the *Daily Mail* that her cap fell off, and it was on account of her desire to quickly retrieve the Pettigrew headgear that she loosened her hold of the bundle under her arm and strewed the doorstep with newspapers.

Then the only thing to do was to sit quietly on the bottom step while Brian Paget made up her bundle again.

"I suppose they should be in some sort of order?" he asked stiffly.

"Oh, it doesn't matter." Pamela affected complete indifference. "If the next people don't like the paper I give them I let them choose something else."

"And do you think this—er—profession will suit you?"

"Better than I shall suit the profession, I expect." Pamela laughed.

Brian wished she wouldn't. Sitting there on the bottom step, hatless, her fair hair having fallen around her shoulders, and her eyes looking up at him in the old provoking way, she was unsettling him again.

"How does Edward like it?"

"Edward? Why, he doesn't know. I mean, he doesn't mind. You see, he doesn't have to do it."

"So I supposed." Brian condemned him bitterly.

"Doing well?"

"Very well."

He would be better employed, Brian thought, in looking after Pamela.

"H—m—any children?"

"Loads—no, I mean two." Pamela did a rapid sum.

"Boys?"

"Yes, several—no, I mean one."

She rearranged the newspapers.

"How old?"

"Oh, nine or ten."

"Nine or ten?" Brian seemed puzzled.

"Oh, I mean nine *Telegraphs* and two *Daily Mails*. This newspaper business makes one forgetful."

"So it seems." Brian pulled at the desultory growth of hair on his upper lip till Pamela trembled for its safety.

"I'll come to tea this afternoon. Perhaps when the papers are off my mind I may remember——"

"Possibly."

"It's all going to end happily," Pamela assured Mrs. Pettigrew later in the day as, clad in the most delectable gown, she started for Lane's End.

And at four o'clock she and Brian were sitting facing each other across a small table in his sitting-room, and a toothless housekeeper was endeavouring to bring in tea and to keep a vehemently protesting eye on the stranger at the same time.

She didn't like frills, and she would have liked a little more frock, was the toothless one's candid criticism passed on to the grocer's young man the next day.

Pamela meantime was busied with a reconstruction scheme in which the toothless one gave place to a smart parlourmaid in cap and apron, in return for a month's wages, and possibly, if funds permitted, a small pension; and Brian, scenting antipathy, was realizing resentfully that all the squirming, unsettled feelings of three years ago had returned intensified a thousandfold.

"Where is Edward?" he asked peevishly. If Edward had the blessings he should also have the responsibility.

"I don't know," admitted Pamela, toying with the buttons of her gloves.

"Don't know?" repeated Brian. "Aren't you still living in town?"

"I am."

"And Edward?"

"London's a large place."

"Been trouble?" Brian couldn't feel altogether sorry.

"Not that I know of."

PAMELA PROPOSES

"Give it up!" Brian washed his hands of the whole affair.

"So did I."

"Gave up Edward?"

"Well, of course, when he married Agnes Grey."

Pamela implied that, though no prude, there were limits to her indiscretions.

"Then you didn't marry him?"

"Of course not. I only said I should marry Edward because I wanted to marry you, and I thought that if I said I was going to marry him you'd want to marry me. I'd hate to marry a man who proposed in verse! I'd rather marry a man who——"

"Doesn't propose at all," suggested Brian.

"Well, yes," agreed Pamela slowly.

"But you will marry me, won't you, Brian, now that Edward's married Agnes?"

"My head's in a whirl," Brian pleaded.

"Who's marrying who?"

"I'm marrying you," announced Pamela with decision. "I shall make a very good wife. I'm honest, sober, and respectable."

"Your references," admitted Brian, without betraying his feelings by so much as the flicker of an eyelash, "are excellent."

"Oh!" cried Pamela, jumping up and losing patience, "you are so stupid, and so slow, and so——"

"Then why do you——"

"Want to marry you? Oh, because you've all the qualities I most abominate, and I love you for it. There! This is my first proposal, and I've done it rather neatly for a beginner, haven't I? I suppose it wants practice, but now that women have the vote——"

"And the courage," put in Brian.

"There is no reason why they shouldn't marry who they like."

"They always did!"

"They seldom did. Now you've been in love with me for five years."

"If you say so, I suppose I have."

"And I've said in five minutes what you couldn't manage to say in five years!"

"So like a woman," sighed Brian.

"Always in a hurry."

And Pamela buttoned and unbuttoned her glove, and finally took it off. "As we've wasted so much time we'll get married next week."

Brian affected a state of collapse.

"You take my breath away!"

"That's only the beginning," Pamela assured him.

"It makes me dread the end!"

"Oh, it'll be awfully pleasant."

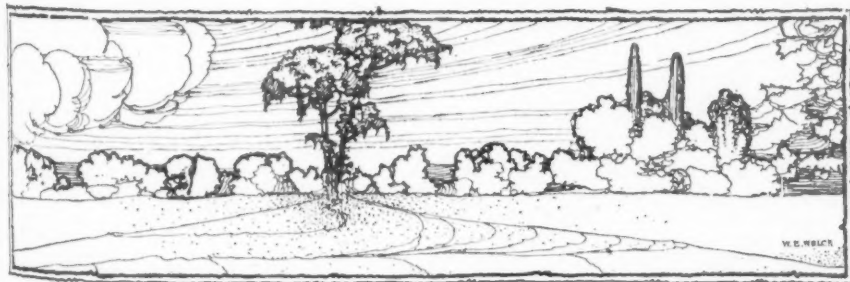
She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Of course, if it's going to be like that," said Brian, and adapted himself to the circumstances with remarkable ease and fluency.

Down at the post office where the Pettigrews had awaited the issue with some concern, Pamela executed a hasty change into a yet more marvellous and diaphanous garment before she ran up to Lane's End for dinner that evening.

"She's settled it—mark my words!" said Mrs. Reuben Pettigrew with a tremor in her voice. "She's got 'im!"

"There's nothing," remarked her husband sententiously, "that a woman can't get if she puts 'er mind to it."





Alone in the House

THE last few nights I have slept alone in the house. This, of course, is a rare occurrence, and as such I must make the most of it and duly record my impressions.

It is not often that the Man of the House has his domain to himself. Usually he is not to be trusted; he might wander amok in the pantry and irretrievably spoil valuable utensils by amateur methods of cooking. A man by himself is a helpless creature, and—try it and see!—will usually object strongly to the suggestion of a lonely sojourn in domesticity. It is far more often left to the “weaker” sex to face the terrors of the night alone—and not only the terrors of the night but the loneliness of the day: man sallies forth in the morning to face the world; to the woman is left the harder portion of “carrying on” in the Englishman’s castle.



Weird Sensations

Frankly, it is a bit weird sleeping alone in a house for the first time. The boards sometimes develop new and strange creakings, and one cannot help speculating on the possible contingencies of the night. Supposing—only supposing—that one fell ill in the night time, and so forth. Then, too, it is uncannily quiet. One wanders from room to room, and everywhere there is a strange emptiness. Can it be possible that the addition of just one other human being can make such a difference? The house seems but the mocking ghost of itself, the rooms seem haunted by memories of other days.

But idle wanderings are dangerous. One must work. The kitchen seems to be

battle-ground and testing place to the mere male, and right valiant are his struggles in the humbler quarters. How queer it is that the whole house really depends on the kitchen—the kitchen which, in too many abodes, is a mere afterthought of the masculine architect. But the kitchen is not the only terror. I think bed-making is a tedious and profitless job. I never yet have met even the most domesticated of men who took any interest in it. I must confess that I, personally, have never yet taken the trouble to make a bed properly. On a former occasion—long years ago—I made the bed once, made it so securely that it lasted the week out (I think much to the dismay of the next person who had to untie the sheets from their firm hold of the bed-post). Since then I have found that the simplest way is just to replace the paraphernalia *en bloc*—and trust to luck.



Night-time

After the kitchen and the bedroom have claimed attention the best course for the male caretaker is to go out and walk round the houses till bedtime—or, get a book and read. Of course, one can find plenty of odd jobs that want doing—door handles want adjusting, lights require regulating, one might even tidy one’s cupboard and press the pre-war suits. But here one soon discovers that, somehow, it is easier to work with somebody about; solitary labour is not inspiring. Maybe, of course, there are many routine jobs to be accomplished; perhaps there are fowls to feed and cats and dogs to look after—as we have neither fowls nor dogs attached to our domicile I can say nothing as to this. Probably a few animals would make the place seem less

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lonesome if solitariness were to be one's perpetual portion.

Before retiring for the night one locks up with unusual care, and afterwards goes round again to make sure that the bolts are really bolted. The night seems very long, though one's sleep is possibly short, but—such is my experience—one wakes up very early in the morning. Breakfast is a matter of chance; the wise caretaker will exercise economy in his choice of dishes and take care never to boil milk at the same time as he makes toast, otherwise disaster is inevitable. Of course things will go wrong, and the problem of what to do with the domestic implements after a meal will recur; but sooner or later the meal is finished and cleared away, and, with a sigh of relief, the mere male person bangs the door to and departs for the City.



Solitary Souls

As an occasional experience a turn at house-minding is not bad for a man; it gives him opportunity for meditating on the current of his ways and keeps him humble. But I have made the discovery that there must be, in this land of ours, a good many people who permanently live solitary lives. Two years ago we tried to get a house but were forestalled by a lady who apparently lives entirely alone. I believe the census man could tell of many such women who live day after day, who sleep night after night, alone in the house. Sometimes they have a little servant girl as companion, but servant girls, even little ones, are luxuries nowadays, and most girls object to being sole companion to a solitary mistress. More often the lady keeps dogs or cats; one in our neighbourhood, apparently, breeds dogs from the number of yelping pups one espies round her quarters. Luckily most solitary women are more moderate, and do not keep more than three or four. Domestic pets must be invaluable to the woman living alone.

But, despite animal or bird companions, the solitary woman must surely feel the lonesomeness of things. It occurs to me that many of my readers may belong to the order of loneliness; and to all such I extend sincerest sympathy.



The Difficulty of Linking Up

The dangers are obvious and the way out not so easy to discover. The obvious thing

to do is for one lonely soul to seek another in like straits and join forces. This is a very happy solution—if it works. But, alas! most often it doesn't work. I had a long talk the other day with a woman who has given up her own home and gone to live with a sister. The experiment was not a success. Tastes, even in spite of relationship, differed, opinions, too, differed, and the loneliness was, perhaps, even more accentuated!

The fact of the matter is, women who live alone are of the more strong-minded type of persons; they are women of personality, opinionated and individualistic; therefore, put two of such together and trouble will result. If a less dominant type of woman can be found, used to giving way and good at subordinating herself to another, very happy results may ensue from a joint housekeeping arrangement, but, in general, "how can two walk together unless they be agreed?" And two in a house must be either of opposite sexes or very well suited to one another.



How Does it Come About?

How do people come to live lonely lives? Very seldom from choice, I should imagine, but rather by survival. Miss Jones was the only unmarried daughter of Mrs. Jones, an invalid, whom she tended well into old age. Marriage never came the way of Miss Jones—only nursing. When Mrs. Jones at length died her daughter felt too old to re-establish her ways, so simply kept up the old place alone. Miss Smith kept house for her brother until he suddenly married, and she became a "solitary." Miss Robinson is the last surviving of three unmarried sisters. And so on. Perhaps the most pathetic but not the most usual of the solitary ones is the old lady who has reared a large family, all of whom have married and left her.

But in her case the children must often come home to roost, and, commonly, there are the grandchildren, and grannie should never be lonely for long.



The Dangers

I have said that the dangers of the solitary state are obvious. The lonely life is a self-centred life, and is almost bound to develop morbidity and crankiness. You are apt to

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get "funny" in your ways; you develop curious little habits and give way to childish fancies; you tend to foster imaginary complaints; you are liable to introspection and depression.

Men were not meant to live alone—nor women either; and, to go back to Nature, there is always something wrong with the animal that shuts itself off from its fellows.

In the future, one supposes, it will be less and less possible to live alone. The scarcity of housing accommodation will make itself felt, so will the general dearthness of everything—coal and gas in particular.

On the other side, the possibilities of escape from solitariness are more numerous than before the war. One can let off a portion of the house; the house can be let furnished—and very profitably too—whilst the solitary owner pays a round of visits to friends. What often happens is that the solitary one gives up housekeeping and goes to a boarding-house for a time. This is quite all right for some few sociable souls, but for the majority of people the boarding-house life is an unfortunate makeshift. There is something pathetic in watching the old ladies who flit from one boarding-house to another without ever establishing a home. One may encounter them at the seaside boarding-house during the holiday season, but usually they have to "move on" during the holiday months to make way for the better-paying holiday makers. Visit Brighton or Bournemouth during the winter months, and at any average boarding-house you will meet the typical old lady boarder. Sometimes she is a regular tyrant, and makes the life of the poor boarding-house mistress a nightmare and a burden. Sometimes she is a genial soul whom it is a delight to meet and a pleasure to remember.

Be on Your Guard

But we are digressing. The woman who, from choice or necessity, lives alone, should deliberately and constantly be on the guard against the perils of her lot. She should do all in her power to cultivate the society of other folk. And quite a lot can be done by a woman with a house, a little leisure, and a grain of sympathy and common sense. She can entertain other lonely souls; her house can be a meeting-place where men and maidens can become better acquainted with one another; it can be a centre for church work, social endeavour, and philan-

thropic enterprise. Many a place has owed its social happiness to the activities of a lonely lady in a house of her own in its midst.

Above all, the lonely person should cultivate the society of the young. Children are the easiest friends to find and the quickest to respond. Many a mother would be only too pleased to "lend" her child or children for a day, or for a night, too, on occasion. And many a lonely child would be only too glad to "adopt" a new "Auntie."



The Greatest Tragedy

For these enterprises in the world of social amenities it is not necessary to have an abundance of cash, though an open biscuit jar is a ready way to the heart of a child! Indeed, perhaps the greatest of the tragedies is the lonely soul with money. I have met her, pitied her, and feared for her. I recall an old lady, the widow of a man who made a pile in diamonds or some such sort of business. Mrs. F. lives in a big house crammed with useless furniture and costly trifles. She is alternately robbed and bullied by a succession of servants, she is pestered with a swarm of "friends" whose interest in her centres round the date of her probable decease and the chance of forcing their way into her good graces and will. From a life such as hers, good Lord deliver us. The annals of crime record her kind as easy prey to swindlers and murderers.



By Way of Contrast

To-night I am not going to stay in an empty house, but am due to visit the Boys' Home at Swanley. No contrast could be greater. From previous excursions to such institutions I can testify that nothing could keep the heart young and fresh like life in one of these busy hives of happy youth. To talk of "introspection" or "crankiness" in such company is impossible. The very air is buoyant with the optimism of incorrigible youth. If only some of the solitary ones could be set in families such as one finds in the Homes for Little Boys, or Barnardo's, or Reedham, there would be no need to talk about loneliness or morbidity. To many of us the road to joy and happiness is by the pathway of merry-hearted youth.

The Editor



The **LOOP OF GOLD** by **David Lyall**

CHAPTER XIII

Dismissed

ON the thirteenth of June, fateful, sinister date, Winnie Sherston received a week's notice from the War Office. It was served opportunely, as her occupation of the flat expired at June quarter day, the twenty-fourth.

Winnie had saved nothing. All the months of Sherston's absence she had spent every penny both of the meagre allowance due to her as a soldier's wife and her own earnings. She had had what she called a clinking good time and regretted nothing.

But she had never got into debt. Fond of fine clothes though she was, and daily acquiring the deeper, more expensive dress sense as well as other costly tastes too numerous to mention, the thrifty, careful Tebbit strain in her headed her away from the perils and lures of unpaid bills.

Perry Butler was not in the office on the day the notices came in, and he did not appear there at all before she left as usual at six o'clock. It occurred to Winnie that probably already he had left the sinking ship, which was the name she gave the demobilised department in which she had been so happy. She was angry with him. He had been less attentive of late, and Winnie had got to the stage when she could not do without attentions from the other sex. For Perry Butler's sake, and at his instigation, she had given the cold shoulder to everyone else who might have lent the necessary brightness to her existence, and who were willing to spend money on her enjoyment

because her brightness and attractiveness added to theirs.

Feeling too miserable to return just yet to her lonely flat, she took tea at the nearest café and then went by motor omnibus to Baker Street, walking from thence to North Park Street, Sally Withers being her objective. She was fortunate to find Sally in her room, only just returned from her office, where there was no word of dismissal, but only increased and increasing activities of every sort.

"Got the sack," said Winnie brusquely, as she pushed her head round the door; "and the hump accordingly. It's a rotten world."

She threw her elaborately beaded bag on the bed and herself into a low rocker, where she moved to and fro with a sigh of weariness and discontent.

Sally, washing her hands at the running tap, surveyed her sympathetically.

"But you've been expecting it, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. It's been in the air a goodish while, but, of course, we kept hoping that the evil day would be averted or at least postponed. A week's notice, what do you think of it? Beastly, I call it! That's all a grateful country has to offer the women who stepped into the breach when they were bawling out for their services. But it's all of a piece, all of a piece. Tell you what, Sal, when the revolution really comes I'll wave the red flag in the front row of the procession. I've been drove to it."

Sally, shaking her bobbed hair preparatory to giving it a good brush, surveyed

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Winnie's flushed, angry face sympathetically.

"Buck up, old girl; something will turn up."

"Oh, will it? The accounts aren't very cheery. I'm always meeting girls who can't get anything to do. Go back to domestic service, they tell you at the Labour Exchanges. Like their cheek! I've never been in service, and I don't see myself sweeping up another woman's dirt, and having to take her sauce to the bargain, not me. Try another one!"

"I'm with you there! Housework is the limit unless it's your own," murmured Sally.

"No chance of a billet in your show, I suppose?" Winnie asked.

"I don't think so, but I'll inquire tomorrow," said Sally, always willing to help a pal. "What about the flat?"

"Oh, my time's up this day fortnight. I can hand it over as it stands to a couple I know. I'll make a bit off the furniture, thank goodness; I'm not letting them have anything for nothing. There's some of Jack's kit lying there yet. I'll send it carriage forward to his people at Digswell Priory. Is *she* here yet, by the by?"

"Miss Sherston? No, she's demobbed, too, and has gone home."

This item of information seemed to afford Winnie the liveliest satisfaction.

"Ought never to have been in a good billet, she oughtn't. Taking the bread out of working women's mouths. I never believed that stunt about them being so poor. Perry told me all about Digswell. It's a gorgeous place, one of the show places of the county, and they're all living at it now, and look at me!"

"It doesn't belong to them, though," said Sally, who, having finished her toilet, sat down on the front of the bed. "They're only taking care while the real owner is away."

"Tell that to the marines. They're feathering their nests all right, don't you believe anything else. I loathe that crowd—and the airs they give themselves! I wish to God I'd never seen Jack Sherston. And as for this——"

In a sudden fury she drew her wedding-ring off and threw it on the floor, over which it rolled to a safe hiding-place under the bed.

"You're a wise girl, Sal, to keep that beastly little loop of gold off your finger. It's stood between me and lots of good

things, I can tell you. I might have been Mrs. Perry Butler by now but for it——"

"Nothing will ever make me believe that, Win," said Sally quietly. "Perry Butler jolly well knows how to take care of himself."

"Well, he would have been taking care of himself if he'd married me, wouldn't he?" said Winnie defiantly.

"Tell me, do you ever hear from Jack?" asked Sally interestedly.

"I've had two engaging epistles from him which I didn't answer."

She leaned back in her chair and indulged in a fit of silent laughter.

"I bet you'd never guess what he's doing, Sal!"

"I couldn't; do tell me! I'm awfully interested. I've thought such a lot about him."

"It's a pity I can't hand him over to you," said Winnie cruelly. "For I assure you I've no use for him. He took me in, he did, swanking about his people and what they had, and now pretending they're paupers when they aren't. They're not straight, Sally. I may belong to common folks, but we're straight, and not afraid to call a spade a spade."

Sally was silent, feeling for the first time a keen, strong disgust of her old comrade. She decided that she had not improved of late, but rather deteriorated in every way. And Sally's sympathies were entirely with Sherston. But in view of the horrid remark made by Winnie, she decided to ask no more questions. Winnie, however, presently vouchsafed the information.

"He's down Portsmouth way, and appears to have become a rag-and-bone merchant, at least that's what he calls himself. Gone balmy, don't you think, Sal? Can you imagine Jack in that sort of business, with a greasy sack over his shoulder bawling at area gates?"

"He doesn't mean that sort of thing, Win. It's probably only his way of telling you he's in work."

"Probably. Well, it isn't the sort of work that attracts yours truly. Had the impudence to ask me to chuck everything in London and go down to him in Portsmouth. Not me! I never even answered his letter. If Mister Jack Sherston wants me he can jolly well come and seek me, and that's all there is to it so far as I am concerned."

Sally, dangling her feet from her perch, felt sorry for the girl opposite to her, and

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yet more sorry for Sherston. What a mistake it had been, and how little either of them seemed to be doing to make the best of what apparently both considered now to be a bad bargain.

"Look here, Win, you believe I'm a good pal, don't you?"

"You have been," said Winnie cautiously. "One of the best. But if it's the wrong kind of advice you're going to pitch at me—don't—"

"I think you ought to go to Portsmouth and see what Jack is doing. You owe it to him to take notice of his letter, to that extent at least."

"I owe him nothing, not a brass farthing. All I've ever had from him has been the Tommy's separation allowance, and I don't believe I'd have had that only he couldn't help himself," she added ungenerously.

"You're not fair to him, Win, all because he happened to be unlucky in not getting the kind of billet you expected he would get."

"He's got round your soft side all right, old girl," said Winnie with a broad grin. "But he hasn't got round mine. I can do without him, and he knows where to find me if he wants me. I'm not just sitting round waiting for a wink or a wag of his little finger. I tell you that flat, Sally Withers."

"If you leave the flat you'll let him know where you are, won't you?" pursued Sally anxiously.

"That depends. I may go home for a day or two. But Ma's very ready with the kind of advice I don't want. She thinks marriage is for keeps. Folks nowadays took it on for the duration, or till something better turned up. Anyway, I'm not going down to Portsmouth to slave in a two-roomed house for a rag-and-bone merchant, not me. Jack Sherston must have gone absolutely balmy to suggest such a thing. I only hope he has



"She drew her wedding-ring off and threw it on the floor"

Drawn by
H. Collier

written the same kind of letter to his people. It would give them the kind of fits they deserve."

Nothing was to be got out of such talk, and Sally made a diversion by inviting Winnie to go down to the restaurant and have a bit of supper with her. As nothing better offered Winnie accepted, but the conversation did not improve down there; it consisted principally of diatribes on Winnie's part regarding the injustices of life in general and the particular injustice heaped on her by Sherston and his family. She excelled in vituperation, and Sally was quite powerless to check the flow of it, even though heartily sick of it.

Later they spent an hour at the nearest

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picture house, where they saw a series of films portraying Mary Pickford in all kinds of rôles.

"They say she's making fifty thousand pounds a year, and she isn't any better to look at than me," said Winnie in a loud whisper. "I believe I'll have a shot at film acting. That would make the Sherstons sit up, wouldn't it? If I got famous in the movies they might be glad to know me."

"It's very hard work; you've no idea what a long time it takes to train. It isn't so easy as it looks," observed the cautious Sally.

"Nothing is not, even matrimony," said Winnie scoffingly. "I'll keep the movies in mind, anyway, when I can't get a billet. You've had all the luck, Sal. Mind you don't forget to make inquiries for me at your show to-morrow. I'll pop round to-morrow night and ask for you."

The inquiries on the morrow, however, were unsuccessful. No opening was found at the Ministry of Agriculture for Winnie Sherston, and the chief whom Sally consulted was inclined to take a gloomy view of Winnie's chances.

"But there's always domestic service. It's being properly organised now, and wages are rising every day. Won't your friend look at that?"

Sally shook her head.

"I'm afraid not; besides, she doesn't know anything about domestic service."

The chief smiled at that ingenuous remark.

"That's a mere detail. Domestic service is the only trade or profession in the world where the maximum of pay can be demanded and received for the minimum of service. It's appalling but true."

"Shows that it's a poor sort of way of earning a living then," remarked Sally shrewdly, but at the back of her mind she remembered some of the stories of her own mother's good service at Ditchingham Hall, Norfolk, where the happiest and most profitable years of her life had been spent. The day before she vacated the flat Winnie Sherston made a pilgrimage to Paradise Grove, Brixton, to discover whether she would be welcome there for a few days while looking for work.

In the interval she had not troubled to acquaint her own people with any of the fresh vicissitudes of her life, but all the Tebbits were pretty casual in every relation of their lives. Mrs. Tebbit evinced no sur-

prise whatever at sight of her eldest daughter, although she was quick enough to notice after she had sat down to talk to her that something was worrying her.

"Bin wonderin' about you, Win, and your Pa has been talkin' o' comin' over of a Sunday to see you, on'y it 'asn't come off. Sunday's our busiest day, and we're getting on a treat."

"Glad to hear somebody's gettin' on a treat," said Winnie sourly. "I'm demobbed and leaving the flat to-morrow."

"Have you and Jack got another plice to go to then?" asked Mrs. Tebbit interestedly, yet with a kind of detached air as if the matter did not personally concern her to any great extent.

"We haven't, but Jack isn't at the flat, Mother. He hasn't bin there since the twenty-fourth of April, two months ago."

"Where is he?" inquired Mrs. Tebbit mercilessly. "Given yer up, eh?"

Winnie's pretty face flushed angrily.

"I wish I'd never set eyes on 'im, Mother, that's what I wish."

"I've 'eard other wimmen talk like that, Win, but it doesn't do no good. Better to make the best of it w'en onst it's done. What's 'e doin' now? 'As his people given 'im a proper lift?"

Winnie made a gesture of infinite disgust.

"His people? Don't speak of his people to me! They're the limit, they are. Ain't ever done a thing for 'im, Mother. We had a few words about that one night; it was the twenty-third of April, and cos I said something he didn't like about the way we were living, and about the future, he up and left me next morning."

"Ain't ever 'eard anythink of 'im since? Yo' can summon 'im, you know, Win, for desertion—"

"What would be the good of summoning him? He hasn't got any money."

"But his people have."

"He says not; and if they have they keep a tight hold on it and haven't any to spare for him."

"An' you 'aven't an idea where he is—I suppose there ain't another woman in it, is there?" asked Mrs. Tebbit, who was never afraid to face any of the facts of life or to call them by their true names.

"No, no; at least, I don't think so. He's gone down Portsmouth way. I've had two letters from him there."

"Well, what was in them? Own up. I must say, Win, I liked the little I saw of

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your 'usban'. He seemed to me to be a straight, likeable chap. You ain't the gel you was, you know. All this war work 'as spoiled you as it 'as spoiled 'undreds of others."

"Well, wot 'ad 'e to say for hisself in the letters?" she repeated when Winnie took no notice of this criticism of present-day young womanhood.

"Oh, he said he was makin' a livin' off the rag-and-bone business."

"Wot?" cried Mrs. Tebbit in tones of incredulity not unminged with horror.

"It's what he said or what he meant; something to do with camp refuse," repeated Winnie. "He asked me to go down to Portsmouth and join him at his lodgings."

"Well, no man couldn't say anything fairer than that, and it's wot you oughter do. Ain't you goin', Win?"

Winnie shook a doubtful head.

"Not till I hear something more definite and more substantial."

"Yore wrong, Winnie. It's yore duty to go to the pore chap and try an' make a 'ome for 'im."

"I'm sick of duty; I haven't got any use for it, Ma."

"It's a common complaint, that, Win, but the duty's there all the same. Supposin' I'd chucked yore pore Father that time wen 'e had 'is accident and was down on his luck generally, where would we all a-bin to-day?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but the cases aren't the same at all."

"They're the same so far; your Jack's down on his luck, and if he's got a good job in Portsmouth now you oughter go to 'im and 'elp 'im all you can. Ain't you his wife?"

"I am—worse luck."

Mrs. Tebbit looked as if she would like to shake her eldest hope.

"You always was an aggravatin' sort, Win, and will go on bein' it, I s'pose. I 'ave often said to yore pore Pa it won't be all beer and skittles for the man wot marries our Win. Did 'e send you any money from Portsmouth?"

"A five-pound note in a registered letter," Winnie admitted reluctantly.

"Well, then, could any man be fairer than that? You don't deserve to 'ave such a good chap for a 'usban'. You take my advice, my gel, and pack up wen you leave the flat and take a ticket for Portsmouth."

"I don't see myself," was all that Winnie

said as she lit a cigarette and tried to soothe her disturbed nerves with a few whiffs.

"Supposing I don't go to Portsmouth just yet, Mother, can I come back here for a few days? I don't need to, you know, because I'm not stony. I'm getting a matter of forty pounds or so for what I've got in the flat."

"I won't refuse you a bed—there's the one in the corner of Kitty's room—but I'll never go back from sayin' that you oughter go to Portsmouth. You ask yore Pa when he comes in to tea."

"Don't say anything at all to him about it, Mother. Men always stand up for one another, of course, and against us. I can manage my own affairs. I'll go back to Jack when I'm ready, not before. I've got a lot of business to settle up yet connected with the flat. I only came to-day to ask if I might bring a few things here and have a bed if I wanted it, either till I get another job or go to Jack."

"Why, of course, you're welcome to your bed, same as you used to be, but if it's a question of what's right between you an' Jack, I'm on Jack's side, so I warn you. And I won't have anything to do with you, Win, if you don't play the game. All the Tebbits and the Rawlinses 'ave been respectable, and I'm not for any scandals in the family. Yore Father won't 'ave it neither, so you tike notice, my dear, and see wot side yore bread's buttered on."

Winnie smiled, soothed by the cigarette and reassured about her immediate future. She had no definite plans, but only various nebulous ideas floating about in her mind. Acting on her mother's advice, and goaded to it, she wrote a letter to Jack from Paradise Grove explaining the situation and that she would come down to Portsmouth as soon as she got her affairs in London satisfactorily arranged. It was not a very thrilling or affectionate letter, but it made Jack Sherston a happier man and gave him something definite to live for.

But Winnie had no intention just yet of redeeming her partial promise. London's lure held her fast, and she cherished vague hopes of doing something wonderful and remunerative in the world's market which would make her independent of her husband and provide sufficient excuse for her remaining where she was.

A product of the times indeed was Winnie Sherston. A few more hard knocks in the school of life were needed to bring her sharply to her senses.

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CHAPTER XIV

Perry Butler Again

THERE was no telephone installed in the Sherstons' flat, but frequent messages came over the wires for Winnie from the box in the hall manipulated by the commissionaire.

When she returned home about seven o'clock that evening after spending the afternoon with her family at Brixton, she found that a call had come through. A glance at the number told her that it was from the usual source. She hesitated a moment about ringing up Perry Butler for two reasons. She was angry with him because he had disappeared without giving her a clue to his whereabouts, and also she had given a kind of half-hearted promise to her mother to play the game where her husband was concerned, and try to settle down into a homekeeping wife.

But the prospect of a long dull evening alone in the half dismantled flat rather dismayed her. She knew that Sally Withers had gone to Somerset for a few days' leave, besides Sally being also among the prophets where their matrimonial tangle was concerned, Winnie had no use for her company just then. Making a compromise with her own mind and conscience she stepped into the box and rang up Butler's number in Mayfair. The answer came through quickly as he happened to be dressing to go out.

"Yes, I wanted to see you," he called back. "Have you anything on this evening?"

Winnie somewhat hesitatingly admitted that she had not.

"Well, come out, I've got things to tell you."

"I've got oceans of things to do here," she said. "I could only come for an hour or two."

"That'll do; Poldini's at seven forty-five. Can you manage to be there by then?"

"Yes, I think so, if I haven't to get into evening togs."

"Any kind of togs will do. We might go for a spin in a taxi after."

"Righto, I'll be there," answered Winnie, and the zest crept back to her somewhat listless voice.

The hunger for pleasure was strong in her and seemed to grow by what it fed on. There was some excuse for her, for her early youth had been almost devoid of it. Then there was the prospect of being re-

turned to a life of drudgery, and that hateful word duty which people seemed positively to enjoy hurling at her head.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," might aptly have described Winnie Sherston's state of mind on that lovely June evening when she was getting ready to go and meet Butler.

She changed her frock of dull blue for a little grey silk one over which she threw a very smart wrap of black taffetas, one of the bargains procured for her by her friend in the Dover Street establishment.

A neat floral toque which her own clever fingers had fashioned after careful study of a model in a Bond Street shop window, and a pair of long suede gloves completed what was a fascinating toilet.

Winnie had quickly acquired the dress habit, and now seldom made any error of judgment where her own was concerned.

She had still rather a penchant for bright colours, but Perry Butler had taken the trouble to explain colour schemes to her, and tell her why and wherefore she should avoid certain of the cruder shades.

Winnie had drunk it all in reverently, and did not stop to wonder at or to criticise the cast of masculine mind that could devote so much time to trifles.

She arrived at Poldini's only about five minutes late and found Butler waiting for her. He was in evening dress for which she reproved him.

"Can't help it, I'm going on to a dance at Claridge's," he said. "I only wish I could take you."

"Is it a charity dance or a private one?" Winnie inquired.

"A bit of both. Well, how are things going?" he asked after they had seated themselves at the usual table which a particular waiter now knew to reserve for Butler. He did so mechanically rather than intelligently. He was a weary-faced old Sicilian who had long ceased to take any human interest in the Poldini customers. The war had killed the last spark of hope in his heart about a happy return to his beloved Sicily, and he had duly resigned himself to live and die in the hateful but more lucrative soil of England.

"Before I tell you anything about myself, where have you been all this while?" asked Winnie with her straight direct gaze. "I don't think you've treated me well. I'd a very good mind not to come out to-night only I was so fed up with everything."

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I was glad to welcome any old change to get me out of myself."

"I've been away after another job, careering right down-into the Midlands after my old chief."

"Well, had you any luck?"

"None, he isn't going to stand for Parliament any more, says it's no longer a place fit for gentlemen. I could have told him that long ago."

"Depends on what you call a gentleman," retorted Winnie rather smartly. "The real truth probably is that he sees the Labour Government coming and knows jolly well it won't have any use for the old played-out sort."

"Labour Government coming!" repeated Butler making a wry face. "We *don't* think. Hi—Luigui, we're not prepared to wait all night, you know. Get a move on."

"Yes, sare, coming," answered Luigui, hobbling off shaking his napkin rather helplessly.

"All these places have gone off and the food is execrable. Soon England won't be a place for decent people to live in. I'm thinking of quitting it," said Butler, frowning heavily.

"Are you?" asked Winnie interestedly. "Where do you think of going?"

"Haven't made up my mind yet," answered Butler with the fine vagueness of the man who had no conviction behind the careless words he uttered. "The war has made a mess of things, and no mistake!"

"Oh, it has. We were happier before, all of us. I was earning twenty-five shillings a week in the Brixton High Road, and the funny thing about it was that it was enough. I was better off than I have ever been since, even when I had four pounds a week."

"Will you go back to the Brixton Road, then?"

"I don't know, I've got to get out of my flat first. One thing at a time. I'm having a lot of worry really about it. It isn't so easy as it looks trying to get rid of stuff. I'm not giving anything away for nothing, and they're being beastly mean and stingy over paying. Insisted on having a man in to value everything, but I hope I'll be through with the lot to-morrow."

"And then?" queried Butler with a glance of full admiration at her attractive face. Anxiety and a certain amount of worry had in some subtle way improved Winnie Sherston's looks, given her rather a

soft spirituelle touch which Butler found immensely fascinating.

"Oh, then, I'll go home, I expect, for a spell. My people expect it."

Winnie had caught the easy jargon of the day. She called the Paradise Grove menage "her people" without the flicker of an eyelid. It amused Perry Butler, and he rather admired it. He believed that this daughter of the people had gifts which properly exploited would take her far away from the environment in which she had been born and reared.

Had he been capable of a grand passion he might himself have lifted her from it and given her her chance. But he was incapable of any such deep feeling, he was one of the most selfish and self-centred bachelors in London.

Winnie was fully aware of this cold strain in him, possibly being elemental herself it helped to keep alive her interest in him; anyhow, she believed herself perfectly safe with him.

"Shall you like Brixton after Whitehall, my dear?"

"No, I shall loathe it at first, but Brixton has points which Whitehall lacks. We're not afraid to be natural out there. I've had all I want of Whitehall."

Butler negotiated the morsel of turbot on his plate before he put the question more interesting than all others to him.

"Any more letters from your worse half?"

"Yes, two," answered Winnie unexpectedly. "He wants me to go to him. He's got a first-class billet."

"And won't you?"

"I expect so sooner or later. It doesn't do to hop whenever a man gives the signal. All that's been changed, you know. It's going to be our day now, the women's day. My, shan't we even things up!"

Butler listened perceptibly amused.

"Where is he?"

"On the south coast," answered Winnie guardedly. "Doing big things with salvage. Loads of money in it, evidently, as he has some to throw about. Of course, I always knew it was in Jack. He belongs to the real governing class."

It was a very neat hit which Perry Butler immensely enjoyed.

"Oh, he does; well, why didn't he score a bit on active service? Every man had his chance there, you know, it was a fair field and no favour."

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"You never were out," retorted Winnie quickly, "so you don't know anything about it. Jack says it was quite different from anything you may think about it."

"Well, if he's making a big thing and there isn't anything between the south coast and you excepting Brixton, why not give him a trial?" he suggested coolly.

"Thank you for nothing, Perry," answered Winnie with a little nip in her voice. "I'm entirely capable of managing my own affairs, matrimonial and otherwise. I'm fed up with advice, fed up to the back teeth. The world is full of it. There isn't anything cheaper and I never did like cheap things."

"Little spit-fire! I love to see that flash in your eyes!" said Butler, leaning across the table and speaking with a faint thrill in his voice. "I only did it on purpose. I hate to see you dull. It isn't your rôle at all. You were made to shine and sparkle for the brightening of a dingy world."

"Where did you get it all?" asked Winnie, but the little smile which parted her red lips and drove the flash from her eyes indicated that she was pleased with the rather blatant compliment.

"From you?" he answered unexpectedly. "Say, Winnie?"

"Yes, Perry."

"If we'd met sooner would you have thrown in your luck with me?"

"I don't know. That's the worst of men, they never can be good pals for any length of time. They must always start the other thing."

"Well, of course, that's one of the laws of Nature and of life and you can't deny that it adds sweetness and zest, can you?"

"It bores me stiff. I've never seen the man yet I could go into raptures over or be willing, as I've heard girls say, to follow to the ends of the earth."

"You must have felt something of that sort about Sherston or you never would have tied yourself up in the knot you have."

Winnie dropped her eyes on her plate, keeping the lashes provokingly down so that he could not see her expression. But her mouth hardened a little and the little nervous movement of the hands did not escape him.

"You're being mighty dull to-night, Perry. Tell me about the ball. Will it be a fine affair and will you dance a lot?"

"I might if the provocation was big

enough. I promised Lady Roper to be there not later than ten-thirty."

"Don't let me keep you," said Winnie in an aloof offended voice. "I can't imagine why you wanted to see me to-night when you have your grand friends on. I'm sure I didn't want particularly to come out. It was a bit of a fag really."

"But your dinner has done you good. Have another glass of wine, it won't hurt you."

"I won't drink any more, thank you, I'm not too fond of that sour Italian wine."

"It has to be drunk on the sunny slopes where it is grown and made," suggested Butler gallantly. "Luigui could tell us all about it. Wouldn't it be splendid if we could visit Sicily together, Winnie?"

"I don't know where Sicily is. What kind of a place is it? If that doddering old specimen is a sample of what they grow there I'm not keen on it."

"It's one of the beauty spots of the world, my dear, and I'm living in hopes of seeing most of them before I die."

"Are you rich enough to travel all round the world?" asked Winnie in an awed voice, the lure of material things getting the upper hand again. For the things money can buy, light, laughter, fine raiment, music and song, Winnie Sherston felt that night that she could almost sell her soul.

She had gotten a glimpse of what life means to the rich, and the sordid reality of things was biting like iron into her being.

She had no real basis for happiness or content but life was not through with her yet. She was only in the elemental stages of her education.

Perry Butler shrugged his shoulders. During all the months he had associated with Winnie Sherston he had enjoyed a feeling of superiority, showing itself in an occasionally patronising tone which gives immense satisfaction to shallow natures, especially when they happen not to have been a success among their compeers.

Perry Butler had not been liked at the War Office by those with whom he came in daily contact, there were some even who did not hesitate to attach the label "boulder" to his august personality.

The little brief authority in which he had been dressed was over now, passed like a tale that is told, and he, like Jack Sherston, though perhaps in slightly less acute degree, was being made to feel the "wind

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of adversity, and frost of fate" of which the poet sings.

"I dare say I could manage it," he said with a kind of vague confidence. "Say, Winnie, wouldn't you like a voyage to the south seas, counting the world well lost for love?"

"No, I wouldn't," answered Winnie with the most unpromising directness. "I don't believe in love. It don't last, the only thing that matters and counts is money. I'd very nearly sell my soul for it just now, 'pon my word I would, Perry."

There was a certain childlike quality in her eyes, an air of pathos which took the sordid edge off her words.

"Poor old girl, you're hard hit. I think I must introduce you to some of my City chums who might help you to earn a bit. There's lots of money to be made on the Stock Exchange just now by people in the know. If I don't go abroad that'll be my next move."

"Will it?" Winnie's eyes sparkled with a kind of hard brilliance.

"I wish you would go on the Stock Exchange and give me some tips," she said feverishly. "I'll have about forty-five pounds after I hand the flat over to the Rigbys. I've a very good mind to have a little flutter with that."

"It wouldn't carry you very far, my dear, and my advice to you is—don't. Rubbers and oils are the things going strong just now, but it isn't much good unless you've got something handsome to stake."

"I don't see that it would make so very much difference. I look at the Stock Exchange columns sometimes in the papers, and it would be just as easy surely to make forty pounds into eighty as four hundred into eight hundred. The process would be the same, wouldn't it, buying and selling?"

"It would, but there's always the off chance that you might lose it, you know," said Perry, taking a certain pleasure in throwing cold water on her propositions because she had thrown so much on his tentative and cautious love-making.

"There's a lot of betting among women, Perry, more than you would think. I had an aunt at Wandsworth who had a regular system, and she seemed to make a very good thing out of it. She's dead now, worse luck, or I might have got some tips from her."

Butler was beginning to be bored and drew out his watch.

"Afraid I'll have to be going, old girl. Due at Claridge's in about half an hour's time."

"I wish I was going with you. I'd like to see the inside of some of these tony places, not just to look on, don't you know, but to be one of the people, with the right to go there. I'll sample the Ritz before I'm much older. I'm as good as a lot of them that swing through those revolving doors."

"Better than a great many of them," Butler acceded readily. "Well, is this to be good-bye?"

"Oh, if you like—I don't mind. All the things that are worth don't last," she added passionately.

"But we've had some very good times together, haven't we, Winnie, you don't regret them?"

"Oh, no, you've been jolly good to me," Winnie assented readily enough.

"And you'll promise not to forget me if I go away?"

"What would be the use of remembering you if we couldn't meet?" Winnie asked. "That's just sentiment, no good at all."

"Well, I've asked you to go and have a place in the sun with me and you turned me down with amazing speed. A chap can't do more, can he?"

"Oh, you didn't mean it, you know you didn't. You never would have said it if you'd thought for half a mo' I'd accept," said Winnie without a moment's hesitation, clinching her words with the challenge of her eyes.

Perry Butler did not meet it, but summoned Luigui to pay the reckoning, and a few minutes later they left the restaurant together.

At the lower end of the little cul-de-sac in which Poldini's stood they could see the white glare of Piccadilly, catch the rumble of its continuous life and movement.

"Well, it's good-bye here, I suppose," said Winnie, thrusting out her hand as they paused a moment on the edge of the kerb.

She had already decided that Perry Butler in mufti was not nearly so attractive as the same gentleman in uniform, but at the same time she grudged his passing out of her life. She felt forlorn, stranded as if everything had suddenly failed her. The very fact that Butler appeared less keen than of yore had the effect of whetting her regret, and making her exaggerate the place he had held in her life.

In fact it was a very perilous moment in

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Winnie Sherston's life, and had Butler really been the gay Lothario he liked some of his friends to believe, a momentous step might have been taken that night.

"Look here, I've a quarter of an hour to spare. I may as well drop you at the flat. You're still there, aren't you?"

"Yes, I begin moving to-morrow——"

"Come on, then," he said. The commissioner whistled up a taxi and they got in. Winnie reflected that in all probability few taxis would now come her way, and she would have to be contented with the humble tube or omnibus.

She sat well forward staring hard out of the window, a curious masklike effect stealing over her features. Butler, although his interest in her had waned of late, watched her interestedly, wondering what was at the back of her mind. She did not speak a word as they sped by some of the by streets to the Edgware Road. When they had left the more brightly lighted portion of it behind and were entering on the quieter area of Maida Vale she turned to him suddenly.

"Say, Perry, were you really in earnest when you said that about giving me a place in the sun?"

"What do you think?" he asked. "It might come off a little later when I've got my house set in order too."

She gave a queer little sob, and said no more until they drew up under the white arc of the lamp at Welwood Mansions.

Then she turned to him hurriedly.

"Look here, Perry, I'm fed up. I can't stop in this beastly country any longer—I've made a hash of my life already, and it doesn't seem to matter much what I do next. It's sure to be the wrong thing, anyway. I'd like that place in the sun, so when you've set your house in order, as you say, come and see me again, and give me the chance——"

She did not wait for his answer but wrenched open the door and sprang out. Just then a man advanced from the shadow of the doorway, and she gave a most unpleasant start, recognising her husband.

CHAPTER XV

Jack's Home-Coming

WINNIE was nothing if not resourceful. She called out a cool good night to Perry Butler, waved her hand and then advanced towards Sherston with a somewhat airy smile.

"So you've turned up again, Jack?" she said pleasantly. "You've brought the unexpected return to a fine art. The vanishing lady isn't in it."

Sherston did not answer for the moment because he could not.

Anger was swallowed up in a weird kind of thrill at beholding her once more, something that bore a faint resemblance to the brief rapture of their first acquaintance. The carelessness of her greeting merely accentuated his longing to carry her off and shut her up somewhere, so that marauders should not be able to see her. It was quite an elemental desire, which the cave man might have exhibited. It surprised Sherston with a dull kind of surprise. It was undoubtedly a warmer feeling than he had experienced on the night he arrived first in London from active service and found her in the same company.

"You're coming up, old bean, I suppose?" she asked, drawing off her long gloves and hesitating a moment before they walked together into the lighted hall. "I warn you there isn't any comfort there. I've sold some of the things already, and the rest are going to-morrow, but come on up."

They passed together under the portico, entered the lift and were whirled to the fifth floor.

"I don't have the electric light any more," Winnie explained as she fitted her latchkey. "They kept raising the price so I jolly well told them to take it off. I must go in first because there's a candle and a box of matches standing on the hall chair, and you'd be sure to stumble over it if you went in first. I'm used to groping about in the dark."

Sherston made no reply, but stood back so that his shadow might not interfere with her movements inside. The candle and matches were found without difficulty, and Winnie then indicated that he might walk in.

While he was closing the door she proceeded to the sitting-room, match box in hand, and lit the cheap lamp which stood in the middle of the table, which she had camouflaged with a pink silk shade.

She was glad there was no glare of light there, because she was anticipating another stormy argument with her husband.

How did she feel towards him after their two months' separation? It would be difficult to say. It is doubtful whether she



"She gave a most unpleasant start,
recognising her husband"

Drawn by
M. Goller

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knew herself. Indifferent perhaps might be the best descriptive word. Certainly she felt no hostility. He had to be endured, that was all, and dealt with, when he turned up as now, to assert certain rights relative to her movements and future. She had the sort of feeling that this night might be a final night in their destiny, that they had come to a crisis, at the parting of the ways.

"I hope you don't want anything to eat, Jack," she called through the open door, "because I can't give you anything but tea or coffee, bread and butter, or margarine rather, and a bit of stale cake. You see, I've let my supplies get low as I'm moving out to-morrow."

"I don't want anything to eat unless you do—I expect you've dined," he said dryly as he came into the soft pink glow, his tall figure immediately having the effect she had before noticed of dwarfing the little room.

He was at least six inches taller than Perry Butler, and his slimness made him look taller. He was a fine figure of a man beside whom Perry Butler's mature heaviness compared unfavourably.

"If only Jack and he could change places, where worldly goods and prospects were concerned," she said to herself with a little fluttering sigh.

Up till now no real greeting had passed between them; they had not even shaken hands. They stood with the angle of the table between them, Winnie's fingers fumbling with the fastenings of her velour wrap coat which she presently threw off on to Sally's old setter.

"Well, have you come, as usual, to strafe me?" she asked defiantly. "It's getting a bit of a bore, you know, Jack. Matrimony's bad enough in all conscience without that."

"I merely came up to ask whether you had got any of the letters I wrote. One of them had a five-pound note in it."

"I got that," said Winnie, "and spent it—" she added ingenuously. "I bought myself a pair of shoes and a pair of boots with it. Thought I'd better invest it in something that would last, especially as leather is going up every day. Forty-two shillings for the shoes, fifty-five for the boots at Smith and Jones, three shillings over to paint the town with. I did it too!"

She laughed then a little recklessly. Jack's serious face always provoked her to outrageous words and actions likely to upset him.

If there was one quality for which Winnie Sherston had no use at that stage in her development it was seriousness. Her whole nature craved brightness, sunshine, laughter and music, and expanded like a flower under their influence.

"I don't mind what you did with the money so long as you received it, but it is always risky sending money loosely through the post, and I made sure you had never received it," said Sherston a trifle stiffly.

"Sorry I didn't send you a post card," she said flippantly. "You look pretty fit. Been getting some new clothes out of the rag-and-bone store?" she added daringly.

"No new clothes; I had a pretty good stock of pre-war stuff, thank goodness!"

"Say were you in earnest when you wrote that stuff in your letters?"

"Quite. I've embarked in the salvage business, and in time it is going to pan out all right."

"Oh, good—so glad!" she said casually, and dropped into a chair by the table, folded her hands lightly on the red cover, and eyed him calmly across the intervening space.

"Won't you sit down? There isn't much room, but somehow you make the place seem too small for two," she said lightly.

"That's the truth you've been driving into me like a nail into a coffin ever since the first night I came here, Winnie."

"Dear me, what an unpleasant comparison! I'm sure I did the best I could, and Sally turned out for you," said Winnie a trifle hardly. "Some folks are hard to please."

"Don't let us get on this beastly bit of road nagging at one another," said Jack, finding all his boasted serenity of spirit and newly acquired philosophy of life being torn to shreds by something maddeningly aggravating in his wife's manner and speech. "It doesn't lead anywhere."

"Who's nagging? I'm not. Merely stating facts. Sally did turn out, and I missed her most dreadfully. If she'd been here still carrying on I might have been able to carry on too."

Sherston glanced round the partially dismantled room. The crimson drugget which had given a warm, snug appearance to the floor was rolled up in one corner, and most of the little ornaments had gone from the mantelshelf. The little cheap clock of imitation ermelu, however, still ticked

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cheerfully in its appointed place. Sherston remembered the stupid inane little winged cupids flying in gilt clothing on a bright blue surface.

"You're quitting to-morrow, you say?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet; back home to Brixton probably, for a few days till something or other turns up."

Sherston regarded her steadily.

"You won't go to Brixton, Winnie. I've come in the nick of time, it seems, and we'll go to Portsmouth together to-morrow."

She shifted uneasily in her seat, her eyes burning with a steady glow.

"What have you got at Portsmouth? I've only your word for it that there's a living for me there."

"My word ought to be good enough. Nobody has ever doubted it before," he said a trifle hotly.

Winnie laughed a little hard laugh.

"Oh! we're all past the spoon-fed stage now, old bean. It's hard facts we're up against. The question I need to have answered is how much did you make last week, and how much are you going to make next week?"

"I haven't got a weekly wage, but I'm getting on. I make money over the deals as they come along. Every week they're getting bigger. There isn't any limit to what can be made out of this business, Winnie. It's only a question of time and money to extend operations."

"Who gave you the first start? Sally and I had fits of laughter when your first letter came picturing you going round the area steps with a greasy bag hanging over your shoulder, shouting 'Rags and bones!'"

Sherston winced slightly at the reference to Sally. Somehow he could not imagine her laughing over his sorry attempt to solve the problem of existence. She had a deeper, more sympathetic, grip of things than Winnie, and he had sometimes of late, thinking over things, been forced to ask what ground for comradeship these two had ever found. For Sally had the true womanly quality of sympathy and understanding, as Miss Thurlow possessed it, a quality which appeared to have been left out of Winnie's composition.

As there did not seem to be any reason why he should not tell Winnie of the great

kindness he had received from Miss Thurlow, Sherston answered incautiously:

"A very kind woman, whose acquaintance I made down there, lent me a hundred pounds to start me."

Winnie stared incredulously, and a queer, hard flash shot into her eyes.

"An admirer, eh?" she asked mirthlessly. "Lucky you! Don't you wish I had never butted in on your life?"

Sherston's cheek reddened.

"Don't be silly, Winnie; Miss Thurlow is quite an old lady, and she lent me the money on a strictly business basis."

"Did you go and whine to her?" asked Winnie mercilessly.

Sherston banked up the irritation, she was such an adept at rousing, threatening to get the mastery over his composure.

"There are things you'd never understand, Winnie, if we talked about them till the day of doom. That isn't the proposition in front of us, anyhow. Our journey together back to Portsmouth to-morrow is. I want a home myself, and I can provide one for you now, it'll help to wipe out the misery I've endured during all the six months I was unable to contribute to your maintenance. We'll get on all right if only you'll be reasonable and comradely. Drop this horrid sneering way you've got into and let's settle down to business. We've married one another—"

"Worse luck we have," interpolated Winnie, driven by some devil to utter words detrimental to any decent understanding.

Sherston faced her courageously, feeling that the moment had come when every barrier must be broken down, the veil ruthlessly rent in order that they might find if possible some new and better basis for their dual life.

"What does this mean, Winnie? Do you actually refuse to come and make a home for me and live with me as my wife?"

"I don't know. I want to be certain. You haven't got a home together yet, have you?"

"Not yet, but I have comfortable rooms and we'd set about getting a little house directly we'd gathered enough to furnish it. There's this stuff, I'll buy it of you—"

"You can't—I've sold it to the Rigbys—the people who are coming in on Saturday."

"Well, that won't matter, we can get other stuff. Come, Winnie, we've got to make the best of this business. There isn't

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any reason why we shouldn't be happy together. I'll do my best, my very best—I feel that you think that I've spoiled your life, my girl," he added, saying nothing about the wreck he had made of his own. "But if you'll only give me half a chance I'll show you what I can do."

"I don't doubt you mean well, Jack, but it's hard facts we're up against," she repeated with a queer kind of slow reluctance. "The prospect doesn't tempt me. I'll come sooner or later, but I think I'll go home for a little first and try to earn a bit on my own. I've had my good time, and I'll work and save so that when we can get a home it'll be something worth having."

No note of sincerity was struck by these words. Sherston's inner sense assured him she was merely temporising to get rid of him.

It angered him, but he strove to master his anger, and his mouth took a long determined line which indicated an inflexible purpose.

"I'm afraid I can't accept that proposition, Winnie, I'm going to insist that you come back to Portsmouth with me to-morrow, or the next day. I can wait till Saturday or even Monday. I haven't any business to attend to till Tuesday."

"Shows you can't be as busy as you let on. Fact is, Jack, it's all too shadowy and unreal. I've got to have proof that you're really making good before I chuck everything and go to a strange place where I shan't know a soul."

"I sent you some money, didn't I, and there's more where that came from," said Sherston, pulling out a handful of silver with a faintly mournful smile at the irony of such an exhibition.

"I should be bored stiff and get into mischief. I loathe places where I don't know anybody, and I don't want to leave London. If you could transfer your business to London now," she added, brightening a little at the suggestion of a fresh loophole of escape from the trammels which bound her.

"That's impossible. It's in the country where the great camps are, scattered all over it, that the money is to be made. You'd soon get used to the life, I'm in hopes of picking up a little runabout or a bike with a side-car, I'd take you round with me."

Once upon a time such a suggestion would have sent the blood coursing through Winnie's veins. But now she was sated

with motor rides and listened with the same cool, critical, unconvinced air.

"It sounds all very fine but it doesn't convince me, Jack."

"Then you refuse to do what I ask?"

"I don't refuse exactly, I'm just being cautious. You went off, you know, and left me without saying a word. That was desertion if you like, and I'm not forgetting it."

"You drove me to it nagging at me," he said bitterly. "Rubbing it into me that the flat was yours."

"I wanted to put you on your mettle, Jack. The army makes men lazy, and I still think you might have got a London job if you'd tried hard enough."

"You'll perhaps discover that it isn't so easy as you think," said Sherston bitterly. "What's to be done, then? Do you absolutely refuse to come back with me?"

"To-morrow I do. I'm not ready. I've got to wind up my affairs and get the money from the Rigbys. I tell you what, Jack, leave it at that—I'll write you later."

Sherston standing a few steps nearer to her fixed her shifting face with relentless eyes.

"I suppose that was Perry Butler you were in the taxi with?"

"How smart we are at guessing! Yes, it was."

"Of course, he's at the bottom of all this. You prefer him to me."

"He's more cheery. If you've such a low opinion of yourself—I can't help it," she answered. But her eyes did not meet his.

"He's a bounder, a regular outsider, and I mean jolly well to tell him so."

Winnie glanced up in genuine alarm. Here was something she understood at last, the elemental passion of a man's soul when another threatened to rob him of his mate.

"You wouldn't do anything so stupid, Jack! You could knock Perry Butler into a cocked hat with your long arms. He's as soft as butter outside, and in," she added, taking a kind of grim pleasure in belittling the man who had spent much money and bestowed a great deal of kindness on her without the smallest reward. "He's been useful to me. He's paid for a lot of lunches and dinners and suppers for me—"

"And what did he get out of it?" asked Sherston hardly.

"He had a pretty and well-dressed woman to show off in the restaurants," said Winnie with a faint defiance. "He isn't blind—if you are."



"For the land's sake, Jack, where
'ave you dropped from?"—p. 953

Drawn by
H. Collier

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Sherston turned from her in a kind of sick disgust. Of what use was it to try and urge on her either the nearest duty or the only possible basis for their married happiness? Overcoming it by a strong effort he regarded her with a kind of steady sadness, which she felt keenly though she did not show it.

"Look here, Winnie, this sort of thing can't go on. We're man and wife, you know—"

"I'm not denying it," she answered sullenly.

"And I've lost no time in getting at least a semblance of a home—"

"If you'd got it in London and we could have stopped on here—I shouldn't have minded," she said petulantly. "I hate strange places. I was born in London and I don't want to go anywhere else to live—"

"Portsmouth may be only temporary," he explained with great gentleness. "Consider for a minute I might have been asking you to go away to some remote colony with me."

"You might have asked," she said significantly. "It doesn't follow I should have gone."

"It's only a couple of hours from town, and I've got the promise of some very comfortable rooms."

"Only the promise of them?"

"Well, you see, I've been digging in a very humble place myself—saving every copper for you."

She sprang up dashing something from her eyes that was not tears, but a bitter moisture born of something she did not quite understand.

"See here, Jack, we made a mistake, don't you think? You'd better leave me to paddle my own canoe. It will be better for us both."

"I won't. If we made a mistake we've got to abide by it," he said firmly. "And I'm confident that if I had you down at Portsmouth away from Perry Butler and Co., you would settle down, not all at once, perhaps. Don't you think if we had a real home, Winnie, a cottage in the country with a bit of garden and you could invite your people down—"

"At the same time as yours, what a treat!" she said with a little titter of amusement which tended to raise his ire again. She had no idea how aggravating she was, nor how hard Sherston found it to

keep his temper. "I'm not keen on the country, I'd rather have the Old Kent Road any day," she said flippantly. "Don't let's argue any more, Jack. You go back to Portsmouth, and I'll come as soon as ever I get things put through here."

"Honour bright, Winnie?" he said doubtfully.

"When I say a thing I mean it."

"I'm afraid to leave you with that Butler chap any longer. He's on the spot and you can't deny you've been seeing a lot of him."

"I've been doing that off and on for nearly three years, old silly, and no harm has come of it. It might interest you to hear that he invited me to go to Sicily with him, and I refused."

She sat back folding her arms and glaring at him defiantly.

Sherston's face flushed.

"And you will allow him to take you out after that, Winnie? It is even worse than I thought. You'll go with me to Portsmouth, if I have to wait here a whole week to take you down myself."

Winnie smiled, began to hum a song from the latest revue, then walked into her bedroom slamming the door.

When she came out her face had cleared a little, but her eyes had no softness.

"Look here, Jack," she said in a more conciliatory voice. "You don't begin to know how to handle a girl like me—I can't and won't be driven. If you leave me alone I'll come when the time comes."

"And what if it isn't my time, then?" he asked dryly. "A man has only a certain amount of patience, you know, Win, and you've worn mine pretty thin in the last six months."

"What about mine?" I thought I'd married a chap decently well off who would be able to keep me in comfort even after he was demobbed. And I think I've behaved very well if you ask me. I know lots of girls who would have made a far bigger fuss over it. You go on and make a bit more money and come and get a home in London, and I'll be there right enough. I won't leave London, so that's flat!"

"You promised to obey," suggested Sherston on the spur of the moment.

"Oh, did I? Well, you promised something too, and you haven't fulfilled it. It's better, on the whole, if we don't go into that, Jacky boy," she added dryly. "Now I'm fed up with this talk, and won't have

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any more of it. If you like to stop it and talk of something more interesting, I'll get you a cup of coffee and allow you to sleep on Sally's settee. She took away her bed the other day and her room is full of the stuff I'm going to store at mother's. But you're welcome to the settee."

She threw him a half mocking glance over her shoulder, and went humming to the kitchen to warm the coffee on the gas ring.

Sherston sat the picture of gloom and perplexity.

What is a man who has been brought up to be chivalrous to women, to consider them in every possible way, and always to give them the benefit of the doubt, to do with a wife openly rebellious, defiantly disobedient and independent as Winnie was?

Brute force possibly was the only argument she might have understood, but Sherston's upbringing and mentality would not suffer him to use that. He was on the horns of a dilemma indeed. And Winnie had the best of it.

Nevertheless, she was surprised when after he had drunk the cup of coffee she prepared, he rose abruptly, said he had a room at an hotel in Welbeck Street and would bid her good night.

He was not aware of it, but he had scored a point by refusing her hospitality. When the door closed on him, and she found herself forlornly alone, she dropped on the old settee herself and gave way to a fit of sobbing which she could not control, and which both surprised and angered her.

She was just as miserable as Sherston, but determined to go her own way. He had not promised to come back, or even said anything about meeting her next day.

She had offered her ultimatum, and was both surprised and chagrined to find that he had accepted it.

CHAPTER XVI

Jack Consults his Mother-in-Law

CONTRARY to his expectation, Sherston slept soundly, but when he awoke about nine o'clock next morning his perplexity had not lessened.

While he dressed he thought of his own people with a strange persistence turning to them in his trouble in a way which surprised himself. He had a particular longing to see his father, who had been wise

and sympathetic, he realised now, in a quite wonderful way.

If only he could have popped down to Austin Friars and had a talk with him he felt that the situation might have been eased.

They had been hard on him, perhaps, but they had never let him down.

They would have been incapable of behaving as Winnie was behaving, they had a standard of conduct which regulated their actions.

Perhaps that was the difference between the classes and the masses he pondered, with a queer twisted smile on his lips while he got through the business of shaving.

He was learning, learning every day, and some of the fruit of the tree of life was bound to be bitter. Perhaps he was getting the bitter at the outset of his career, and could therefore reasonably look forward to some improvement later.

He hurried through his breakfast, said he would keep his room for another night, and by ten o'clock was out of doors *en route* for Brixton. He had not seen his mother-in-law for a long time, not since his return from the East, in fact he had only seen her twice in the whole course of his life. But he had not disliked her, something in her straight glance, her candid tongue had convinced him of her integrity. Then there had been a secret suggestion of kindness, she would have mothered him, as she had mothered those of her own brood, had he given her the smallest inlet. He was, of course, quite unaware that she had been his constant champion throughout, and when opportunity offered had never ceased to din Winnie's duty into her unwilling ears. He felt that it was necessary to justify himself in the eyes of his wife's relations, not knowing what yarn she might have been spinning to them concerning his failure, and if he met her there, why, then it would not matter. But he thought the chances were against it.

He rode on the top of an omnibus all the way through areas of London he had never before visited. A true Londoner, he loved the city in all its moods. On a June morning seen from the top of an omnibus London has few to equal her in the way of variety and charm.

Sherston was surprised to discover that his capacity for the enjoyment of simple things was quite unabated.

He had forgotten his youth, of which the war had cheated him, and which was now

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"'Won't you come and have a cup of tea in the lounge with me?'—p. 955

stealing back insistently claiming its own. Then he had gotten for the time being above the most acute kind of sordid care. He had money in his pocket, and had discovered where more was to be made. There is nothing gives a man a finer feeling of independence than that; the bread of charity is salt and bitter in every mouth.

So he enjoyed his ride to Brixton, and though he got off in the High Road about half a mile before he need have done, the walk to Paradise Grove interested him too. It was early yet for the afternoon crowd which thronged the broad pavements and congested the great windows of the drapery stores, the crowd which was Winnie's own, which had helped to mould if not to inform her. Just a few of the more leisured shoppers were abroad as he swung along in the direction of the little narrow street to which a friendly policeman guided him.

The fifth turning on the right hove in sight at last, and he speedily found the little news-shop, recognising it by the newsboards standing about the door.

There was no customer inside, and Tebbit was doing a bit of tidying on the shelves. He turned sharply at the entrance of the supposed customer, and not recognising Sherston, immediately said very respectfully, "Yessir, what can I git you?"

To his surprise Sherston extended his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Tebbit? You don't know me, I see. I'm Jack Sherston."

"Winnie's 'usban', w'y, o' course! How do you do? I'm all rite," said Tebbit, beginning to unroll his shirt sleeves with some vigour. "Quietish this mornin', doin' a bit o' tidyin' up, I am. Theer don't seem to be a bit o' time after we gets busy of an afternoon. Hi, mother," he called across the counter at the same time pushing open the little curtained glass door. "Mother, 'ere's company for yer. Winnie's 'usban'!"

Mrs. Tebbit was paring potatoes at the scullery sink and did not immediately hear the summons, and she paid no heed to the tinkle of the bell which accompanied the opening of the door.

"Better go in, sir," said Tebbit, and then smiled, but as he explained afterwards to his better half it came natural to him to say "sir" to Sherston. "Mother'll be there in a minnit."

There was a kind of nervous haste in the way Tebbit pushed his son-in-law into the back room.

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Truth to tell he did not feel entirely comfortable with him and was even a trifle suspicious regarding his errand. Winnie's mother had talked a good deal about her, and her matrimonial affairs, always in a pessimistic and blameworthy way, and all Tebbit hungered for was peace. Peace to carry on his little business, and smoke his pipe afterwards and count his quite substantial gains, and hear that all his family were happy and doing well. They were all in that enviable state excepting Winnie, and with her Tebbit was quite incapable of coping. He disapproved of her, however, with all his might, and had less sympathy even than her mother.

The best he could do was to hold up the example of that splendid hardworking wife and mother to the erring and rebellious one, but so far it had no effect on Winnie.

Mrs. Tebbit, still unaware of the entry of any visitor, came out of the scullery presently, bearing a black saucepan with a shining lid containing the potatoes for the family dinner. When she saw Sherston's tall figure she very nearly dropped it.

"For the land's sake, Jack, where 'ave you dropped from—Winnie 'ere, eh?"

"No, Mrs. Tebbit, but I hope you are glad to see me on my own account."

She nodded violently, set the saucepan on the side of the stove, wiped her wet hand partially dry, and laid it in that of her son-in-law.

"I'm shore I'm glad to see you, Jack, but I wish you'd brought Winnie. 'Arf a mo', till I shut the scullery door into the yard. Got some fowls we 'ave jes' lately, thieves they are, every blessed one o' 'em, would come an' set by the 'earth if we'd let 'em, that they would."

She hastened into the scullery, banged an imaginary door, took off her blue-striped apron which protected her better one, washed her hands all over again, and then came back ready for talk.

"Well, an' yore a sight for sore eyes, you are. Do sit down. Yo' ain't in a 'urry, I 'opes? All the young 'uns seem in a 'urry nowadays. As I tell 'em, ther's all the time theer is, yit, more than they'll 'eve need for all the work they're likely to do. Work! They don't begin to know the meanin' o' it."

Sherston smiled and sat down in the old rocker, unaware that it was Winnie's favourite chair. He liked the friendly, homely atmosphere. It comforted him, and

his mother-in-law's comely face and soft eyes simply radiated kindness.

"You look very fit—well put on too. Larst time I saw yer was in khaki. Set thet very well you did, but I'm not sure but I like them togs better."

"It's an old suit, Mrs. Tebbit, I'm getting fat since I came home, and I'm afraid it's a bit tight for me now."

"Suits is suits nowadays. You're gettin' on, then, wherever you are? Winnie, she's a close mouf if ever there was one. She don't tell us a single thing abart 'er own affairs cep' wot she thinks she will. I 'opes you've come to tike 'er away to wherever she belongs."

Sherston was ready for this straight thrust and welcomed it.

"It's what I came for, Mrs. Tebbit. I've written her several letters and sent her some money, but she has never acknowledged any of them. I thought it time I came up to investigate."

"More'n time. I could 'ave told you," said his mother-in-law nodding sagaciously.

"Well, and wot does she say?"

"She refuses absolutely to come to Portsmouth."

"Portsmouth! Is that where you've got a job?"

"It's where I'm living at present. My job is pretty well all over the country. Hasn't Winnie told you about it?"

Mrs. Tebbit shook her head.

"Didn't I s'y she was a close mouf? To 'ear 'er speak, a body mite think you was on the rates."

Sherston's lips tightened. Winnie had indeed let him down completely in every relation of his life. She had kept the truth from her own people so as to bolster her own position, and make her attitude and movements seem more reasonable.

In a few words he explained to Mrs. Tebbit the nature and scope of the new business in which he was engaged. It interested her immensely, the waste in the army of which her own boys had told her seemed indeed a fruitful field for the energy and enterprise of her son-in-law.

"Yore a smart 'un, an' no mistake, to think of thet. Why, you'll make a fortune out o' it, I don't see wot's to prevent you. Ain't Winnie proud of it?"

Sherston hesitated a moment, wondering what answer he could make, whether it would be wholly wise to blurt out the truth. The situation was admittedly desperate, and

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in the hope that Winnie's mother might have some means and method of appealing to her which he had not yet discovered, he answered frankly:

"Winnie has no use either for me or my way of life. She refuses to return to Portsmouth with me."

"An' you arrived in the nick o' time, too. You saw 'er last night, I suppose?"

Sherston nodded.

"Stopped with her at the flat?"

"No, I went back to my hotel. She has no use for me, Mrs. Tebbit, and I don't know what to do about it. I own that I came here this morning hoping to get some help from you."

Mrs. Tebbit's face became correspondingly grave.

"I don't understand the gels to-day, Jack, I don't, reely. They wants everythink for nuthink, they do, reely. It's all this war work an' the big pay and imagin'ing they'se somebody, when they ain't anybody. I've rubbed it inter Winnie scores o' times, but she don't take a bit o' notice. I'm sorry for you, Jack, I am. I've bin sorry for yer right through—said it to Tebbit scores o' times. The man wot tackles our Winnie ain't got his sorrows to seek. Not but wot she 'as 'er good pints. She ain't lazy, anyways, and, o' course, she's a good-lookin' gel. But yore a 'and-some chap, she oughter be proud o' you. I jes' can't think wot 'as come to 'er."

She eyed him a little wistfully, and when he made no comment she said suddenly:

"It's thet fat oficer, Perry Butler. Give 'im wot 'e deserves and you mite be able to start afresh. If I could git my tongue round 'im he'd wonder wot's the matter wiv 'im. 'E's got more money than senst, an' Winnie she's got neither money nor senst, not yit, then you bein' away an' 'er livin' at thet flat the devil got busy, thet's all there is to it."

"You think it is serious with Butler, then?" asked Sherston in a voice of ominous quiet.

"I don't think there ain't anythink wrong. Winnie ain't thet sort. Besides, I'd 'a' known it. A muvver always does. No, it's jes' silly tosh, thet's wot it is. Well, wot 'appened last night, reely? If I know all abart it p'r'aps I may be able to do somethink."

Sherston gave a brief outline of what had passed between Winnie and him, but withheld the item which Winnie had hurled at

him at the end of the interview concerning the place in the sun offered to her by Perry Butler.

Mrs. Tebbit listened intently, drinking in every word. Her level brows were knit, some new lines seemed to gather about her kind mobile mouth. When he had finished she sat forward leaning her elbows on her ample knees and regarding her son-in-law's troubled face with a mixture of shrewdness and kindness.

"Look 'ere, Jack, I suppose you know Winnie's comin' 'ere w'en she leaves the flat?"

"Is she? I'm glad to hear it. All she told me was that she was storing things here."

"She asted for 'er old room, and she'll get it ef she p'ys. You'll leave 'er to me for a time, won't yer, Jack?"

"I haven't any choice," Sherston answered with a faintly ironical smile.

"You believe I'm yore friend, don't yer, even if I am Winnie's muvver?"

"I hope they are not incompatible," smiled Sherston back. She did not know exactly what he meant, but concluded that it was friendly.

"She's out of a job, and it's my belief she won't find it so easy to git anuvver one. There are swarms of gels like 'er seekin' cushy jobs. Wot they wants is to git back to the factory an' the kitchen and find their feet. You leave Winnie alone. I'll keep 'er 'ere an' look arter 'er for you. An' please God the day'll come w'en she'll be glad to creep back to you on 'er 'ands an' knees, so to speak."

Sherston made a hasty gesture of dissent.

"No, no, Mrs. Tebbit, I don't want that. I only want a reasonable concession. I've married your daughter. Possibly it was a great wrong; at least it was a mistake. We did not know enough of one another—then there was the long separation. All these things take some getting over. What Winnie forgets is that we're man and wife bound together, and that only the law can part us. We've got to find a basis for our life. She says she will not go to Portsmouth."

"Does she though? Who is she, anyways, to say wheer she won't go to?" asked Mrs. Tebbit rather viciously. "If I'd 'a' spoke like that to Tebbit w'en we was married fust, 'e'd a given me wot for."

"I'm in hopes that a little later I may be able to make headquarters and a home in

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London, but for the next six months, at least, it is essential that I have offices and a warehouse in Portsmouth. I can get very good rooms, and my scheme was to have Winnie there so we'd get used to one another and get ready to build a proper home together. If you can bring her to a frame of mind to accept that proposition, I shall be eternally grateful, Mrs. Tebbit. I have failed absolutely, and it is because I don't know what to do next that I've come here to ask your advice and help."

Mrs. Tebbit wiped her eyes. She was more deeply moved than she cared to own, or, indeed, could have expressed in words.

"My dear—" she said in rather a tremulous voice. "Yore bein' badly treated by my Winnie, but don't you worry. It's goin' to come all rite yit, or my name's not Amelia Tebbit. I'll see thet it do. You leave it to me."

Sherston smiled a trifle unsteadily.

"Thank you, Mrs. Tebbit. I'm glad I came to you to-day—something goaded me to come."

"W'y, of course, who would you come to if not to Winnie's muvver? You leave 'er to me. Now you'll stop an' 'ave a bit o' dinner along o' us. There'll only be me and Tebbit. It would be very friendly and homely like. You never 'ad nuthink in this 'ouse on'y a cup o' tea thet Sunday after you an' Win was married."

"Thank you very much. I'll be glad to stay if I won't be in the way."

"W'y should you be in the way? Ain't you my son-in-law, and 'aven't you as good a rite 'ere as Win; a better rite, for I've never seen a more civil-spoken young man. I'll be a proud woman to give you the very best I've got."

She did, without making any stranger of him. It did not occur to her to labour her hospitality by spreading a cloth in the best sitting-room upstairs, the place where the family Bible lay on a crochet mat in the middle of the centre table, and portraits of the young Tebbits on the walls in various stages of development, mostly characterised by large staring eyes and vacuous smiles, or preternatural solemnity of expression.

Sherston sat on the little old nursing rocker, and smoked the cigarettes the friendly Tebbit, at a mysterious sign from his wife, handed through the door; and when the potatoes were ready he took his place at the table and was very much at

home while enjoying a plain but most excellently cooked dinner.

They gave him of their best, seasoned with the milk of human kindness and genuine friendliness. Sherston was more grateful than he could express. They both walked out to the shop door with him and -hook hands warmly, then, moved by a quick impulse, he stooped from his tall height and kissed the woman who had mothered him in a way his own mother had failed to do in the moment of his greatest need.

Tears started in Mrs. Tebbit's eyes and stood there after he had gone.

"Thet's a white man, Tebbit, and don't you furgit it. 'E's far too good fer our Winnie, and my business—both of our businesses—is to rub it inter 'er w'en she comes 'ome. But don't you s'y a word till I gives yer leave. This is a wimmin's business, and it'll be queer if I don't put it through for that dear lad. Didn't you like 'im?" she asked sharply when this eulogy provoked no response.

"I did. 'E's a bit of all rite, an' Win, she's a fool," said Tebbit as he got behind the counter to finish his clearing up.

Being without news of his own people, and having heard, though he could not remember when or how, that Grace had gone to live in the hostel at North Park Street, Sherston presented himself there about a quarter to six o'clock that evening and inquired for her at the desk.

Informed that she had been gone for some time, he was turning disappointedly away when a friendly voice called him, and Sally Withers came out of the lounge beyond, extending a most cordial hand.

"I heard your voice, and, anyway, when someone asked for Miss Sherston I guessed it would be you," she said, and her attractive face was wreathed in the friendliest of smiles. "Won't you come and have a cup of tea in the lounge with me and a talk for old acquaintance' sake?"

The invitation was too tempting to be refused. With a distinct glow at his heart Sherston passed through the swing door she was holding open, and settled himself in the corner she indicated, behind a group of palms where there were a couple of basket chairs and a little table just ready for a *tête-à-tête*.

(End of Chapter Sixteen)

Holiday Crochet Competition

First Prize, One Guinea;
Second Prize, 10s. 6d.

Open to all Readers

RULES FOR COMPETITORS

1. The Lace and Corner illustrated here, and for which the instructions are given, is the one that is to be worked.
2. The Competition is open to all readers, but each entry must be the actual work of the competitor herself.
3. The Crochet will be returned to the respective owners *if an envelope or cover with the correct amount of postage is enclosed with entry.*
4. All work should reach this office not later than September 1, and should be addressed: "Crochet Competition, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." The results will be announced in the November number of this magazine.
5. The Editor's decision is final.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch., chain; ss., slip-stitch; dc., double crochet; tr., treble; dtr., double tr. (cotton twice round the hook); grp., group; tft., tuft; sp., space; pt., picot.

Use Coats's Crochet Cotton, No. 20, or Clark's Crochet, No. 18, and the lace will measure about four inches and a half in width.

Make a foundation of 37 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven ch., 1 tr., * 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr. in the next; repeat from * twice, 3 tr. in the next three ch., 3 ch., miss four, 2 dc., 1 tft. (a tuft is made thus: 7 tr. into one stitch, take out the hook, put it into the first tr. and draw the loop of the seventh tr. through it), 2 dc., 3 ch., miss four ch., 4 tr. in the last four of the foundation ch.

2nd row.—11 ch., 3 tr. in the three ch. furthest from the hook, 1 tr. on the first of the four tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. on the last of the four tr., 3 tr. in the next three ch., 5 ch., 3 dc. (one before the tft., one on the tft. and one after the tft.), 5 ch., 3 tr. on the last three ch., 1 tr. on the first of the four tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. on the last of the four tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. on tr. to the end of row (five spaces).

3rd row.—5 ch., 1 tr. on tr., 2 tr. over ch., 1 tr. on tr., 2 ch., 4 tr. as before, 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr. (cotton twice round the hook) in the middle one of the three dc., 5 ch., 3 tr. on last three ch., 1 tr. on tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the two ch., 5 ch., 1 tr. on last tr. of next grp. of four, 3 tr. in the next three ch.

4th row.—11 ch., 4 tr. (as in the 2nd row), 5 ch., 1 dc. in the ch. before the dtr., 1 dc. on the dtr. and 1 dc. in the next ch., 5 ch., 1 tr. on the last tr. of grp., 3 tr. on the next

three ch., 2 ch., 3 tr. on the last three ch., 1 tr. on the first tr. of next grp., 2 ch. and 1 tr. three times, 2 ch., 1 tr. on tr., 2 tr. in sp., 1 tr. on tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.

5th row.—5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr. as before, 2 ch. and 1 tr. three times, 2 ch., 1 tr. on the last tr. of next grp., 2 tr. in sp. and 1 tr. in the first tr. of next grp., 5 ch., 2 dc., 1 tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., 1 tr. in last tr. of grp., 3 tr. in three ch.

6th row.—11 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. on last tr. and 3 tr. in next three ch., 5 ch., 3 dc. (the second at back of tft.), 5 ch., 3 tr. on last three ch. of loop, 1 tr. on first tr. of next grp., then 2 ch. and 1 tr. nine times.

7th row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. eight times, 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the next two ch., 5 ch., 4 tr.

8th row.—11 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. three times, 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. four times.

9th row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. three times, 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. five times, 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 2 dc., tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr. in end loop.

This row marks the widest part of the lace.

10th row.—4 ch., 1 tr. on last tr. of grp., 3 tr. on the next three ch., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. on tr., 2 tr. in ch., 1 tr. on tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. three times, 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. four times.

11th row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. eight times, 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the loop of two ch., 5 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 4 tr.

12th row.—4 ch., 1 tr. on last tr. of grp., 3 tr. in next three ch., 2 ch., 3 tr. on three

HOLIDAY CROCHET COMPETITION

ch., 1 tr. on tr., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., miss three tr., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. nine times.

13th row.—5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. three times, 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 2 dc., tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., miss three tr., 1 tr. on the last tr. of grp., 2 tr. in sp. and 1 tr. on first tr. of grp.

14th row.—4 ch., miss three tr., 4 tr., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr. (the first three in ch.), 2 ch., miss two tr., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. three times, 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. twice.

15th row.—5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., miss three tr., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 4 tr.

16th row.—4 ch., miss three tr., 4 tr., 2 ch., 3 tr. in last three ch. of loop, and 1 tr. on first tr. of grp., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr. (the first in the last tr. of group), then 2 ch. and 1 tr. five times.

17th row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. twice, 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 2 dc., tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., miss three tr., 1 tr. on tr., 2 tr. in lp. of two ch., 1 tr. on tr. Repeat from the beginning of the 2nd row till ready for the corner.

Make the following slight alterations in the 14th and 16th rows of the lace.

14th row.—Work as in lace till after the last four tr., then 2 ch., 4 tr. in the last sp.

15th row.—Exactly like 15th row of lace.

16th row.—Like the 16th row of lace till after the last four tr., then 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 4 tr. at the end.

Continue thus:

1st row of corner.—Like the 17th row of lace.

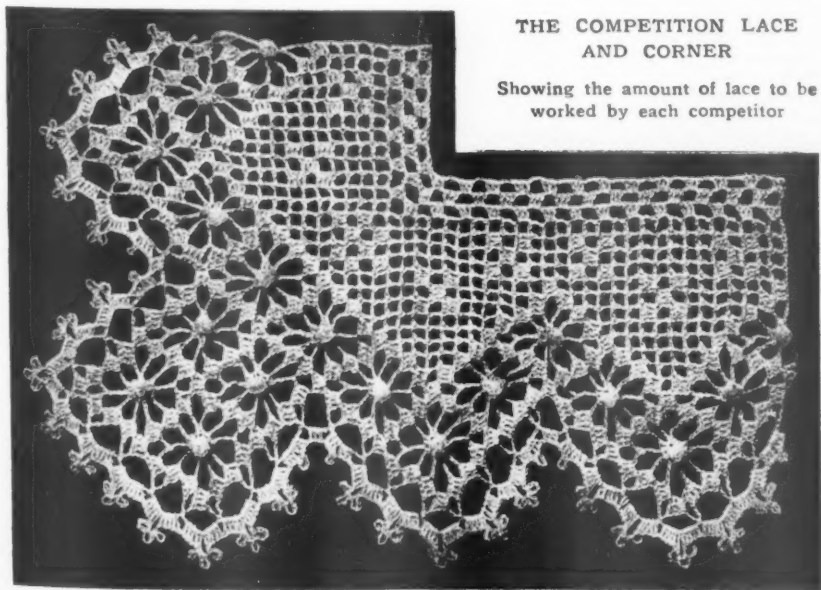
2nd row of corner.—11 ch., 3 tr. in the three ch. furthest from the hook, 1 tr. on the first of the four tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. on the last of the four tr., 3 tr. in the next three ch., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 3 tr. on the last three ch., 1 tr. on the first of the four tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. three times.

3rd row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 1 tr. on last tr. of grp., 3 tr. in next three ch., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 3 tr. on last three ch. of loop, 1 tr. on tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the two ch., 5 ch., 1 tr. on last tr., 3 tr. in the next three ch.

4th row.—11 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dc. in the ch. before the dtr., 1 dc. on dtr., and 1 dc. in the next ch., 5 ch., 1 tr. on last tr. of grp., 3 tr., 2 ch., 3 tr. on the last three ch. and 1 tr. on first tr. of grp., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.

5th row.—3 ch. (for one tr.), 3 tr., 5 ch., 2 dc., tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., 1 tr., 2 tr. on two ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 2 dc., tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., miss three tr., 1 tr., 3 tr. in ch.

6th row.—11 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch.,



**THE COMPETITION LACE
AND CORNER**

Showing the amount of lace to be
worked by each competitor

THE QUIVER

3 dc., 5 ch., 3 tr. in ch., 1 tr. on first tr. of grp., 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr.

7th row.—3 ss. on the top of the grp., 3 ch. (for one tr.), 3 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 4 tr. in end loop.

8th row.—11 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr.

9th row.—3 ss. along the tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 5 ch., 2 dc., tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 2 dc., tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr. at the end.

10th row.—4 ch., 1 tr. on last tr., 3 tr. on next three ch., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. above the next grp., 4 tr., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr.

11th row.—4 ch., miss three tr., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr. in second of three dc., 5 ch., 4 tr.

12th row.—4 ch., 1 tr. on the last tr., 3 tr. in the next three ch., 2 ch., 3 tr., 1 tr. on tr., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr.

13th row.—4 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 2 dc., tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr. (the middle two over the two ch.).

14th row.—4 ch., 4 tr. (that is, 1 tr. on the last tr., 3 tr. in next three ch.), 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr. (3 in ch. loop and 1 on next grp.).

15th row.—4 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 4 tr.

16th row.—4 ch., 4 tr. (as in 14th row), 2 ch., 4 tr.

17th row.—5 ch., 4 tr. in two ch. Fasten off.

Hold the lace straight edge upwards and the point just made towards the right hand, the other parts of the work being downwards. Join on the thread again at the tip of the fifth grp. of tr., counting from the top and straight edge of the work.

1st row.—11 ch., 3 tr. on the three ch. furthest from the hook, 1 tr. into the corner of grp., whence this row started, 2 ch., 1 ss. into the tip of next grp., ss. along this grp. and up to the tip of the third grp. above.

2nd row.—Turn, 5 ch., 1 dtr. into the two ch., 5 ch., 1 tr. in the end tr., 3 tr. in the next three ch.

3rd row.—11 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., catch to the next angle, ss. along the top of this grp. and up to the tip of the next.

4th row.—Turn, 5 ch., 2 dc., tft., 2 dc., 5 ch., 4 tr. at the end.

5th row.—11 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. on tr., 3 tr. on the next three ch., 5 ch., 3 dc., 5 ch., 3 tr. in three ch., 1 tr. in corner of grp., 2 ch., 1 tr. at end of same grp., then 2 ch. and 1 tr. in the side of the next rows eight times, making 9 sp. in all.

The straight lace can now be continued from the beginning of the 7th row.

When enough of the lace has been worked add the FINISH to the LOWER EDGE as follows:

1st row.—Begin with * 1 dc. in the first edge loop of a vandyke, 8 ch., 1 dc. into the next loop; repeat from * all along, putting the dc. into every loop in turn till the last loop of a vandyke is reached, work 5 ch. and repeat from the first *. In the first point of the corner the dc. has to be worked between the third and fourth tr. of the angle.

2nd row.—In the first loop of eight ch. work 3 tr., 1 pt. (that is, 5 ch., 1 dc. on the preceding tr.), 3 tr., then in the next loops of eight ch. work 5 tr., 1 pt. loop, 5 tr. (The pt. loop is made thus: 5 ch., 1 dc. on the top of the preceding tr., 5 ch., 1 dc. on the last dc., 5 ch., 1 dc. on the last dc.). In the last loop work 3 tr., 1 pt., 3 tr., and in the loop of five ch. between two vandykes make 3 tr. only.

Now repeat from the beginning of the row all along.

For the HEADING of the lace:

1st row.—3 tr. into one of the edge sp., * 2 ch., 3 tr. into the next sp.; repeat from * all along. In the corner miss one sp. on each side of the margin and omit the ch. between two grps.

2nd and 3rd rows.—Like the 1st row.



STENCILLING

By Maud Venables

STENCILLING can be very effectively employed in decorating curtains of every description, made of any of the cotton, silk or woollen materials now in use—table covers, table centres, sideboard cloths, cushions, frills for window seats, and the many other draperies in a house. Ambitious workers who have sufficient confidence in their skill to take the risk may even go the length of carrying out a scheme of wall decoration with designs suitable for dadoes and friezes, though, of course, the awful dangers of such aspirations are obvious.

Harmonious Treatment in a Room

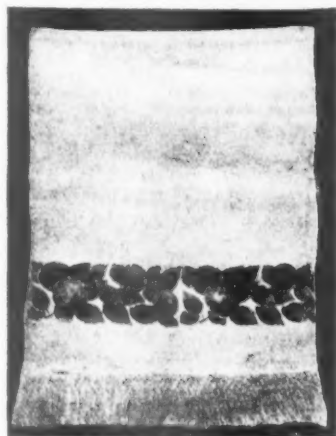
To the woman who has only one room—be it sitting room or bedroom—she can call her own, stencilling is invaluable. It enables her to carry out with little or no difficulty a charming scheme of decoration which gives a personal and distinctive note to the room as a whole. For example, the carpet is usually more a matter of accident than choice, but in its design there may be some interesting or outstanding feature, say a flower, which can be tastefully developed so as to become the motive of a complete and harmonious treatment of the apartment. It will be quite a simple matter to find a wallpaper to suit, and then stencils can be designed and cut with the selected flower as

their foundation, and applied to curtains, bedspread, duchesse slips and mats, splash-back, cushions and so on. There is no question as to the interest and pleasure to be found in working out such an idea, and it can be done with only a small outlay.

The Decoration of Dress

But even this does not exhaust the possibilities of stencilling, for it may be used in many ways in the decoration of dress. Charming designs can be carried out in this way on linen and cotton frocks for summer wear, and on silk, ninon, soft satin, etc., for evening dresses. In the latter case when the material is not transparent, the effect can be very much enhanced by veiling with ninon, chiffon or net, as this softens the very clear outlines which are characteristic of stencilling. Upon scarves a stencil design is particularly beautiful, and little theatre bags, sachets, satin slippers and other accessories can be effectively decorated by the same method.

From evening dress it is a very simple step to fancy dress, and from that to amateur theatricals, and for both of these the uses of stencilling are practically unlimited. It may be used in the manufacture of stage armour (silver stencilled in black), wings, lettering, flowers, etc., on dresses, and so on, and it is most effective when employed in representing rich jewels and



A Decorative Border for a Towel

THE QUIVER

embroideries, or some patterned material to suit a particular period or style. I have seen, for instance, simple plain velveteen stencilled to look like the richest Venetian brocades. For the great pageants stencilling was largely used both in the secular and ecclesiastical robes and the gorgeous horse trappings.

Method

The actual principle of stencilling is simple and can be grasped by the veriest beginner, but the ambitious worker will soon find interesting variations and different ties crop up which call for her talent and ingenuity. The work is painted with short, stumpy brushes, through a *stencil plate*—which is a sheet of very stout prepared paper, having the design cut, with a hole for each item of the pattern. In the accompanying illustrations every dark patch represents a hole, and, in order to strengthen the plate, these holes must all be divided by “ties” of the solid paper. They will show up in your finished work, giving the masses of colour a detached effect which is characteristic of stencilling.

The *paints* used for fabrics are oil colours with a special Medium which will not run, and which will render the work washable for about five times. A piece of work can be re-stencilled.

Materials

Required

A range of eleven paints of the cheaper kinds are sufficient for a great variety of work, but if a very special shade is required it is best to get a tube made up. A good outfit can be obtained in a substantial tin box, containing 11 colours, 3 brushes, a knife, Medium, turpentine, a glass sheet, and an uncut plate to practise upon. The

turpentine is only used for cleaning your brushes, and the glass is for cutting the plates.

A smaller range of colours, 3 brushes and a bottle of Medium, is, however, quite enough to start with, and the beginner can make an excellent result with these few materials. Take, for instance, a pair of casement curtains, upon which you intend to stencil a border of roses. For this (besides the cloth) you will only need—

- 1 tube scarlet lake.
- 1 „ flake white.
- 1 „ green.
- 1 „ „ burnt sienna.
- 3 brushes.
- 1 bottle Medium.

and, of course, a stencil plate.

The *Medium* is poured into an old saucer, a very little at a time, as it quickly sets. It is a sticky mixture, and does not spread upon the material. Take a little in the brush and mix it with the paint on the palette, making it quite thin, but not

sloppy. The aim of the stenciller must be to lay the paint on thinly, so that it looks as much part of the texture of the fabric as printing does, and not stiff and caked, as a picture would look. In art stencilling, many varieties of shades are made. This is sometimes done by putting a covering of pale colour first and the deep shade over it, or the variety can be effected by touch—a strong touch on the darker part, working off lightly at the tip of a petal or leaf, etc. With the thick stencil brushes, you will find the shading goes on very softly and easily.

Stencilling in Gold, Silver, Copper, &c.

This is beautiful work and quite easily done. Obtain a packet of gold,



Roses and Leaves worked upon a
Curtain



Showing a Scheme of Decoration in a Room carried out entirely by Stencilling

silver, copper, or any metallic powder and a bottle of stencil Medium. Dip the brush into the Medium as for painting, and then into the packet of powder, and proceed as usual.

This is most useful for fancy dresses, and handsome stage effects, besides house decoration. A bold conventional design in gold upon brown curtains is handsome—gold or silver upon white satin for table decorations; gold or silver upon black or any colour for scarves and evening dresses. Black satin cushions heavily stencilled in this way are very handsome.

Stencilling and Embroidery

If a bold design is stencilled first and

then outlined in appliqué stitch, it has a very fine effect. A large fruit border would look very fine treated in this way, and outlined in its own or a slightly darker shade.

The Making of a Stencil Plate

This is the most difficult part of stencilling, and requires a great deal of thought, and some knowledge of design—it is a long process and would need an article to itself. A beginner can, however, buy stencil plates at a reasonable cost, and Japanese hand-cut stencils in the daintiest of designs of groups of flowers, birds, butterflies, fruit, figures and animals, besides repeating borders in various sizes, can be obtained.



Spare the Rod

Some Plain Words to Modern Parents

By Dorothy Marsh Garrard

MODERN children are, speaking generally, very attractive. They are well dressed, of good physique and, being so much in evidence at all times, are not shy and awkward in the presence of strangers. Long past are the days when Jane and Tommy were relegated to the topmost attic, when bread and scrape was considered a suitable diet for children, who, when with older people, were literally "seen and not heard." In these times Joan and Peter consume the entire butter ration of the family, their nursery, if they have one, is the best and sunniest room in the house, while, when with their parents and other grown ups, it is they who lead the conversation, not respectfully listen to it.

Modern Conditions

This is partly the result of modern conditions. Families are smaller. If in one home there are ten children it is necessary, if only for the sake of the sanity of the older members of the household, that some law and order should be kept amongst them, some room set apart for their sole use. But if there are, as is usual nowadays, only one or two it does not so much matter if they are allowed to take a more prominent place. Again, the old-fashioned nurse, like the old-fashioned domestic servant, is almost a thing of the past, and ordinary folk of moderate means cannot afford the highly trained product of the Nursery Training Institute. In consequence, children of the middle class are more and more with their parents, eat and drink with them, enter into their interests and amusements, and altogether take their places as equal members of the household. And this, while it is no doubt preferable to leaving them to the tender mercies of the charlady or half-trained nursemaid, is in some other respects extremely bad for them.

We do not want our children to return to the repression of earlier days. The little Fairchilds and others of their kin were too impossibly good and docile,

while personally I always thought Harry Sandford and the permanently tearful Ellen of the Wide Wide World both particularly obnoxious characters. Young people in those days could never have been really honest with their elders. At the same time it is more than undesirable for a child to understand, as a spoilt child does understand perfectly, that he or she is the most important member of the family. It is also, incidentally, extremely irritating for those outsiders not blinded by affection. Yet on every side nowadays one sees children who are not only quite plainly the centre of the orbit in which the family circle revolves, but who, until they go to school, undergo no sort of systematic discipline or correction whatsoever. And often when they do go to school they still regard their homes as convenient places in which to work off the arrears of unruliness they are obliged to control in school hours.

Spoilt Children

It is rather a curious fact that at the present time when most babies are reared by methods which old-fashioned mothers regard as almost brutal, directly they grow out of the infant stage all this law and method ceases. Partly through the indulgence and partly through the laziness of their parents they are allowed to do exactly as they please, the usual excuse offered being that "Brian is so nervy, to scold him makes him really ill," or that "the doctor has said that Betty has such a highly strung temperament she literally must not be crossed." How much the nerves and temperament are due to a spoilt and too exciting early childhood they do not apparently stop to think.

I know an old lady who in her time brought up successfully a large family of boys and girls. They are all married or scattered now, but not long ago I heard that her youngest son, who had lived in the North of England since his marriage, had come back to London with his wife and

SPARE THE ROD

family. Meeting the old lady a few days later I inquired after them.

"Oh, they've come to me, at least Morris and the children have. His wife has what they call nowadays a nervous breakdown," she said cheerfully. "She's worn herself out looking after the children. The doctor told her they were the most temperamentally difficult, highly strung children he had ever come across. So she's gone to Torquay for a month or two."

"It must be a great anxiety for you, having children like that in the house," I put in sympathetically.

"Oh, not at all"; a twinkle came into her eye. "I smacked them and sent them to bed three or four times and they've been as good as gold ever since."

I saw the two children not long after. They were quite nice kiddies without a sign of nerves and most evidently had a sincere respect for their grandmother. They had sounded her, knew her power and, with the entire common sense of childhood, were quite willing to bow to it.

Small children cannot understand an elaborate moral code. But they can understand, and do with remarkable swiftness, that if there are certain laws as to what they may and may not do and if they transgress those laws punishment will inevitably follow, that it is not wise to transgress. Only they must endure the punishment, not merely be threatened with it. And it must be a penalty of a sufficiently unpleasant nature to them. For children are remarkably logical in their reasoning.

One small friend of mine had a very tiresome habit of kicking the table at meals. At last one day in exasperation her mother told her that if she did it again her favourite doll would be taken away for a week.

"How long is a week?" she asked, suspending operations for the moment.

"Seven days," said her mother. "To-day is Wednesday, to-morrow is Thursday, then comes Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and then Wednesday again. If you disobey once more you won't have her again until next Wednesday."

For quite a minute the four year old hesitated. Then with a sigh she tucked the offending feet under the table.

"All right," she remarked, her tone resigned, "I won't do it again. I couldn't do without Daisy so long as that. I might

have managed until Monday," she added regretfully.

She had weighed the matter in her own mind, come to the conclusion, so to say, that the game was not worth the candle, and therefore given it up. But the result would have been very different had she known, as she would have known, if her mother were not likely to keep her word.

A Question of Punishment

The question of actual corporal punishment is of course a vexed one. When carried to excess it is no doubt brutal and degrading, but on the other hand there is a certain type of boy (and quite a good type) on whom an occasional thrashing is the only sort of punishment which seems to make any impression. And with most children, in accordance with the dictum of my old lady, a good smacking is often the most effectual method of correction. By which one does not mean to imply that small children should be constantly whipped. Nothing could be more horrible. But for some of the misdemeanours of childhood nothing seems to fit the crime so well as instant and slightly painful correction. The trouble with so many parents of the present day is that they don't administer any sort of correction, either physical or moral.

From the Parents' Point of View

There is no doubt from the parents', and more especially the mother's, point of view a good deal to be said. It is very easy for people who have no children themselves to talk about how they should be brought up. But in these times the lot of the middle-class mother is no easy one. She has probably no efficient help, she has to do herself practically all the work of the house as well as look after the children. Is it any wonder that often they are allowed to do as they please simply because from her point of view it is the easiest way? She may realise perfectly all that the training of children should be in theory, but, when it comes to practice and she is dead tired and there are still the tea-thing, to wash up and the supper to cook, many theories fall to the ground. For no one who has not had to cope with it can understand the persistence and determina-

THE QUIVER

tion of a small child who wants its own way. Once give an inch and the next day an ell is expected.

The father, too; in these days most men want to be friends with their children, not stern overseers. And they feel that in the little time they have with them they do not wish to be always correcting and finding fault. In most homes "Daddy" is hailed by the youngsters as the best of good fellows. But while this is in many respects all to the good it is rather hard on the mother, who may try and insist upon some sort of law and order in the house, to find that the children know perfectly well that they have only to appeal to their father and they will get their own way.

"Star" Children

As a matter of fact, it is not the children of comparatively poor homes who need and do not receive the rod of correction, so much as those whose parents are quite well off or even wealthy. Who has not met the "star" child, so essentially a product of to-day? One may find her (she is usually a girl, very frequently an only child) being shown off at every sort of function, public or private. She may have been taught to dance very prettily and gracefully, she may recite, act, whistle, play or even only amuse by her quaint and precocious conversation. Often she is in many ways a very attractive little person indeed, but sooner or later she almost invariably becomes artificial, her airs and graces purposely assumed, nervy and often neurasthenic. To force a child into unnatural precocity is a wrong, almost a wicked thing to do. Yet many parents nowadays, who would be horrified if they could foresee the results, cannot resist showing their children off for their own pride and pleasure. Children are far happier living and playing more or less among themselves, taking their ideas of life and the world from other children, not from disillusioned grown-up people. There is perhaps nothing sadder than to meet a child imbued with the half understood cynicism of maturity. The little American boys and girls one used to meet travelling over the Continent with their parents were such striking examples of this. They were like small men and women, usually much bored with life and without an ounce of real childlike spirit in them. French children, too, while certainly possess-

ing a certain charm of their own, are also far too conversant with the affairs of the world to conform to the real ideal of childhood, which should surely be a time of gay and imaginative happiness bounded only by the laws of a wise nursery rule.

I do not mean to suggest that parents and their children should not be friends, even real chums. Children need older folk if only to satisfy their growing thirst for knowledge. But they do not want to be constantly in the company of grown ups who, quite unmindful of their presence, discuss things from the altitude of the grown-up mind. For the tiniest mite will pick up a great deal more knowledge of those matters, which it was particularly meant not to pick up, than one would ever imagine.

A Tale of Crime

A friend of mine went into her nursery the other day unexpectedly. Her two small children, aged four and six respectively, were busily engaged in playing what appeared to be a new game.

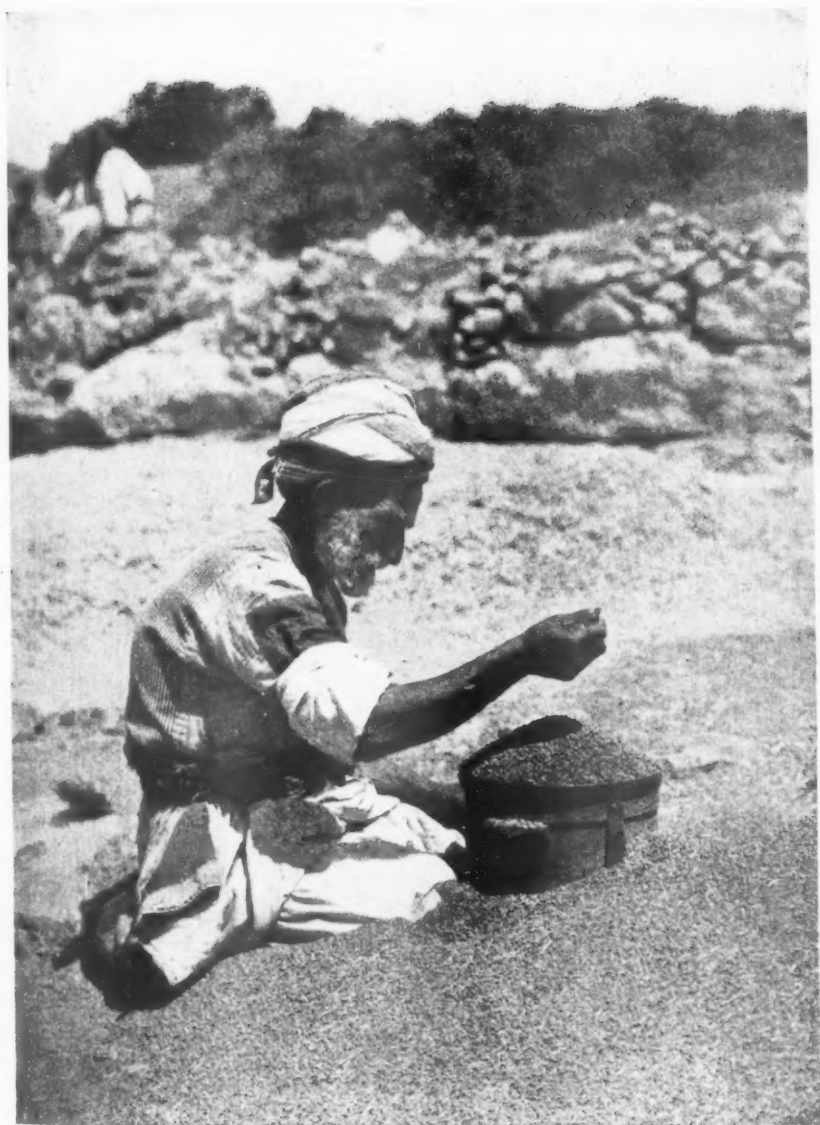
"No, you mustn't sit there, that's where all the blood is," she suddenly heard the boy say. "She bled all over the seat. I heard Mrs. Brown say so."

"Yes but I am her, the murdered body you know," the small girl put in, her voice aggrieved. "So I must sit here. You know we arranged it. Now you go and get something to kill me with."

At this point the mother interfered and the new game was promptly stopped. Of course the children did not in the least comprehend the real horror of the tragedy which they were so happily enacting. But it is again an example of the evils to which the modern lax methods of upbringing may expose a child. Even if not understood, such subjects, for so long as is possible, are far better kept away from the budding intelligence.

What it is Leading to

Most people nowadays have quite a number of theories as regards the upbringing and education of children generally. The subject is talked of and studied in a manner unheard of fifty years ago. The principal idea then seems to have been, feed them, clothe them, and keep them quiet. Now one hears a great deal about the teaching



**The Grain Seller :
A Palestine Scene**

*Photo :
American Colony*

"Good measure pressed down and shaken together, and running over." Such is the Eastern description of an honest merchant ; and this picture, just received from the Holy Land, shows, in spite of the vast world upheaval, how little changed village life is from what it was in the time of Christ

THE QUIVER

of initiative, the retention of individuality and the encouragement of an independent spirit. All these things may be very excellent, but if initiative and individuality mean selfishness and insubordination while independence of spirit is only another name for an absolute refusal to brook any sort of authority, then the old-fashioned ideas, of obedience or the birch, are distinctly more sensible. It cannot be denied that hundreds of boys and girls are growing up to-day without the faintest idea as to what discipline means. In this respect the much-abused Public Schools set a splendid example of opposite methods. Whatever a Public School boy does *not* acquire in the way of knowledge he does learn to obey and to obey without question. But so often the lessons learnt at school are nullified by the lack of any sort of backing up at home. And not all the outside education in the world can take the place of home training.

We do not want our next generation to grow up a race of young Bolsheviks. The prospect may at first thought seem a ridiculous one, but if the present methods of nursery control, or rather lack of control, are persevered with, the result may not be very different. And the pity of it is that while many parents mar their children's characters through laziness, many more do so from over-fondness. They are so afraid of being harsh, of breaking the child's spirit or injuring his nerves. There are, of course, a certain number of really highly nervous, sensitive children in the world, who do need extremely careful handling, but the cause is usually physical ill-health, which when improved the nervous system also becomes normal.

A cowed, frightened small boy or girl is a very sad thing to see, but not one bit worse than a fretful spoilt one. And, as a matter of fact, it takes a great deal of severity to break any child's spirit. Most of them, when those in authority are worn out by the battle of wills, come up perfectly happy and smiling. As one small boy I know, having been so extremely naughty that it had taken three people to carry him

kicking and struggling to bed, remarked half an hour later with an angelic smile to his mother:

"Mummy you did look so funny, your face all red and puffy, and Cook with her hair coming down and grunting like anything. I've been 'musing myself thinking about it all the time."

And the mother, who had been torturing herself with the thought of the misery and humiliation he must be suffering, went out again. She felt she need not have worried.

The Future

Natural, unspoilt children are so delightful that it is all the pity in the world that they should be allowed to grow spoilt and unnatural. Apart from that, it does not make for their own happiness. Really spoilt boys and girls are never contented, while, later on, they usually become extremely unpopular. It is not to a large degree their own fault. They have been so used to eating all the cake at tea and demanding the best of everything as a right that they cannot understand it when unsympathetic outsiders regard them as greedy pigs and refuse emphatically to give way to them. They grow surprised, resentful, then angry. At last, when through many hard lessons the essential need of give and take is brought home to them, they usually turn round and abuse their parents for their upbringing. One can hardly blame them.

A great deal is written nowadays about child welfare. In truth nothing that is too much can be done in the interests of the children. In the future one hopes for education on vastly more enlightened and progressive lines. At the same time the responsibility for those first and most valuable years of training rests finally with the parents. It may not, for selfish or lazy reasons, be handed on to anybody else. It is for them to make or mar. And while in the old days the adage "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child" may have been even too literally enforced, in these times the opposite extreme is the general rule. Often a little more rod would meet the case better.



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BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

by
Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.

Photo: Reg. A. Maltby

CONTRARY WINDS

WHEN dealing with life we speak of "contrary winds," we mean, and are understood to mean, something more than the mere physical fact. We mean, and are understood to mean, those winds of fortune, those gusts of God's purpose when it conflicts with our own, the clash of circumstance with our personal desires—winds that blow across the sea of life.

How much we owe to the sea for helping us out with certain deep things of the soul! You cannot think or speak in any serious or tender way about life without using some idea which you borrow from the sea. The sea, more than any other word, suits our condition as men. Are we not all of us now and for ever out upon the bosom of the deep with the infinite above us and beneath us and all around?

*"We mortals cross this ocean of a world
Each in the average cabin of a life."*

We feel secure enough, thanks largely to the cheerful company, the duties and pieties of each day, and the precious tradition of faith. Nevertheless, when, for one reason or another, we look over the edge, up starts a primitive terror which is allayed only by faith, only by casting oneself in secret upon Him in Whom we believe.

And what is true of life as a whole, namely, that no word serves so fitly as a

symbol of it as just this word "the sea," is true also of life in any of its abiding circumstances. For example, we are here and away; we meet and do business with each other and pass. But how we realize all that, and see a new tenderness in it all when we clothe it in some language of the sea! We are "ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing." How it helps us when a poet comes along and gives us language in which to embody some poignant emotion! And how that point of view—that we are ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing—gives to our common days a certain pathos, disposing us to deal gently with one another! And, to say no more, how better can we express the tremendous meaning of Jesus Christ, tremendous in view of the tremendous darkness which only that meaning can scatter, than just to say in the language of some hymn of our childhood, that there is a haven beyond these seas, that there are lights burning on some further shore?

And so, when I proceed to write about contrary winds you know that I am going to deal with those things in life or in some lives which seem to us or to them to be contrary; those things which make some lives difficult, things which seem at times and in certain aspects of them to be even in conflict with our faith in the goodness of God.

THE QUIVER

Going the Wrong Way

WELL, now, to speak very simply, there are winds which are contrary to us because it may very well be we ourselves are going the wrong way. If someone has proposed to do wrong, or has done wrong, and if he finds that do as he will the wrong thing he has done is always on the point of betraying him or striking back at him; if he is finding, as Lady Macbeth found, and as all the great tragic figures in literature and life do find, that "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten" a hand stained with an unconfessed crime—that is a contrary wind, contrary because there you have a man going the wrong way, and God, because He loves that man, is making it hard. I say that is a contrary wind, an adverse wind; but it is a good wind. If there were no such wind blowing in the teeth of that man it would mean that for that man there is no God. That adverse wind is the very wind which, blowing about this world of ours, is the great proof and witness of a Holy God. What makes the Bible the Bible is that that very wind is always blowing through its leaves.

Balaam, when he set out for the camp of Balak, encountered, you remember, a contrary wind, and why? Simply because he was pushing on against his own conscience, setting out to do something for which he was being well paid, but something which he knew was wrong. And so the wind of God sprang up to fight Balaam every inch of the way. It blew and blew until it blew Balaam out of the saddle. It blew him off his feet on to his knees. It blew the dust out of his eyes until he saw the angel of God standing in the middle of the way with a drawn sword, defying him, that is to say, to come on another yard.



Sufferings we have to Bear

JONAH also encountered a contrary wind, you will remember; contrary because he also was doing something which he knew to be wrong. For him, therefore, the winds raged until Jonah saw that it was something more than a wind; he saw that it was God. Then it was that Jonah rose in his fall. "I am a sinful man," he cried. "Take me up and cast me into the sea." Let me be done with all hiding, and fleeing, and lying. Let me be myself, a man trusting to God though God slay him! And immediately, we read, the wind died away and the sea ceased from its raging.

These are two examples. There are hundreds like them in the Bible, of contrary winds; all winds that sprang up suddenly and fiercely about men who were going in the teeth of what they knew to be the will of God. With regard to such winds there

is, of course, no problem or mystery, unless it be a mystery of God, a mystery of light. Such winds are God's ministering angels who go about with drawn swords defending the moral government of this world.

But there are other circumstances in life which ruffle us and oppose us, bringing pains which have no dignity in them, circumstances which may be described as contrary winds. These also can be explained and can be justified and shown to be morally right and necessary. I am meaning now these defeats and disappointments, injuries to our self-love, hindrances to our private ambitions, in fact, what Carlyle called "the mean agonies of the soul." At heart these contrary winds have the same explanation as those which we have just alluded to. They also spring up round about people who are going the wrong way. They are going the wrong way, it may be, not so grossly and not so publicly, but, on the whole, for that very reason I should say they are going the wrong way more seriously. There is more real hope for one whose wrongdoing has public consequences than for another in whose case the consequences are secret. For, after all, there are stone walls for us to run our heads against and to learn wisdom from when we deliberately and publicly set ourselves to do wrong. And further, there is a kind of softness and capacity at least for repentance which seems to gather within hearts which go to all lengths in wrongdoing, so that they sometimes suddenly pause in their career and next moment fall upon the breast of God in shame and tears. Saul of Tarsus would be an example of the thing I am meaning; and in later days Augustine and John Bunyan, and in our own very day, a man like Tolstoy. Now this fine result, this sudden access of softness and mis-giving, leading to a flood of tears, rarely happens in the case of one who is going the wrong way carefully and in secret. There is little that is cleansing about pains of wounded vanity, little that is fine in the sufferings which we have to bear because of our pride and because we simply cannot get something which would minister to that pride. People who suffer from the contradictions of the world in the region of their own personal vanity, far from repenting and becoming tender and seeking their compensation in God, are apt rather to harden their hearts. Instead of perceiving that what is wrong with them is that their whole view of the meaning of life is wrong, they are apt to take comfort to themselves and to confirm their own sinful hauteur by imagining that the reason why they are suffering at all in this world is because they are uncommonly sensitive, because they are capable of feelings which are uncommonly fine in a world which is harsh and coarse. But it is well for us all to remember that

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

fine feelings are not necessarily good feelings or right feelings. Envy, malice, covetousness—these are all fine feelings, but they make us more the children of darkness, I do not hesitate to say, than do the sins of the flesh.



Trouble that is Inevitable

STILL, when all is said, there are in this world true contrary winds. There are, and there easily may be, in a human life, experiences, conditions, swiftly descending events or long-brewing consequences, concerning which we can say quite fairly that they are not due to the perverseness of those whom they afflict. There is in every life in some degree, such a proportion of difficulty, of limitation, of hard and opposing things, that we may say that for all of us the winds are contrary.



Temptation and Opportunity

LET me name two classes of people of whom certainly this is true; and it may be that, as we think for a moment of these, we for our own part may cease to complain. I am thinking just now, on the one hand, of people who are in ill-health; and, on the other hand, of people who have been called upon to meet honourable misfortunes. With regard to both of these conditions one thing is to be said. People on whom this particular kind of shadow has descended stand face to face with what is at once a temptation and an opportunity. I mean, we may become the worse for such contrary winds, or the better for them. That, of course, is true of the whole of life. In the long run and at the end it will have been well for us that we tasted life or it will have been ill. For, in the long run and at the last, life will have made us or it will have ruined us. We see this very obviously to be true of those who, I say, suffer from habitual bodily weakness, and of those who have been assailed by evil fortune. The danger or temptation in the case of those whose health is always poor and threatened is that they become offended or unduly requiring, appearing to accuse others of want of feeling towards them. The danger or temptation which threatens those who have failed in life or who have not succeeded as they had hoped is that they go about the world aggrieved and disappointed men. They keep up a tone of querulousness and indulge themselves in cynical views. They decry riches, not in the spirit of righteousness but in the spirit of envy and revenge. They point to successful people who are fools or who are wicked, and they draw hasty conclusions such as comfort themselves a little; though in their better moments they confess that this hard way of looking at other people brings little ease to their own minds. No;

Satan cannot cast out Satan. To rail at the prosperity of the wicked is no balm to a wounded soul. We must change our entire ground. We must get a new idea of what constitutes failure and success. To the world's "nothing succeeds like success," we must say to ourselves that often the very opposite is the truth, and that nothing fails in this world like success. We must summon our proper pride to save us from the bitterness of our wounded vanity. We must see to it that in the region of character we can rightly balance our adverse worldly condition.



Compensations

IN regard to all truly contrary winds, circumstances, events, misfortunes, that have come to us, there are two considerations which it will always do us good to recall and to dwell upon. The first is, there are always compensations. And the second is, there is always God. For surely God means that those who are in weak health shall have their own treasures which are not disclosed to others. And what a hallowing thing it is amongst us all to see sickness bravely borne, to hear little complaining and much giving of thanks! And from the point of view of that eternity which Jesus once described as "the knowing of God," that heavenly life from which those who are satisfied with this world are eternally debarred, have they not many things to be grateful for which we who enjoy a ruder health may easily miss? The finer perception, the quicker response, the little things which can mean so much, the added and poignant glory of common events; the freshness of cut flowers, the uplifting of the soul from the visit of a friend; the grateful mood when at length in the summer a window may be thrown open, or when, after bleak days, the wind blows softly from the south. What a world they live in who are weak, if only their hearts are reconciled! Truly there are compensations. We "enter into life maimed," and those who boast that they are free from any maiming will one day learn that it was a vain boast. I say there are compensations.

And again and further I say there is God; there is He Whom Jesus Christ has brought down into our lives. And who are so well placed for hearing the footfall of God in the midst of all our human plans and strivings as they are who are set apart in some place of quietness by reason of some weakness or some failure?



Play the Man

ON the whole subject let me say, it is always possible, with varying degrees of difficulty indeed, to play the man. It is always possible in this world to believe,

THE QUIVER

Now to believe in God—what is it in a sense but to be a good loser in the first round of the great game which this present world of ours is? In this way at the least one maintains one's self-respect or recovers it, and self-respect is an approach to the peace of God.

It is wise also to acquire as early as we can so that we may have it off by heart, the great saving creed—that we are here in this world never for our own selfish purposes, but always for a great purpose which, just because it is great, must often conflict with our private plans. That great purpose is indeed beyond our powers of thought; but it is never contrary to our thought. We can apprehend it though we may never be able to comprehend it. We can see into it though we cannot see to the other side of it. But it is a purpose concerning which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself achieved a perfect faith, and He left His faith to us for our solace and our inspiration and for our daily loyalty—the faith I mean that life is governed by a wise and loving God who intends now and in the end of the days only our good.

There is a whole world of bitter things which bite into the soul as an east wind bites, which *they* encounter who in this world are intent only upon their own rights and pleasures. But when we turn the corner and begin to think not of our rights but of our duties, not of what life ought to give us but of what we ought to lay down for the sake of life, it is as when, having faced the east wind for a time, we take a turn and stand in a quiet place. There is a cross which the world lays upon its votaries, and compared with it the cross of Christ is light. Man, who to-day seems to have parted with the Cross, may take a long time to learn the old lesson and to come back. But when, after an absence, after some new and dismal experiment in life, man comes back to the ancient wisdom of the Cross—it is with him as it is with the human heart in some exquisite hour when the natural world and our own feelings come together in some perfect harmony, "when in heaven the stars about the moon look beautiful and all the winds are laid."

The Quotation

*"If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy
healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy
breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much
thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smooth-
ing*

*Distortion down till every nerve had
soothing,
And all day lay quiet, happy and sup-
pressed.*

*How soon all worldly wrong would be
repaired!*

*I think how I should view the earth and
skies*

*And sea, when once again my brow was
bared*

*After thy healing, with such different
eyes.*

*O world, as God has made it! All is
beauty;*

*And knowing this, is love, and love is
duty.*

*What further may be sought for or
declared?"*

'BROWNING ("The Guardian Angel").



Prayer

O Thou Whom we adore as God, and love as Father, to Whom we would yield ourselves as Lord and Saviour: we give Thee thanks for every voice which, in the confusing voices of this present world, we perceive and hail as Thine. For that voice which speaks in the depth and quiet of our own hearts affirming to us one by one that there is a true and only way through life. For the happiness which is ours when at length, after reluctance and halting, we yield ourselves without reserve to Thy deep insistence. For the lightheartedness, the surefootedness which are ours, the swift response of Thy Robe; for the immediate and most blessed sense that now we are at peace and are rightly disposed—we praise Thee. Help us, good Lord, to praise Thee with an equal gratitude for the unhappiness that is ours, the sense of insecurity, the return of the old misgivings and confusion, which are ours when, knowing Thy Will, hearing Thine Appeal, we yet resist it or postpone our thorough obedience.

Help us to interpret these lights and shadows upon our most personal life as the lights and shadows on Thy face—unbelled to us; the proofs and witnesses of Thy patient and holy concern over us; Thine approval of us when we are in spirit Thine, Thy grief over us when we rebel.

And so may we perceive that not Thine ancient people only but we also in these late and complicated days are being guided by a pillar of a cloud by day, and a pillar of light by night; that paying heed thereunto we also may move on towards the place Thou hast prepared for us: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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Back in Ceylon

"CAW!"
The hoarse cry woke me up. I started up in bed, and saw through the mosquito-curtain the familiar black crow perched impertinently on my dressing-table.

"Shoo! you horrible thing!" I cried, aiming a slipper at him.

With a protesting "Caw!" he sailed majestically out of the window.

I did not feel really annoyed with him. I just lay back lazily on my pillows again and rejoiced in the black apparition, in his raucous voice and in his "imperence." For now I realized in truth that I was in Colombo again. That sound and shape had greeted me on the first morning—so many years ago—that I awoke in the G.O.H.

G.O.H.! What a wealth of memories those letters conjure up in the minds of travellers! They stand—this for the benefit of the many who have not been east of Suez—for the Grand Oriental Hotel that lies a stone's throw from the jetty, and is probably the best known hostelry in the world. It is said that if you wait long enough in the hall of the G.O.H. you will meet everyone you could ever wish to meet. A knock on my door, and in response to my "Come in" the "boy" entered in his white jacket and "cloth" (a sort of petticoat worn by natives, men and women alike), carrying a tray with "early tea." All servants—and except for ayahs no women are employed—answer to the cry of "boy" in Ceylon.

I lingered long over the toast and marmalade and tea and the little plantains, wondering if I should find things greatly changed, pondering on the warnings of friends who said, "Don't go back. You will be disappointed."

I hoped the prophecy would not come true. The sorrowful years of the war lay between the present and the time I last saw Ceylon disappear from the bows of a home-going ship, and I was prepared for many changes, but I could not believe that all the fascination of the island, all the hospitality, all the sociability could vanish and leave me wondering why I had set out on my journey. True, the fact that I was in the G.O.H. showed one of the changes that had taken place. I was under the wing of friends in the Civil Service, and instead of being in bungalows of their own they were housed in an hotel. The house shortage is as acute in Ceylon as in every other part of the globe. "No room to live"—a very pathetic cry, but one that seemed to me less worrying in a land of unlimited sunshine than in our cold and changeable England. Already the magic power of the sunshine had begun to steal into my veins.

Later in the day a friend motored me out to the cinnamon gardens to show me the new "Bungalow Town" for Civil Servants. We ran out of the Fort, the business quarter with its red buildings, its trams, its flocks of touts trying to foist baskets, gems and brasses on the "passengers," and in a few moments we were on Galle Face—the drive by the sea. There is an astonishing fascination about Galle Face. It is one of those queer spots in the world that hold one with a strong tie, with a strange lure. The long stretch of grass was not yet burnt brown, the bare red road with its haze of reddish dust rolled away to the gaunt red buildings of the Galle Face Hotel with its group of wind-bent cocoa-nut-palms silhouetted against the sea. The waves flowed in slowly and majestically, the scent of the sea came fresh and clean.

THE QUIVER

It was the Chinese who called Ceylon "The Red Land." Those who love the island cannot but feel a thrill at the sight of that rich red earth (only a surface dressing to be sure, but the imaginative mind does not haggle over trifles), and the road by the sea that has led to so many happy hours.

The car swept along past the Colombo Club, sacred to the men of Colombo. My companion told me a delightful story of a rickshaw coolie's explanation of the club to a lady "passenger." "That the Colombo Club, lady. Club not for ladies or gentlemen, only for members."

While I was still laughing over the invidious distinction we had crossed into Colpetty, one of the most populous roads in Colombo, seething with European and native life, fashionable bungalows first, then native "boutiques" (shops), and a jostling crowd of men, women and children, rickshaws, bullock carts and motor-cars passing up and down for ever and ever.

A turn out of Colpetty brings us into the poetically named "Green Path," and from there onwards the magic beauty of Colombo grips me again. This is 'airyland, a world of overarching trees, flamboyants glowing orange scarlet, big acacias with delicate pink blossoms, cassias showering golden rain, bungalows hidden in a bower of cannas, golden red and pink, antigonon, a creeper that is like pink and white spray flung by the sea, temple trees with heavy gold-and-white scented blossoms that make "frangipani perfume," amaryllis lilies, vivid blue ipomoea, scarlet salvias, crimson hibiscus with its tassels swaying languidly in the light breeze, golden allamanda flowers and virgin white datura.

To the eyes that have looked upon grey skies and bare branches for many months of the year this riot of leaf and flower, this blaze of colour in the gorgeous sunshine comes with a shock of joy. It seems too good to be true. And the people walking on brown and noiseless feet along the roads, lithe figures in their vivid-coloured cloths, surely these are only part of a wonderful dream. It will vanish and I shall wake up to find myself outside the Bakerloo Tube, one of a struggling mass of humanity, conscious that this is my only method of reaching Waterloo, for the rain is streaming down from a chill sky, and every haughty taxi-driver has selected a fare that will land him within ten minutes of the "sweet, shady side of Pall Mall."

I confide my misgivings to my companion, who is refreshingly matter-of-fact, and suggests that a "lime-squash" at Prince's Club will convince me of the fact that "life is real" here, if not particularly earnest in the club phase. So we drift into "Prince's" and find tennis courts where strenuous players are catching the fading light, a broad green lawn set in a border of flowers, small tables where groups of men and women sit gossiping. A band plays a languorous valse. Soon, when the light has gone, the younger folk will dance.

We find a table and friends, and as I sip the lime-squash we talk of old days. The "boy" brings out a dish that would astonish Western folk—chipped potatoes. Throughout the East these are served in clubs after games, and very welcome they are.

The light fades in a sky of vivid orange; the crows circle above our heads and depart to their dormitories on the island at the mouth of the Kelaniya river.

Coloured lights are lit in the trees. Some folk drift in to bridge, others to dance. We sit on, talking in the magic Eastern dusk while the fireflies float out, and their shimmering green lights create a circle of Christmas trees around us. "They are almost the most fascinating thing in the tropics," I said.

"We had an American girl here who called them 'lightning bugs.' What price poetry?" said one of the party.

"Horrible!" replied "the grammarian," one of the circle who is very correct in all matters etymological. "I couldn't admire the prettiest mouth in the world that was guilty of such an atrocious expression."

"You are not required to admire any mouth but mine," said his wife, laughing. "We must go home now; it is getting late."

And, joking and chatting, the group breaks up.

As the car ran out into the flower-scented roads, which wore a mysterious beauty in the darkness, I gave a sigh of content.

"It is all as beautiful as ever," I said; "in fact, it seems to me more wonderful after all those nightmare years of war. I feel I have come 'home' to this 'far country.'"

I thought of the letters and messages I had found on arrival from friends, both European and native, scattered up and down the island, all the links with the past that time did not appear to have weakened. And

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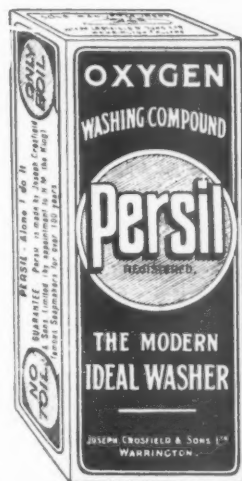
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CONTRIBUTIONS will be gratefully received by the Hon. Chief Secretary, FREDERICK CARLILE, D.D., Church Army Headquarters, Brynston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1. Cheques, etc., should be crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army."

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

there was woven into the throbbing of the engine the words :

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordnated for each one spot should prove
Belovéd over all."

For me that one spot was surely Ceylon--
"a brave island very fruitful and fair."

A Million Half-crowns

Miss Hope-Clarke sends me a most absorbing booklet about the proposed sailors' hostel in the Port of London, with plans and description of the building, which make one more enthusiastic about it than ever. She writes in the course of a very appreciative and encouraging letter :

"THE QUIVER total is £58 17s. 6d. The Silver Thimble Fund is still collecting oddments. Also a new scheme is started to raise 1,000,000 half-crowns. If every member of THE QUIVER Army of Helpers sent that sum for herself and from each member of her family as a thank-offering for a year's service of the men of the sea, THE QUIVER Room would at once be a *fait accompli*. . . . I wish you the greatest happiness and success in raising a further £200. It is a worthy work for us women."

Miss Hope-Clarke is indefatigable in her efforts for every good cause she takes up, and her faith in THE QUIVER Army of Helpers will, I am sure, inspire us to bring this enterprise of ours to completion with all possible speed.

Yet Another "Lonely Soul"

Only last month I printed a letter from a reader in Warwickshire who was anxious to find a companion to live with her, and here is another letter expressing a similar desire. The writer lives in county Durham, and I will gladly supply her name and address to anyone to whom her suggestion appeals.

"I see that 'A Lonely Soul' has had several answers to the appeal for someone to live with her, and am wondering if some of those who answered would care to come to another 'lonely soul.' Through the loss of two sisters since the war I am left quite alone in a comfortable six-roomed house with a large garden from which there is a lovely view. This is a country village, very pretty, but quiet, and is five miles from the nearest market town, and I live quite near to the station. I am superintendent of the C. of E. Sunday School, not young, but

quite active, and would like to meet with somebody who would make a home with me."

August and the Children

When the summer holidays come round please give a thought to Reedham Orphanage, and, if possible, send an offering for the "House on the Hill" at Purley, which gives "fresh air" in every sense to the fatherless children who make their permanent home within its walls. I described this splendid place at some length some months ago, but I would gladly tell new readers of THE QUIVER something about it if their interest were awakened.

Guild of St. John of Beverley

My appeal for Miss Chapman's work for the deaf and dumb in Burma evoked some generous gifts and kind letters, and also brought me into touch with the Guild of St. John of Beverley for work among the deaf here at home. Life for most of us has such a wealth of interests that there are bound to be many tracts of usefulness which we can never hope to enter. But after reading the literature sent me by Mr. Selwyn Oxley, hon. organizing secretary of the guild (75, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.8), I felt a very great desire to do some small "bit" at any rate towards helping those who, alas! live in the "silent world." Voluntary workers and sympathizers are greatly needed, and Mr. Oxley will most gladly supply all applicants with information.

I have letters from various invalids expressing delight at receiving books and magazines which have helped to banish pain and weariness, and from recipients of gifts of all sorts kindly sent by the Army of Helpers. My heartiest thanks to all whose names figure in the monthly postbag :

Miss E. M. Davies, Miss McIntyre, Miss Hall, Miss Mayo, T. Hale, Mrs. Jowis, Mrs. Armitage, Anon, (for the Silver Thimble Fund), Miss Barton, Miss M. Daniels, Mrs. Maitland, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. E. K. Reynolds, Mrs. Woodward, Miss K. Edmonds, Miss V. M. Hes, M. J. Glasgow, Mrs. Lowe, K. L. Dodd, The Misses McKenzie (several splendid consignments of books), Mrs. Margaret Grant, A. E. L. (books), Mrs. Payne, Miss C. A. Scott, Mrs. Arthur-West, Mrs. Pollitt, Mrs. Curle, Mrs. Pelling, Mrs. Town.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(Mrs. R. H. Lock).



COMPETITION PAGES

Conducted by
THE COMPETITION EDITOR

BESIDES the special art competition, about which I made mention in the May number, and the particulars of which I shall again give this month, I should like to draw our readers' attention to the special Holiday Crochet Competition announced on page 956 of this issue. The design chosen is not intricate, and should be quite within the powers of the ordinary average worker. Two prizes are to be awarded—one of a Guinea and a second of Half a Guinea, and to every reader who encloses a fully stamped and addressed envelope the original crochet will be returned, so that it may, if necessary, be continued and put to practical use, for the design makes a very attractive piece of lace when worked up. The closing date for receiving entries for the crochet competition is September 1.

The Social Art Competition

Some of you have doubtless already noted that the subject for the special art competition is an illustration from Shakespeare's play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The illustration, of course, must be original, and is to be carried out in colour, not black-and-white. The prize for the seniors (over 18) will be Two Guineas, and for the juniors (18 and under) One Guinea. The closing date for receiving entries is August 23.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more

than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.

4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelope are insufficient.

5. All entries must be received at this office by August 23, 1920. They should be addressed "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Results of the May Competitions

Literary

"FRIENDSHIP"

I was glad to see that our readers so readily caught the right spirit in writing upon the above subject, and the free way in which they occasionally introduced personal experience naturally added greatly to the interest and sincerity of their arguments.

The prize in the senior division is awarded to W. J. BAKHURST for the following:

FRIENDSHIP

FROM Cicero to Emerson, in prose, verse and speech, the subject of this essay has been the theme. The poet has sung its praises, the moralist has investigated its quality and mystery. Pulpit and platform have striven to commend its value in the scheme of life. Yet this wonderful and invisible human relationship remains a source of mystery, its rich stores of truths inexhaustible. On its fair altar in the Temple of Life amazing sacrifices are still offered to its god.

If it cannot be claimed historically that family life began with friendship, the former has undeniably developed the latter. A family possessing no friends is as rare as the philosophers' stone. Some may lack intimate friends, but all can name some person who is not a stranger, or merely known by name.

Like many a familiar thing looming largely in daily life, the value of a friend is underestimated. Absence or loss, however, restores the measure of value. It is when the kindly smile and attentive ear of some dear friend is no longer at our service that its comfort and strength are

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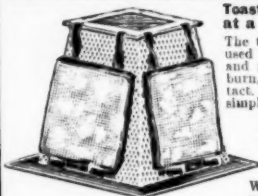
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appreciated. It has nourished our soul and guided our footsteps. That ever widening circle of friends is a rampart against loneliness, but the specially intimate companion is my twin soul. To such a one the mind can empty itself of doubt and fear. The mental speculations which seem absurd to publish to a stranger will receive sympathetic examination by my friend; in trouble I see him and am comforted. He holds my hand in brotherly grip and bids me wait for the passing of the clouds. I possess such friends, and, miser-like, I chuckle over my jewels. Yet it is not all receiving, and I am glad thereof. The reciprocity demanded in true friendship attacks the selfish spirit so ready to take up its abode in the heart. I must in turn help my friend and give him pleasure. His needs occupy my thoughts, and peradventure I must be on my guard less suspicion or jealousy rob me of him. How tragic the bitter assertion, "He is no longer my friend"; how empty the future. To miss his smile takes the joy out of the daily round. It is easy in the workshop or office to detect something amiss when friends have "fallen out." Your friend is an inspiration and a stimulus to work.

To be friendly is to love. One may explain it otherwise, but if the friendship be sincere, then it does represent some affection moving from nature to nature. There are, of course, many degrees of this relationship, out of which may grow the tender love of man and maid, leading them at last to the altar of Hymen.

So it is natural to claim that behind true friendship lies the divine instinct. The spirit of the Friend of Man, often unrecognized, is working towards the brotherhood of which He is the elder Brother. Develop the sense of friendship, break down the barriers of race, and you progress towards the union of hearts, the goal of the Church of Christ. Love God and your neighbour with all thine heart. In that lies peace and security. Solitude is unnatural and unfruitful. Nature revels in company.

The immortal roll of friendship would require a library whose shelves would be ever extending. Memory is fragrant with recollections of good and kind friends. Their influence is eternal. Who will write the epic of friendship? But Emerson has truly said, "The only way to have a friend is to be one." W. J. BAKHURST.

The following readers in the same division are commended for the work they sent in:

Bertha M. H. Sutton, T. Brittain, M. Luckham, Mary White, Jeannette Allin, Cissie Czar, W. Skiller, Lillian Armstrong, Florence Collett, Gwendolen Leijonhufvud, Mary Christine Matthews, Ada Chambers, Mrs. D. M. Shewring, Margaret Richards, Elsie Drew, May Murphy.

The prize in the junior division goes to MARY D. BURNIE, aged 18, for the following:

FRIENDSHIP

At eighteen one has perhaps scarcely had time to get down to the real meaning of friendship, and to realize how great a part it can play in making for happiness or the reverse in life. Yet, somehow, I feel that I have been especially lucky,

and that however many other friends the years may bring, none will prove truer, more delightful comrades than those I have already made.

All things must have a beginning, and so it is that, going back to the time when I was between six and seven years old, I can quite plainly see my first friend, distinct and altogether apart from the host of aunts, uncles and other relations, dear to the first years of childhood.

He was a boy, a delightful, eager-eyed little fellow, two or three years my senior, familiarly known as the "little boy next door." The difference in our ages was bridged over by the fact that great delicacy made him exceptionally young for his years; yet I invariably looked up to him as somebody quite wonderful, and in every way superior to myself. He knocked out a good deal of the conceit which the proud position of "eldest grandchild" had fostered in my small head, and he taught me many of the things which brotherless little girls often find it so difficult to learn. I found that if I gave my word of honour I must never go back on it; and I remember a very serious quarrel we once had because I thoughtlessly "told tales" of my baby sister.

He it was who taught me to take an interest in books, for during frequent and long illnesses he read much, and, of course, I had to follow his example, even if it took me an hour to spell out a page, of which I hardly understood a word when I had done.

Just before my ninth birthday, however, our friendship came to an end, for, his family leaving the neighbourhood, we somehow ceased to see or hear much of one another during the busy years that followed, until I read his name one morning underneath the heading, "Missing, Believed Killed."

My next friend was the boy who sat on the row just behind me at my first school. He was a sturdy, well-grown lad, in every way a contrast to the "little boy next door," but a thorough good pal for all that.

Under his training I learned to take both literal and figurative hard knocks without a whimper, whilst the list of the things that "couldn't be done" grew wider and stricter than ever.

I was soon able to play an exceedingly bad game of football, and a rough-and-tumble form of cricket and hockey, this latter fact standing me in very good stead at my next school.

Bird-nesting was by no stretch of the imagination unknown to me, and, to tell the truth, I developed rather rapidly into what my mother used to describe as a "most outrageous pickle and tomboy."

Accordingly I left my first school and was dispatched with the utmost promptitude to the second, a large high school, swarming, so it seemed to me at the beginning, with girls of all sizes and kinds, having never a sensible boy with whom I could fraternize among the lot.

Here, however, I met my first girl chum, and a friendship began which has never lessened during the whole time we have known each other.

Pamela, without being in the least a prig, is solid good right through, and her ideal of true friendship is a very high one. As a schoolfellow once said to me, "Pam takes a tremendous lot of living up to." She does; but surely the best

THE QUIVER

friends are those whose thoughts and motives are just a little above our own, and who make us feel that we must reach up to their heights rather than drag them down to our level.

Not but Pamela has her failings, like the rest of us, failings which make her all the more lovable, and which, as a real chum, I never hesitate to point out.

Somehow, though, whenever I am with her I know that my best side is uppermost, and a friend who can make us feel that is certainly well worth having.

All our schooldays Pam and I stuck to each other through thick and thin, and I am pretty certain, come what may, we always shall.

During the last year or two I have made another very special friend in the nurse under whom I worked in a V.A.D. hospital during the first few months after I left school.

The thing that will always stand out in my mind in my memories of her is the wonderful kindness she showed to me, a frightened and exceedingly shy junior, throughout an awe-inspiring opening week in the wards.

With her help I soon found a place for myself in the large, merry family which made up our hospital staff; but I know quite well that I could never have gained happiness so quickly had it not been for her goodness to me.

Latterly, since hospital closed down, we have discovered many tastes in common, in particular a love of certain books, so that I believe a friendship has begun that will last and prove altogether delightful to us both, though there is more than ten years' difference in our ages.

I certainly ought not to finish without a mention of my only sister, who has been to me in many ways perhaps the best pal of all. We have to live with our relations, and see their worst as well as their best side, so that if, in the face of this, one of them becomes a true and dear friend, then she is a friend to be proud of indeed.

Naturally, besides those whom I have described, I have had several other chums, and with but one exception I have been fortunate in my choice; and that exception I look upon as proving the rule, or rather my opinion that friendship can be one of the highest and most worth while things in life.

MARY D. BURNIE.

COMMENDED:

Lilian Bedford, Elsie Jones, Dorothy Agnes Yates, Dorothy A. Kuhruber, Muriel Joyce Stringer, Margaret R. Sergeant, Kathleen Page, Marjory Paton, Mary Cannell, Hazell Organ.

Debate

"WHICH HAS THE GREATER INFLUENCE ON THE CHILD—ITS HOME LIFE OR SCHOOL LIFE?"

The subject set for discussion certainly aroused wide interest among our readers, and had space not been limited and the replies less lengthy, it would have been worth while including a few of them in these pages. As it is, however, I fear I can merely give one of the prize-winning entries only.

In the senior division the prize is awarded

to F. V. COPELAND, and in the junior division to LILIAN BEDFORD.

"WHAT is learnt in childish years deep grave on the heart appears." Of this there can be no question, but to decide whether home or school has the most influence on a child is a difficult problem, since so much depends upon the kind of child, kind of parents, and whether the school be a boarding or day school.

Let us assume that the child is normal, that is to say, has no exceptional temperament, and the parents are average parents. Send such a child to boarding school, and there the influence will be incalculable, and in every way far greater than any home influence.

The greatest influence in all school life will be the influence of the children upon each other. Children always imitate either consciously or unconsciously, and will be more likely to imitate their schoolfellows who are their contemporaries. Another great influence will be the *moral* or tone of the school. Every school has a certain tendency of thought, much of which is due to tradition. This reflects greatly upon even the youngest child, which accounts for the fact that schools, particularly large schools, tend to turn out types rather than individuals. Both these influences will be infinitely greater in a boarding school than in a day school. In a boarding school a child stands completely alone, with no sheltering background of home, and is therefore far more open to receive any influence, and to receive it more deeply, than when at a day school or at home.

On the other hand, these same influences will be at work in a day school, but in a much smaller degree. The time spent in a day school is comparatively short to that spent in a boarding school. Any good or evil influence may be quite overruled by home influence in this case; and it is quite possible for a child to pass through a day school and receive little real and lasting influence. The real influence is the environment of a child, and the real environment of a child attending a day school is at home.

Again, at boarding school a child lives its life of recreation—its home life, as it were—at school, hence the school has influence over every side of its character. It is precisely during these hours out of actual school work that school influence steps in with tremendous strength.

If parents would endeavour to thoroughly understand their children, and would try to look at life from the point of view of a boy or girl, their influence could be great; unfortunately there is a difficulty in home influence because parents are frequently quite unable to understand their children. Reserve, in consequence, grows up between the child and its parents, which advances as the child grows older because of this, intimacy is debarred, and parents miss splendid opportunities for having an enduring influence upon their children.

Altogether it would seem that in average cases school, and particularly boarding school, has most influence over a child. Home influence may be equally strong or even stronger in cases where the head of the house is of strong personality, or where the parent is gifted with sympathetic understanding and ability to train a child according to his or her own ideas. F. V. COPELAND.

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